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CATHEDRAL, AOSTA, S.E.

Frontispiece.

HISTORICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL

SKETCHES:

CHIEFLY ITALIAN.

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WITH TWENTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE following pieces, with two exceptions, are reprinted from the *Saturday Review*. That headed "Trier" appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that headed "Vercelli" is now printed for the first time. My best thanks are due to the Editors of the two papers concerned for the leave kindly given me to reprint the articles.

Some of the papers were written at or near the places spoken of, with little or no help from books. Others were written after my return home, with the same means of reference as any other of my writings. I do not doubt that the reader will easily mark the difference between the two classes. All the papers of both classes have been carefully revised, and corrected and improved where there was need; but I did not think it right to recast the first class of articles, or to take away from them the character of first impressions, even when I might by this means have made them more complete.

The illustrations, made by photography from my

own pen-and-ink drawings, are an experiment. I fear that the result of the process has been to exaggerate the necessary defects of the rough sketches, and at the same time to take off something from their life and force. But in any case they will serve to give a general idea of the outlines of the buildings represented.

I think it right to mention that, just at the time when several of the literary journals had announced that I had this little book in hand, large extracts from the articles in the *Saturday Review* appeared in a book by Mr. Augustus Hare, called 'Cities of Central and Northern Italy.' This was done without any leave either from me or from the Editor of the *Saturday Review*, and, by a further breach of the rules of literary etiquette, Mr. Hare thought proper to add my name to pieces which were still anonymous. To conduct of this kind it is hardly needful to give a name. I, like every other scholar, am always glad to find myself quoted in moderation by any brother-scholar. It is another thing to be made wholesale spoil of for the profit of a blundering compilation, whose workman cannot even copy accurately what he—in the sense of the wise—"conveys" from others. Mr. Hare is very fond of sneering at what he thinks it decent to call the "Sardinian government." It would seem that he has learned his notions of the rights of property in those parts of

the Italian kingdom where the authority of the "Sardinian government" is least fully established. They certainly savour of Calabria and Sicily, rather than of Lombardy and Piedmont.

The present collection is wholly Italian, except that to the account of Ravenna I thought it well to join three other pieces, which, as describing Imperial dwelling-places elsewhere, had a close connexion historically, though not geographically. Of two of these cities, Ravenna and Trier, I have spoken more at length in articles in the *British Quarterly Review;* but, as those articles rather belong to a series of a different character, that seemed no reason for suppressing the papers which gave my impressions on the spot. I hope that I may some day be able to continue the present attempt by other collections, from our own island, from France and other parts of Gaul, from Germany, and, above all, from Dalmatia.

Le Mans, June 1st, 1876.

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THE VENETIAN MARCH.

WÜRZBURG TO TRENT.

ALL roads lead to Rome; and, among all the roads that lead thither, each has some special merit or attraction of its own to plead. To one who is about to enter Italy for the first time, it is hard to pick one out to recommend as distinctly superior to all others. But there is much to be said on many grounds in favour of entering Italy by the Brenner pass. It is a road to be specially recommended to the architectural traveller. By this road he will not enter Italy suddenly; he will find, long before he reaches the frontier, forms which will prepare him for what is coming, forms which will show him how deep was the artistic influence of Rome on the land whose Kings claimed to be her Emperors. That influence spreads indeed over all Germany, as in truth it spreads over all Western Europe. But he who is making his way into Italy through the Teutonic kingdom will perhaps begin more distinctly to feel its influence if he tarries in the former capital of the ecclesiastical princes of Würzburg, the city whose Bishops bore the proud title of Dukes of the elder Francia.

The tall towers of the cathedral church, much in the church of St. Kilian, and not a little in the general architecture of Würzburg, will make him feel that there, in the heart of Germany, he has come within the direct influence of the art of Italy both in earlier and later times.

From Würzburg then let him make his start. He will pass along the pleasant banks of the Main; he will mark the small fortified towns like Heidingsfeld and Ochsenfurt, towns of the smallest size, yet girt about with walls and towers, reminding us of days when no man dared to risk himself beyond the protection of a town wall except those who were strong enough to make their neighbourhood unsafe for others. He will mark here and there, even in a passing glimpse, tall, slender, towers, akin to those of Würzburg, again bespeaking the influence of Italy in Northern lands. He may perhaps pass lightly through the artistic capital of Bavaria. If eager either for Italian skies or for Italian bell-towers, he may think it enough to visit the huge Friars' church of brick, of a type so different either from Rostock on the one hand or from Verona on the other. But there he will not fail to do his homage at the tomb of the Bavarian Cæsar who fills so large a place in our own history, Lewis, the ally of England, the enemy of Avignon and of France. Innsbrück, with its girdle of mountains, with its richer

Imperial store, will be more likely to detain him. He will there perhaps see some signs of nearness to the Southern land in the street arcades; and, whatever his errand, he will hardly turn away without a sight of the wondrous tomb of Maximilian. He will look round at the royal and princely group which surrounds the stately resting-place of the penniless Emperor-elect; he will look with curiosity on the full features of Charles of Burgundy; and he will perhaps venture on a smile when he sees among the company a personage so oddly described as "Arthur, King of England." But two forms on the northern side of the tomb will specially attract the eye of the student of Imperial history. King Albert the Second appears with the sacred robe over his armour. But Frederick the Third, on whose person aught of warlike attire may have been thought incongruous, appears in all the splendour of that ecclesiastical garb which reminded men that the successor of Augustus was, within his own province, no less God's Vicar on earth than the successor of Peter.

Innsbrück seen, the wonder-working powers of modern engineering skill will carry the traveller over the great barrier which so long cut off the peninsular lands of Southern Europe from the great central mass. He goes, if between rugged mountains, yet among green and pleasant valleys, dotted with villages and churches

nestling on the mountain-side, each of whose towers may pass for a stage in the great process by which the art of Italy made its way beyond the Alps. He hurries by Brixen, and remembers that in old times that city was deemed the frontier of Italy and Bavaria; he hurries by Bozen or Bolzano, and feels from the double name that he is still on debateable ground. At last the true border is passed. He has now made his way from the episcopal principality on the Main to another princely bishoprick, placed on the very border of the two chief Imperial kingdoms, a city one event in whose history makes its name familiar to every ear, but which otherwise would be perhaps less known than the seat of the ecclesiastical Dukes of the Franks. Trent, a name borne by two English rivers and at least one English parish, is also the English name of the city which is famous as the seat of what lately was the latest self-styled Œcumenical Council. Tridentum, Trento, Trient, Trent, lies on one of the high roads of Europe, and its position has ever made it a border city. Its present political *status* is one of the anomalies of the map of Europe. Lying south of the Alps, Italian in speech and bearing in all things the aspect of an Italian city, Trent still remains one of the many outlying provinces which so strangely gather round the royal diadem of Hungary and the archiducal coronet of Austria. It is hard, at first

sight, to see on what ground of reason or policy Trent and Aquileia should be denied that union with the one national body which has been already won for Venice and Verona. Yet the paradox is not new. Some influence or other has certainly from early times drawn Trent politically northwards. Though of old times counted as part of the Lombard kingdom, it has been for centuries counted part of that of Germany, and its history under its ecclesiastical princes has been that of a German rather than of an Italian town. In purely Italian history it bears little part, save when it fell under the power of Eccelino in the thirteenth century. Trent had little share in the wars and revolutions of the neighbouring commonwealths of Lombardy. It had more to do with its northern neighbours, vassals, and advocates, the Counts of Tyrol. Yet its architecture, as well as its language, is decidedly Italian; to a traveller entering Italy by the Brenner pass it will be his first Italian city. For an Italian city he will certainly deem it. Whatever ancient or modern arrangements may have decreed as to its political position, he feels that Trent and the land in which it stands are truly part of Italy.

The position of Trent almost forces a comparison with the position of Innsbrück. But in this matter no one can hesitate as to giving the higher place to the

undoubted German city. Both lie among mountains; but there is this difference, that Innsbrück lies in the strictest sense among the mountains; it is girded by them on every side, while Trent simply has mountains on each side of it. That is to say, Innsbrück lies at the point of meeting of several valleys, while Trent merely lies in the valley between two mountain range. Hence, noble as the site of Trent is, it is not like Innsbrück, where it is hardly possible to look up from any point of the town without seeing each end of the street guarded by Alps. The result is that, while the views round about Trent are nearly equal to those round about Innsbrück, the streets of the town itself do not present such striking and startling contrasts as meet us at every step in Innsbrück. The loss of the noble stream of the Inn is also no small disadvantage on the part of Trent. In architecture, on the other hand, the advantage is no less indisputably on the side of Trent. Innsbrück offers but little beyond some fine street arcades and projecting windows. The churches are worthless; as Innsbrück never was a Bishop's see, there is no *dom*, and the principal church, that which contains the tomb of Maximilian, is chiefly remarkable for the perverse ingenuity with which all traces of mediæval effect have been got rid of from a church evidently of original mediæval design. Trent, on the other hand, has a noble *duomo* of the second

class, and the other churches, though otherwise of no value, have towers which again help to carry on the line of connexion between the arts of Italy and those of the North.

To an eye as yet unaccustomed to Italian forms the first sight of the cathedral church of Trent is very striking. The traveller will most likely first approach it from the north, where the nave and north transept occupy the southern side of the great square of the city. Everything at once tells him that he is in Italy. The central cupola, the open galleries running along nave and transept, are features which have their representatives in Germany. But here they seem clothed with a new character and a new meaning; and the few and small windows, the porch above all, with its columns resting on the backs of lions, are distinctly and characteristically Italian. The student may remark the windows of the aisle, where the double splay characteristic of German Romanesque is relieved by a profusion of external shafts and arches, in marked contrast to the usage of England and Normandy. He may mark this as a happy means of adorning a feature which, when treated as it commonly is in Germany, always has a certain look of rudeness and bareness. In the wheel window of the transept he will also mark a form of a familiar feature which will show that he has wandered far away from either Lincoln or Amiens. From this

point of view the east end is lost. It is embedded in a mass of buildings of which the most prominent feature is a tower, as tall and almost as slender as an Irish round tower, but with two rows of the characteristic coupled windows with mid-wall shafts. Here too he will mark for the first time the peculiar battlement which, from its frequent use at Verona, has got the name of *Scala*, while on another machicolated tower which forms part of the group he will see a developed shape of the stepped battlement of Ireland. He will not be inclined to tarry long over the west front, with its incongruous tower; but, unless he at once enters the building, he will most likely make his way to the north-east, by far the finest point for a general view of the church and its adjoining buildings. The group is a noble one. The central octagon, with its domical covering, rises above the choir and south transept, the latter finished with an attached apse, and with an eastern porch, with the pillar-bearing lions and with one of the pillars itself twisted like the mystic pair at Würzburg. The tall aisleless choir, with its gallery, its tall shafted windows, its stately apse unencumbered by surrounding chapels, may perhaps again suggest the memory of Würzburg, not indeed in its *dom*, but in its lesser minster. But in St. Kilian's we see a distinctly classical tinge; while at Trent all is late and richly developed, but still perfectly pure,

EAST END OF CATHEDRAL, PALACE, ETC., TRENT.

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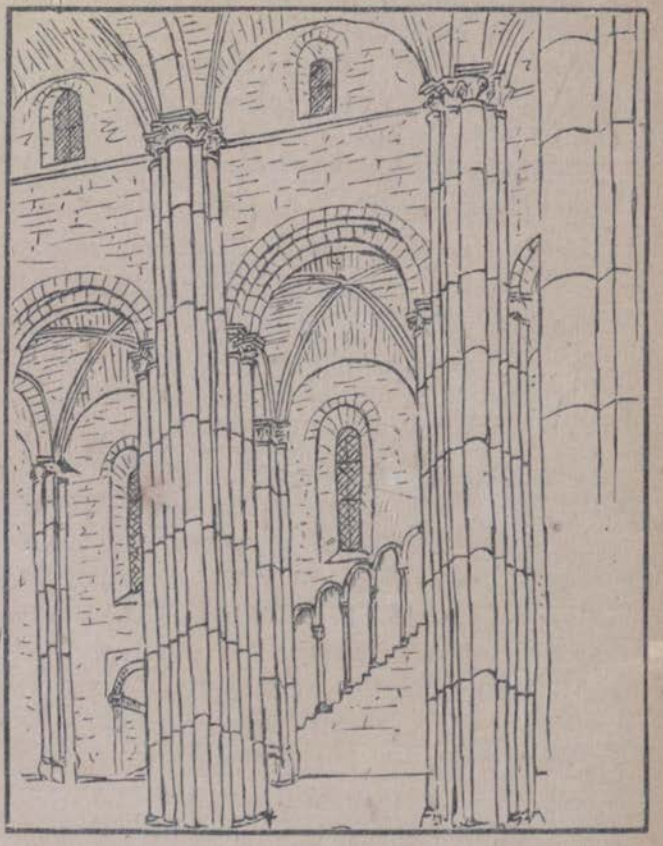
Romanesque. And this rich Romanesque of the church itself contrasts in a marked way with the adjoining buildings, once the episcopal palace, where we see windows of the ruder German type and an apse of clearly earlier date than that of the church. The machicolated tower also comes in well from the same point. In fact, few more striking groups can be found anywhere.

We turn to the inside, and we find something for which the outside has hardly prepared us. The gloom of the church, the low clerestory with its very small windows, is thoroughly Italian; the absence of the triforium is also Italian, and sometimes German; but the piers, except in their prodigious height, are those of an English or Norman church. We have here neither the square piers of Mainz and Zürich nor the basilican columns of Murano and Torcello, nor yet the alternation of the two in St. Zeno at Verona and St. Burchard at Würzburg. The section of the piers and their attached shafts, their capitals, their whole appearance, are all thoroughly Norman, save only that they and the arches which they bear are carried up to a height which is rare in Romanesque of any kind, and whose proportion is really more like that of the latest English Gothic. But the likeness does not go beyond the proportion. The tall pillars of a church in eastern or western England bear a clerestory which sometimes becomes a very wall

of glass; those of Trent carry an upper range which is small indeed, and pierced, as the sky of Italy demands, with the smallest of windows.

It is hardly conceivable that this nave, formed of six arches such as we have just described, can come from the same hand as the enriched Romanesque of the outside of the choir. On turning to the local history the matter becomes perfectly plain. Udalric, the second Bishop of that name, was consecrated in 1022; he received the grant of the temporal principality from the Emperor Conrad the Second in 1027, and died in 1055. He rebuilt the church, or at least its eastern part; for his crypt survived till 1740, when it was destroyed to make room for the present high altar. Of the church of the first Prince-Bishop there is no reason to think that any trace remains. Work of his is more likely to be found in the adjoining buildings than in the church itself. But there seems no absolute necessity to attribute anything to an earlier date than the episcopate of Bishop Altmann, who held the see from 1124 to 1149, and who is recorded to have performed a ceremony of consecration. The arcades of the nave are doubtless his work. But the building received its present character from Bishop Frederick, who reigned from 1207 to 1218, and who, about 1212, rebuilt the choir, enriched the church outside and in with marbles



NAVE OF CATHEDRAL, TRENT.

To face page 11.

and sculptures, and made some changes in the adjoining palace, which may most likely be traced in the upper range of triple windows. His work gives us a distinct specimen of pure and unmixed Romanesque, of a naturally developed round-arched style, admitting of much elegance and refinement, living on into the thirteenth century. The style had thrown off all rudeness, but it had not begun to imitate any features inconsistent with itself. There is no sign of any falling back on merely classical forms, no sign of any striving after those forms of the Northern Gothic whose true spirit Italy could never realize. Already at Trent we have seen enough to tell us that the Romanesque of Italy is a good, pure, national style, which it was pity indeed to exchange for the cold and dead imitations of foreign forms which presently set in.

Two other churches, of no other importance in themselves, claim attention on account of their towers. *Santa Maria Maggiore*, as being in some sort the scene of the Council, ought to be the most historic monument in Trent. But the church has been rebuilt since those days, and there is certainly nothing about it to attract on its own account. But attached to it is a campanile of pure and noble Italian work, with two ranges of windows with coupled shafts. St. Anne's church has a gabled tower crowned by a spire, which has therefore more of a German look, and it is worth notice that it

has a stage with mid-wall shafts over a stage with pointed windows. The steeple of St. Mary's shows plainly that we are truly in Italy; but that of St. Anne steps in to show that, though we are in Italy, the land is still only an Italian march.

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN VENETIA.

A VAST deal has been written from various points of view on the ancient architecture of Italy, yet one very important aspect of the subject has, to say the least, never been thoroughly worked out. We mean its relation to the early architecture of Germany, and still more to that of England. The more German and Italian buildings the antiquary examines, the more carefully he compares them with the little which is left in England of the eleventh century and of earlier date, the more fully does he become convinced of the essential unity of the early Romanesque style in all three countries. The buildings in England of the class commonly called "Anglo-Saxon," some of them earlier than the Norman Conquest, some of them a little later, are so few and so rude that we may be easily tempted to pass them by as not being examples of any definite style of any kind. But any one who bears them in his mind as he studies the German and Italian buildings of the eleventh and twelfth centuries will easily recog-

nize them as simply smaller and ruder specimens of the same class. The fact is this: in England a distinctly new style was introduced in the eleventh century, the Norman style, the *novum compositionis genus* in which Eadward the Confessor rebuilt the church o Westminster. In that great building age, from the middle of the eleventh century onwards, all the great churches of England were rebuilt in the new style; the older forms survived only in a few obscure buildings here and there. In Germany and Italy the same age was equally fruitful in buildings; but there no new style was introduced; the existing native style was simply improved and developed. The great German and Italian churches of the twelfth century exhibit features which in England we see only in the rudest structures of the eleventh or of a still earlier time.

The likeness between our early towers and the Italian campaniles has often been remarked; in fact, it is more than likeness; the two things are absolutely the same. It is of course less striking in the grander and richer Italian towers; but take some of the smaller and ruder. There are towers both in Verona and in Venice which no one would feel to be out of place in company with Coleswegen's towers at Lincoln. In fact, with such examples as the church of the Apostles and the little church by the great Scala tombs at Verona, it can hardly be said that the English

examples are ruder than the Italian. Yet these towers differ in nothing but their rudeness from the mighty campaniles of Murano and Torcello, and from the noblest of its class on this side of the Hadriatic, the tower of St. Zeno at Verona. The tall, slender, unbuttressed, tower, with its mid-wall shafts in the belfry stage, with its ornaments, if it has any, confined to flat pilasters and arcades, is the tower common to all Western Europe up to the eleventh century. We find it in our own island; we find it over all Germany from Schaffhausen to Bremen; we find it in the valleys of the Pyrenees and in the heart of the Burgundian Alps. But Italy is its birthplace, and it is in Italy alone that we can study its origin and meaning. What at once distinguishes the Italian campaniles and the towers which follow their model is their height and the absence of buttresses. This last feature indeed they share with Romanesque buildings of all kinds; our own Norman in its purity has no true buttresses; it never gets beyond flat pilasters. But in the towers of later date the buttresses become features of such special importance that an unbuttressed tower strikes us more than any other unbuttressed portion of a building. The height again is a characteristic of bell-towers as bell-towers; the low massive Norman tower always shows to most advantage as a central lantern; it is the descendant, not of the campanile, but of the cupola. The

flat pilasters and arcades which are the common ornaments of Romanesque buildings assume a special prominence in the case of these tall towers, whose apparent height and squareness they seem to increase by dividing them by a series of vertical strips. These strips in a ruder form were long ago noticed as a characteristic of the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" style in England; but they are characteristic of it only as being one variety of this common Primitive style. The Italian and the English towers differ, not as members of two different classes, but only as highly finished examples of one class differ from ruder examples of the same.

The same truth comes out also, if we look a little more into detail. The *long-and-short* work at the angles of the English towers, the great slabs of stone used in the construction of early doorways in England, and still more in Ireland—all are, as we soon learn at Verona, imitations of Roman masonry. So again, such capitals, if we can so call them, as we see in the tower-arch of St. Benet's at Cambridge are clearly copied from work like that in the archway of the Palace called Theodoric's at Ravenna. The mid-wall shafts of the windows are well nigh universal in the Italian towers, and a little further study of the details of the Italian Romanesque easily explains their history. Next to the introduction of the arch itself, the greatest invention in the whole history of architecture was the

ST. ZENO, VERONA.

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improvement by which the architect of Diocletian's palace at Spálato ventured to make an arch spring at once from the capitals of a pair of columns. But this great invention was not at once universally received. In the twelfth-century basilicas of Murano and Torcello the pattern of Spálato is followed in all its fulness, but in St. Zeno at Verona, and even in St. Burchard at Würzburg, there is something over the capitals more than can be fairly called an abacus, something which is distinctly a memory of the entablature. Long before this, in the basilicas of Ravenna, a large stone, a kind of enormous double abacus, was interposed between the arch and the capital, and, at St. Vital, as often in Byzantine work, this grows into a distinct double capital. In this way it became usual for a shaft to support something with a projection greater than that of a genuine capital. In Italy we find this form used in various positions; use it in a coupled window, and we may at once get the midwall shaft. These windows, set in groups of two, three, or four, with mid-wall shafts between each and no shafts in the jambs, effectually distinguish towers of this type from those of the Norman type, where the windows, if they are at all finished, have shafts in the jambs, and where the central shafts are set, not in the middle of the wall, but much nearer its outer surface. A triforium again has much in common with a tower window, and

in the cathedral at Modena we find a distinct example of the mid-wall shaft in the triforium. The form most commonly taken by the stone resting on the shaft, both in such finished examples as St. Zeno and in such rude windows as those of St. Stephen's in the same city, is essentially the same as that of the great Byzantine capitals in St. Vital at Ravenna and St. Mark's at Venice. And a form nearly the same is found in a singular object in the great basilica of St. Apollinaris in Classe, at a date as late, it would seem, as the fourteenth century. This is the support of a stone book, which takes the shape of a more graceful variety of those balusters which range from Jarrow to Tewkesbury, and which is finished with a stone of this kind alike for its capital and for its base. Hardly a detail of our Primitive Romanesque can be pointed out which does not appear in a more finished shape in Germany, and still more in Italy.

If we go on with the towers, as the strongest case, we shall see that the type which in England lasted only till the eleventh century, and in Scotland and Germany only till the twelfth, in Italy never went out of use at all. A glance at the towers of Verona and Venice soon confirms us in the belief which may perhaps have suggested itself to us at Trent, that the type which died out so early in the North can in Italy hardly be said ever to have died out. There are a crowd of towers in

Verona only, towers of much later date, towers of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, contemporary with our later Gothic buildings, the general effect of which does not differ from that of St. Zeno. They still keep the mid-wall shafts, the pilasters and arcades, all that gives the type its peculiar character. The noble campanile of St. Euphemia almost rivals St. Zeno, and there are also very fine towers at St. Firmus, and at the otherwise worthless church attached to the workhouse, the dedication of which we think is the Holy Trinity. There are other towers of nearly the same general effect in which the characteristic details are lost, and are replaced by the forms either of the pseudo-Gothic of Italy or of the revived classical. The outline is kept, and the same general form is given even to the windows. To go beyond our immediate district, the great square of Bologna is surrounded by a group of towers—the town-tower, that of the cathedral, and that of St. Petronius—which have forsaken the true Romanesque detail, but which have by no means lost the true Romanesque feeling. And more remarkable still is the tower of the church of St. Peter in the Castle at Venice, which was the patriarchal church till the see was removed to St. Mark's. Let us tell our own experience with regard to it. We saw it first from the water, in the direction of Murano and Torcello. At a distance it had thoroughly the air of a third ancient campanile,

the compeer of those of the two island basilicas. It was only on coming near enough to study the details that we saw that it was really a work of the revived classical style of the sixteenth century. So thoroughly had the architect caught the spirit of a type of which he despised the detail; so slight is the boundary which, in the native land of both, divides the style which continued Roman forms by unbroken tradition from that which fell back upon them by conscious imitation.

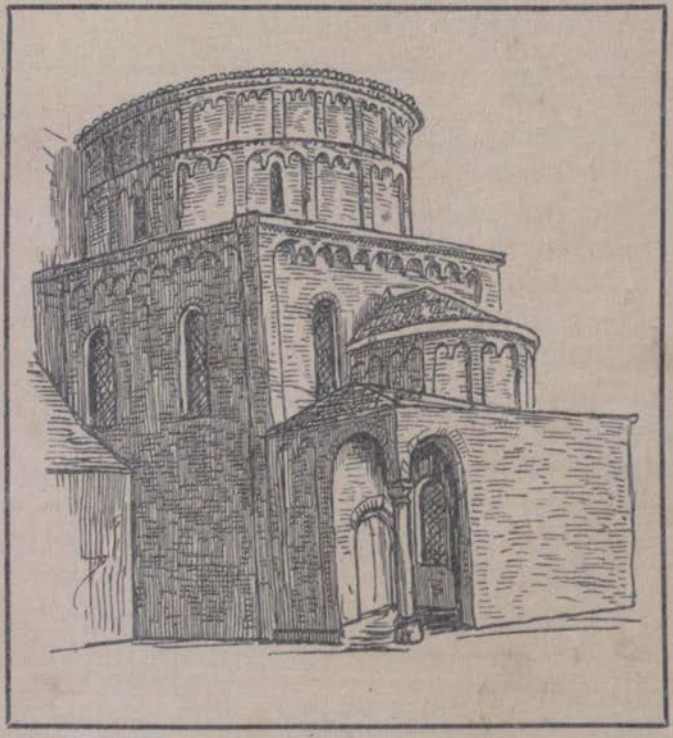
Passing from the towers to Romanesque work of other kinds, the great Venetian cities seem on the whole less rich in buildings of that class than some other parts of Italy. Venice, we must never forget, is for our purposes no part of Italy, no part of the dominions of the Western Emperor. It is a fragment of the Empire of the East, which gradually became independent of the East, but never admitted the supremacy of the West. Ἡμεῖς δοῦλοι θέλομεν εἶναι τοῦ Ῥωμαίων βασίλεως are the words put into the mouth of the islanders by the Imperial historian; and they ceased to be subjects of the Eastern Cæsar only in becoming Lords of One Fourth and One Eighth of his Empire. Both as subjects and as lords they were equally disciples. The ducal chapel of Venice repeats the patriarchal church of Constantinople, as it is itself so strangely repeated in the far distant abbey of Périgueux. On St. Mark's it is needless to enlarge. All the world knows the one building

in which constructive and decorative art meet on absolutely equal terms, where the domes and arches stand in as much need of the mosaics as the mosaics do of the domes and arches. The apse of St. Mark's kindled by the western sun into one blaze of gold fairly rivals the storied windows of Rheims in all the glory of the same happy moment. How much of the unrivalled effect of St. Mark's is due to its gorgeous mosaics is best felt by comparing it with such a church as that of St. Antony at Padua, where the domes—of no contemptible design, at least within—cry aloud for the same kind of relief to their bareness and whiteness. But St. Mark's may be studied from a humbler point of view as an inexhaustible store of capitals, plundered and imitated from all kinds of sources, classical, Byzantine, and Romanesque. And many of them again teach us the lesson into what gorgeous forms it is easy to carve the rude stone which rests on the mid-wall shafts of Jarrow and Earl's Barton.

But, if the great glory of Venice is not Romanesque but Byzantine, the spot which is the real cradle, the real centre of the life, of the great commonwealth, has somewhat more in common with western forms. The little chapel on Rialto, the first ecclesiastical home of the new-born city, is of much the same type as that grand series of twelfth century palaces dotted up and down among the ranges of buildings of later work which fringe the Grand Canal. It is a strange feeling

to see in a short sail more Romanesque domestic work than we have seen in our whole lives before. At Lincoln, at Bury, at Christchurch, at Dol, at Le Mans, we have eagerly traced out a few doorways and windows, with an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps all were, as some certainly were, the work of the Hebrews within our gates. But here are lines of windows and arcades which equal in their way the nave of Bayeux or the hall of Oakham. Perhaps it was not wholly inappropriate that the noblest of the series became in after days the possession of the Turkey merchants. Here and there, in the stilted arches and the general air of the whole, we almost seem to see some touch of a Saracenic hand.

The two outlying insular basilicas of Murano and Torcello will interest the inquirer at any stage; they will amaze him till he has seen Ravenna. Basilicas they undoubtedly are, though they do not show the basilican type in such purity of the genuine thing itself as Ravenna, or even as the churches at Lucca, which are perhaps contemporary with themselves. The east ends, with the many apses at Torcello, with the large open gallery at Murano, depart from the stern simplicity of the Ravennese and even of the Lucchese buildings. After all, the basilica at Torcello is less striking than the little church of St. Fosca, with its cupola designed but never finished. The elegant



BAPTISTERY, PADUA.

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gallery of Murano reappears in a clumsier form as an addition—for good constructive reasons—to the apse of St. Sophia at Padua, the only Romanesque church of that city which has so much to show of other kinds. The baptistery of its cathedral—the church itself is worthless—shows us the same general type to be seen in many other places, and the treatment of the architectural design is fully worthy of the noble paintings with which it is enriched.

Verona, so rich in Roman and again in later work, has but little of Romanesque beyond its great minster of St. Zeno. But that is a host in itself. Basilican in its ground plan, it departs a good deal from the basilican type in its architecture. The compound piers of the Northern Romanesque alternate with the columns of the basilica. The west front shows the Italian Romanesque in perfection; rich, but without the extravagance into which the style sometimes ran in the Tuscan cities. The gap between pier-arch and clerestory is not more painful than in many German churches; in either case it calls for the mosaic of Ravenna to relieve the bareness. To many this noble church will be the first glimpse of Italian ecclesiastical architecture. Even with Ravenna, Lucca, and Pisa to come, the first fruits are worthy of what is to follow.

ANCIENT VERONA.

WE spoke casually of some of the buildings of Verona in speaking of Romanesque architecture in Northern Italy. But, like all the great Italian cities, Verona may be looked at in many ways, and in truth the only way truly to master any of them is to visit them again and again, looking at them each time with a special view to one class of subjects. As for objects of other classes, it will be well for the time being, we will not say to shut the eyes to them altogether, but certainly to look at them only as subordinate to what for the time is the main object of study. Taking Verona as an example, there is the classic Verona, the Verona of Catullus and Pliny; there is the Verona of the Nibelungen, the Bern of Theodoric; there is the mediæval Verona, the Verona of commonwealths and tyrants, the Verona of Eccelino and Can Grande; and there is the Verona of later times, under Venetian, French, and Austrian bondage, the Verona of Congresses and fortifications. Verona, like Le Mans, is an Ecbatana, spreading, circle beyond circle, each range

having its own history and its own monuments. Of one of these ranges it is at first disappointing to find so little to remind us. When we think of the fame of Verona in Teutonic romance—how the city and the hero have each taken the name of the other, and how they have been fused together on Teutonic lips—we are tempted to mourn that "Dietrich von Bern" should have left such slight traces of himself in his own *Dietrichsbern*. But it is perhaps well that the surviving monuments of Theodoric and his age should be gathered together round the one spot which stands by itself in the whole world. It may be well that the city which boasts of his church, his palace, and his tomb should not be exposed to rivalry from another city which, though it has come to bear his name, was, after all, only his occasional sojourn. It is perhaps well that, as Ravenna has no share in the earlier and later glories of other cities, as it boasts no arches or amphitheatres of heathen days, no palaces and churches of the later Christian ages, it should have its own intermediate age wholly to itself. It may be well that neither Verona nor any other city should intrude on its special privilege as the bridge which joins together the two worlds which elsewhere are parted by so yawning a gap. Certain it is that, while Verona is so rich in remains of earlier and later times, it has not a single perfect building, nothing beyond doubtful

pieces of wall, which even pretends to belong to the age of Theodoric or to the ages immediately before and after him. Of his palace on the further side of the river, looking down on the city and the surrounding lands, a contrast indeed to the site of his own home among the canals and marshes of Ravenna, the history can be traced down to our own century. But all traces both of the palace itself and of the many buildings which have succeeded it have vanished before the necessities of modern warfare and defence. The palace of the Goth has made way for the fortress of the Austrian.

As Theodoric has left no sign, we leap, as far as the great monuments of the city go, from Gallienus and Diocletian to Henry the Third. The intermediate ages give us only some fragments of wall, which, truly or falsely, bear the name of the Great Charles, and that single strange structure under the shadow of St. Zeno's minster, which calls itself the tomb of his son, the youngest Pippin, the first of the Frankish house who reigned over Italy as a separate kingdom. The series is not an uninstructive one; Diocletian, Charles, and Henry each mark stages in the history of the Empire; each was a restorer after a time in which its power and glory had fallen. It is well that the series should be formed by them, while Theodoric, with all the splendour and happiness of his

APSE OF ST. STEPHEN'S, VERONA.

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Italian reign, stands rather as a break than as a link in the Imperial series. And, when we reach the reign of Henry the Third, we cannot point with certainty to any monument of his time, except the unadorned lower stage of the great campanile of St. Zeno. All that gives that noble tower the character which it stamped on all the towers of the city for so many centuries comes from the stages which were carried up perhaps a hundred and thirty years later. Among the great buildings of Verona there is in truth a gap which spreads from the third century to the twelfth, and which carries us at a bound from the amphitheatre of the days of Diocletian to the church of the days of Frederick Barbarossa. To the architectural student indeed that church, the great example of what, in contrast to Pisa and Lucca, we may be tempted to call the barbaric form of Italian Romanesque, is alone worth a pilgrimage. St. Zeno ranks as an example of its own style with Durham and Pisa and Speyer and St. Sernin at Toulouse. And far less stately, but hardly less interesting, is the little church of St. Stephen on Theodoric's side of the river. Its main body is ruthlessly disfigured: but it still keeps its central octagon, its pillared crypt, the arcades of its upper and its lower apse, and the stone chair of the bishop still in its ancient place, a monument of the times when St. Stephen's disputed with the vaster

duomo on the other side of the river its right to hold the first place among the churches of Verona, as the seat of her bishops in life and their burying-place in death.

No less full of associations in their own way are the later buildings, the tall tower of the municipality, the palaces and tombs of the tyrants, the house that sheltered Dante, the castle looking forth so proudly on the northern mountains, the broad arches of the bridge that stems the rushing Adige, the long array of domestic buildings which make Verona one of the chief schools of architecture of its own type. For the admirers of that type there is the *duomo* — containing also parts of earlier and better work—and the more striking pile of St. Anastasia. This last is one of those vast churches whose pointed arches cry for this appropriate detail, churches which we should welcome at Palermo in the days of King Roger, but which we look on with less respect when we remember that, when they arose, Westminster and Köln and Amiens were already risen or rising. But for the nonce we wish to take our leap backwards to the earliest existing remains, to the Verona, not indeed of Catullus, hardly of Pliny, but to a Verona which was already beginning to be ancient when Claudian sang of it. The theatre on the left—on Theodoric's—side of the river, the theatre which had become a licensed quarry in the days of King

Berengar, is so utterly shattered that we can hardly do more than judge from the noble capitals of the earlier and purer Ionic form how stately a pile it must have been in the days of its perfection. The amphitheatre all the world knows; perhaps it is less generally known how lately an Emperor sat there to behold the kind of spectacle for which the building was at first raised. Joseph the Second had so far forgotten who he was as to go to Rome and to come away without receiving the rite which would have enabled him to strike out the word *Erwählter* or *Electus* from his style. But he was reminded of his own existence by the popular voice both of Rome and of Verona. The Roman people welcomed *their* Emperor ("Imperatore *nostro*"): the people of Verona greeted him with a threefold clapping of hands, as he beheld a bull-fight in the old arena, and the magistrates duly commemorated the fact by an inscription in which "Imp. Cæs. Josephus II. P.F.A." took his place as naturally as if he had been Vespasian or Trajan. At first sight, while one laments the loss of nearly the whole of the outside range of arches, one is tempted to be displeased at the absolute perfection of the internal seats, and the new look of some of them. But when we find that the practice of keeping them in repair has gone on unbroken through all ages down to our own, the custom itself becomes a part of the history of the building, a part as well worth preserving as any other,

and which helps in a forcible way to keep up the feeling of unbroken connexion with the past.

Looking to the building distinctly as a work of architects, the Veronese amphitheatre, like all other buildings of the same class, brings out in its full perfection the massive grandeur of the true Roman style of building. It is the arch, the true Roman feature, which gives the building its character. The Greek features, which in the more enriched Roman buildings act as a mask to the real construction, are either not there at all, or else they have so little prominence as not to interfere with the genuine Roman effect. They hardly count for more than the engaged shafts which surround the apses of Lucca and Speyer, or even than the pilaster buttresses of our own Norman buildings. And, if we go into the vast and cavernous recesses of the building, we learn another lesson in the history of the building art. Those who have not carried their studies beyond our own island are irresistibly tempted to attribute some of the characteristic features of our earliest towers to imitation of a timber construction in stone, to what has been ingeniously called "stone carpentry." But in this respect, as in every other, our primitive Romanesque buildings are built as their founders professed to build them. They are built *more Romano*. The stone carpentry, the long-and-short work, of our primitive towers, is thoroughly Roman; it may be seen on a

gigantic scale in the dark places of the amphitheatre of Verona.

From the amphitheatre we turn to the gateways, and the great gate at Verona can hardly fail to suggest a comparison with the mighty *Porta Nigra* of Trier. Balancing the remains of the two cities, and setting aside the basilica of Trier, Verona as much surpasses Trier in its amphitheatre as Trier surpasses Verona in its gateway. The comparison may be thought unfair, as the Trier gate is all but perfect, while the Verona gate is simply the outside shell. Still the outer faces of the two may fairly be compared. Trier indeed has the advantage of outline, in the magnificent flanking towers on either side, while Verona has only a flat front on a single level. Trier too has the advantage of position, as standing free from other buildings, as still being the actual entrance to the city from its suburbs; while the gate at Verona suffers in architectural effect, though it really becomes more striking as an historical monument, by being no longer the entrance to anything, but spanning one of the busiest streets of a flourishing modern town. The doctrine may sound frightful in classic ears; but to our mind the comparison between the two gateways shows how far the real art of architecture had advanced between the days of Gallienus, or the days before Gallienus, and those days of Constantine or later which beheld the building of the sublime pile at

Trier. Between the two, in fact, architecture made its great step; the gate at Trier carries us to the days of Spálato, to the earliest days of Ravenna. In the Verona gate the Greek features are still there, masking the Roman construction; over the actual openings, over the windows above them, we get unmeaning entablatures and pediments, stone pictures, so to speak, of real entablatures and pediments, like the survivals of the shape of the old post-chaise carved or painted on the modern railway-carriage. This gives the front the appearance of a confusion of Greek and Roman ideas, while at Trier, as in the amphitheatres, indeed even more thoroughly than in the amphitheatres, the remains of the columnar system, the half-columns or pilasters, have sunk into the subordinate place which they hold in Romanesque buildings. In fact, according to our heretical view that classical Roman architecture is only a transitional stage between one consistent form of construction and decoration in the shape of Greek art and another consistent form of construction and decoration in the shape of Romanesque art, one might doubt whether the Trier gateway is not entitled to be called Romanesque rather than Roman. Whether Gallienus built the whole gate at Verona, or simply repaired and raised an earlier gate, is of no importance at all in this point of view. Both parts of the gateway show the same fault, the inherent fault of the classical Roman style; both, in a word, are *præ-Spala-*

tine. But at Trier, though, from the nature of the building, no arches actually rest on columns, we see the working of the same principle, the effect of that great architectural revolution of which the court of Diocletian was the beginning.

Still, with all this, the *Porta dei Borsari* of Verona is a striking object, the more striking, as we have already said, from the very position which takes away somewhat from its effect as a work of architecture. One wonders how it has lived through so many ages. At Trier, even if we did not know that the gateway was for nearly eight hundred years preserved by being used as a church, we do not for a moment wonder at its preservation. At Verona the preservation of the gateway itself is hardly so striking as the sight of the small inscribed stones which stand near it, remaining there in the crowded street untouched by the changes of sixteen hundred years. And it must always be remembered that the present gateway is simply one wall of the ancient structure; the place of its fellow may easily be marked some way back, where a small piece of the wall, which is still to be seen in the adjoining side street, marks the place where the other wall of the gateway spanned the main street.

Besides the gate of which so large a part has been preserved, the traveller should not fail to notice a fragment of one of the other gateways, that known as the *Arco*

dei Leoni, where one half of the gateway has been preserved through the accident of a change in the direction of the street. In this gate the faults of the *Porta dei Borsari* are less strongly marked, and great lightness and elegance must have been given to the highest story of all by the small detached columns with their twisted flutings, like those in the Laurentian basilica at Rome, suggesting what was to come on a vaster scale at Waltham, Durham, Dunfermline, and Lindisfarne. One only remains, but it struck us that some of its fellows had been used up again among the columns of various kinds which are to be found in the apse of St. Stephen's. We have not local knowledge enough to identify the Triumvir Tiberius Flavius Noricus, the son of Spurius, whose name may still clearly be read on the architrave above the surviving arch. But we certainly think that, when the building was perfect, it must have formed a finer whole than the gate which is still preserved to us nearly entire. Both, along with the other Roman remains of the city, form a noble beginning of that series of buildings of all dates which gather, as round their centre, around the glorious pile of St. Zeno, the greatest of them all.

RAVENNA AND HER SISTERS.

RAVENNA.

If we seek through the world for a city which is absolutely unique in its character and interest, we shall find it at Ravenna. It is a city in which, as soon as we set foot, we at once find ourselves among the memorials of an age which has left but few memorials elsewhere. The sea which once gave Ravenna her greatness has fallen back and left the once Imperial city like a wreck in a wilderness. In the like sort, the memory of an age, strange if not glorious, full of great changes if not of great deeds, has passed away from other spots without leaving any visible memorial; at Ravenna the memorials of that age are well nigh all that is left. It is well that such a strange corner of history should still abide as a living thing in one forsaken corner of Europe. It is well that there should be one spot from which the monuments of heathen Rome and the monuments of mediæval Christendom are alike absent, where every relic breathes of the strange and almost forgotten time which comes between the two. At Ravenna the amphitheatre of Verona and the *duomo*

of Milan, nay even the more venerable temple which covers the bones of Ambrose, would all be out of place. We walk its streets, and we feel glad that we do not walk among the stately arcades of Padua and Bologna, that our eye is not met by such memories of municipal freedom as we see at Pistoia and Piacenza, or by such frowning relics of signorial and ducal rule as seem still to keep their grasp on Milan and Verona. Ravenna, like other cities, had its commonwealth and its tyrants; but a single inconsiderable tower and a few not very conspicuous tombs are the only traces left either of the commonwealth or of the tyranny. Two or three mediæval churches do not seriously interfere with the character of the city, and the *Renaissance* cathedral, eyesore as it is, is well nigh forgotten beside its own baptistery and campanile. Indeed, when we casually enter its walls, and light on a priest saying mass in ancient form, neither before the altar nor on its north side, but looking westward alike on altar and congregation, we feel that, if the bricks and stones of the elder church have vanished, the usages of primitive times still live in the home which may fittingly be their last resting-place. So again, on two of the few later monuments of Ravenna we look with other eyes. Later in date, they do in fact carry on in a strange way the traditions which, to a lover of the days of the latest Roman and the earliest Teutonic powers, make Ravenna the very goal of his pilgrimage, the very centre of the

earth. The Venetian column in the market-place tells of the days of the greatest prosperity that Ravenna has seen in later times; but it has also a strange fitness that the spot where the elder Roman power lingered on the longest should have become part of the possessions of the island city where the true Roman life lived on when it had passed away from the mainland. And the one object which to many minds will ever give Ravenna its greatest charm, the tomb which contains the most precious dust within its walls, in truth forms another link in the same chain. We need not mourn that Dante lies far away from his own Florence. A whole of which Florence was but a part may truly claim ten parts in him. The poet of the Empire could nowhere sleep so well as among the Cæsars of whom he dreamed.

With these exceptions, of which the two last and most striking are no real exceptions, all the monuments of Ravenna belong to the days of transition from Roman to mediæval times, and the greater part of them come within the fifth and sixth centuries. It was then that Ravenna became, for a season, the head of Italy and of the Western world. The sea had made Ravenna a great haven; the falling back of the sea made her the ruling city of the earth. Augustus had called into being the port of Cæsarea as the Peiraieus of the old Thessalian or Umbrian Ravenna. Haven and city

grew and became one; but the faithless element again fell back; the haven of Augustus became dry land covered by orchards, and Classis arose as the third naval station, leaving Ravenna itself an inland city. Again has the sea fallen back; Cæsarea has utterly perished; Classis survives only in one venerable church; the famous pine forest has grown up between the third haven and the now distant Hadriatic. Out of all this grew the momentary greatness of Ravenna. The city, girded with the threefold zone of marshes, causeways, and strong walls, became the impregnable shelter of the later Emperors; and the earliest Teutonic Kings naturally fixed their royal seat in the city of their Imperial predecessors. When this immediate need had passed away, the city naturally fell into insignificance, and it plays hardly any part in the history of mediæval Italy. Hence it is that the city is crowded with the monuments of an age which has left hardly any monuments elsewhere. In Britain indeed, if Dr. Merivale be right in the date which he gives to the great Northern wall, we have a wonderful relic of those times; but it is the work, not of the architect, but of the military engineer. In other parts of Europe also works of this date are found here and there; but nowhere save at Ravenna is there a whole city, so to speak, made up of them. Nowhere but at Ravenna can we find, thickly scattered around us, the churches, the tombs, perhaps

the palaces, of the last Roman and the first Teutonic rulers of Italy. In the Old and in the New Rome, and in Milan also, works of the same date exist; but either they do not form the chief objects of the city, or they have lost their character and position through later changes. If Ravenna boasts of the tombs of Honorius and Theodoric, Milan boasts also, truly or falsely, of the tombs of Stilicho and Athaulf. But at Milan we have to seek for the so-called tomb of Athaulf in a side-chapel of a church which has lost all ancient character, and the so-called tomb of Stilicho, though placed in the most venerable church of the city, stands in a strange position as the support of a pulpit. At Ravenna, on the other hand, the mighty mausoleum of Theodoric, and the chapel which contains the tombs of Galla Placidia, her brother, and her second husband, are among the best known and best preserved monuments of the city. Ravenna, in the days of its Exarchs, could never have dared to set up its own St. Vital as a rival to Imperial St. Sophia. But at St. Sophia, changed into the temple of another faith, the most characteristic ornaments have been hidden or torn away, while at St. Vital Hebrew patriarchs and Christian saints, and the Imperial forms of Justinian and his strangely-chosen Empress, still look down, as they did thirteen hundred years back, upon the altars of Christian worship. Ravenna, in short, seems, as it were, to have been

preserved all but untouched to keep up the memory of the days which were alike Roman, Christian, and Imperial.

The great monuments of Ravenna all come within less than a hundred and fifty years of each other, and yet they fall naturally into three periods. First come the monuments of the Christian Western Empire, the churches and tombs of the family of Theodosius. Next come the works of the Gothic kingdom, the churches and the mausoleum of Theodoric. Lastly come the buildings, St. Vital among the foremost, which are, in part at least, later than the recovery of Italy under Justinian. It follows then that two great historical revolutions come within the range of the Ravenna monuments. One of these revolutions clothes the monuments of the second class with an interest which is absolutely unique. The Gothic monuments of Ravenna —at Ravenna we must call back the word "Gothic" from its secondary to its primary meaning—are the earliest civilized monuments of our own race. They are the only monuments of that illustrious branch of our race —a branch, be it ever remembered, nearer to us than to our High-German kinsfolk—to whose lot it fell to be the first Teutonic masters of Italy. The brilliant episode of the Gothic kingdom—that most brilliant time of it when Theodoric gave Italy such a season of rest and prosperity as she had never had since the days of

the Antonines, such as she has never had again till our own times—all this lives at Ravenna in brick and stone, while from the rest of the world it has utterly passed away. The churches of Theodoric too have an interest of another kind, as the earliest monuments of religious equality. In claiming them as the first monuments of our own race, we may be inclined to forgive them for being the first monuments of heresy. But as such, the churches of Theodoric, raised for the worship of his Arian Goths, mark one of those rare moments in the history of the world when a wise and impartial ruler compelled contending sects to live in peace side by side. The policy of the great Goth was far wiser than that of the Arian Emperors who had reigned before him. Constantius and Valens were persecutors of the Orthodox; Justina demanded of St. Ambrose the surrender of a church in Milan for the heretical worship. Theodoric made no such mistakes; he gave no such opportunities to his enemies. He in no way persecuted the Catholics; he in no way disturbed them in their possessions; but, with a wisdom the like of which was not seen for ages after, he simply set up the worship of his own sect on terms of perfect equality with theirs.

The reign of Theodoric—λόγῳ μὲν τύραννος, says Prokopios, ἔργῳ δὲ βασιλεὺς ἀληθής—save the dark events with which it begins and ends, is like a kind of dream, like the romantic ideal of a beneficent ruler

turned by some spell into true history. But, great as were the events which lie within the range of the Ravenna monuments, all come together under one head; they are all Christian Roman. The architecture of the reign of Theodoric — the only existing Gothic architecture in the literal sense—does not differ from the style of the earlier and later buildings of the same class. There was no reason why it should. Theodoric was King of the Goths, but he ruled in Italy as a vicegerent of the absent Emperor, and throughout his reign the preservation and imitation of the works of earlier Roman art was a chief object of his care. So again we must remember that the recovery of Italy by Belisarius and Narses was strictly a Roman reconquest. Belisarius himself was Consul of the Republic when he sailed for Sicily. One of the Ravenna inscriptions speaks of the "Pax et Libertas" which were restored to Italy by the overthrow of the Gothic rule. We may perhaps think that the rule of a Gothic King was likely to be more favourable to peace and freedom than the rule of a Byzantine Exarch. Such was not the mind of the sixth century. Nothing had yet happened to give the Empire anything but a Roman character. Cæsar Augustus might dwell at the New Rome, not at the Old, but that was simply as in former times he had dwelled at Milan or at Ravenna itself. The Empire

was none the less Roman for any of those changes. The official speech was still Latin, as the mighty volume of the Civil Law remains to bear witness. At St. Mark's we see the Byzantine influence after Byzantine influence had become Greek influence. Greek inscriptions appear over the heads of the holy personages in the mosaics. But the walls of St. Vital and St. Apollinaris in Classe speak no tongue but Latin. Whatever may have been the native speech of the peasant from the foot of Hæmus, Imperator Cæsar Flavius Justinianus Augustus could acknowledge no tongue but the Roman tongue of his predecessors.

And now for a few words on the monuments themselves. They are mainly ecclesiastical. There is indeed one noble fragment of early domestic work in the so-called Palace of Theodoric. Whether the existing building can claim to have really been the dwelling-place of the great Goth has been strongly called in question, and we must confess that we share the doubt. It is older than Charles the Great—it served as a quarry for the pillars which he carried off to adorn his palace at Aachen; but we are inclined to attribute it to the days of Lombard rather than of Gothic rule. The works of Theodoric are Roman; this palace is not Roman, but Romanesque, though undoubtedly a very early form of Romanesque. We can hardly persuade ourselves that the great arched-headed doorway can belong to Theod-

oric's age, an age when doorways were still square, and when the tympanum itself had not begun to appear. But we have its fellow at home; the tower-arch of St. Bene't's at Cambridge is plainly a rougher example of the same class. Still there is a sense in which we may still fairly call it Theodoric's palace. It is in all probability an addition to Theodoric's actual work, an addition which has been left as the single remnant of the building to which it was added. And, if we have not reached the actual home of the great Goth, we have at least reached a spot where we are driven to look on the great Frank as a modern intruder and destroyer. We have somewhat of the same feeling when we walk through the room in the archiepiscopal palace where so many of the inscriptions of Ravenna are carefully preserved. We pass by some inscriptions of heathen times with less attention than we should give them elsewhere; our eye is caught on one side by a Latin inscription to a Chamberlain of the Gothic King, and on the other by the Greek epitaph of a later Byzantine Exarch, which tells us, truly or falsely, how the army of the Italians (*τὸ στράτευμα τῶν Ἰταλῶν*) wept for him. These are genuine memorials, such as Ravenna alone could supply; but when we see among them a dedication "Karolo Regi Francorum et Langobardorum et Patricio Romanorum," the titles which elsewhere would call forth reverence here raise a

certain feeling of incongruity; we are half inclined to say, "Friend, thou hast no business here." We look with more interest on the arcade in the market-place formed of pillars and capitals strangely put together, but on one of which is a monograph out of which ingenious men have spelled the word "Theodoricus" —a memorial, it may be, of the Gothic King; it may be of some meaner craftsman.

The mention of the Archbishop's palace leads us to an easy division of the ecclesiastical buildings of Ravenna into two classes: those which follow the cruciform and domical type, and those which follow that of the basilicas. But it must be added that in both classes the glory of the Ravenna churches is to be sought for wholly within. The early Christian buildings had no means of producing a striking exterior. The elder architecture produced it by means of the colonnade, and the basilica had taken the colonnade indoors. The Ravenna buildings, built mainly of brick, have but little to show without; to make the outside worthy of what it contains was reserved for the men of Lucca and Pisa at a later day. But go within, and few things are more striking than the long ranges of columns, the spoils of heathendom, varying, it may be, slightly in height and size, often supporting capitals of various forms, but still joining in a true harmony to bear up those endless ranges of arches in which the lowest stage of the

mediæval minster already begins to be foreshadowed. The triforium, clerestory, and vault are things yet to come, or they are at most represented by a few windows pierced in the upper part of the wall with but little reference to the arches below. But the basilica has its own substitute. We do not lack the triforium of Modena or Norwich or Pisa or Durham itself, as we gaze on the glorious series of mosaics which fill its place in the basilica of Theodoric, the misnamed St. Apollinaris, the church which the Gothic lord of Ravenna reared for his countrymen and fellow-believers, and to which a later age and another form of faith added what has become its chiefest ornament. Few of man's works are more striking than that long procession of triumphant virgins headed by the Three Kings—not stiff conventional forms, as in the later Byzantine work, but living and moving human beings —bearing their gifts to their Lord on the knees of His Mother. This splendid church is indeed the noblest of all; but it is only one out of the examples of this date which Ravenna, alone among the cities of the earth, sets before us in such abundance. One of the finest, St. Apollinaris in Classe, lies far out of the city, a witness to those changes in the relations of land and water which form the history of Ravenna. The one relic of Classis now is this magnificent abbey, with its sixth century basilica, begun in the last days of Gothic

ST. APOLLINARIS IN CLASSE.

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rule, finished after Ravenna had become an outpost of Byzantium. Parts of the conventual buildings seem to be of the same date. For they are built of the same genuine Roman brick as the church itself, while the brick of the campanile is of a smaller and later kind. The distinguishing campanile of Ravenna, as of Ireland and East-Anglia, is round. The Ravenna towers have a rougher and earlier look than the square towers, but this may partly be owing to their shape, partly to the practice of blocking up most of the windows. Their date is uncertain; but they are later than the days of Charles the Great. The local writer Agnellus, writing soon after his time, describes the churches of Ravenna nearly as they still are; but he says not a word about bell-towers. His description distinctly confirms the early date commonly given to the Ravenna basilicas; but it is clear that in some places they contain portions of buildings earlier still. In the church of St. Agatha, towards the west end, arches of Roman brick have been cut through to make way for the columnar arcades, and though this change may have been made in the fifteenth century, it marks the former existence of something earlier than the existing basilican forms.

The baptisteries—at Ravenna alone we can use the plural form—which, as elsewhere in Italy, stand distinct from the churches, form the natural transition to the domical and cruciform buildings. The two cathe-

dral churches, Catholic and Arian, each had its baptistery, and each still survives. Of the domical churches the archiepiscopal chapel, though the smallest, is not the least interesting, by reason of its exquisite early mosaics. The famous chapel and tomb of Galla Placidia eminently illustrate the way in which at Ravenna all attractions are to be looked for within. From without, the building is hardly to be seen; within it is rich with mosaics, and the interest of its contents is not lessened by the personal insignificance of the persons commemorated. We seek in vain for the tomb of Constantine or Theodosius; but Honorius sleeps undisturbed in his sister's chapel; so does her Roman husband Constantius—her nobler Goth lies far away, perhaps at Milan, perhaps rather at Barcelona. In tombs of this date Ravenna is specially rich. The sarcophagi of early Christian times lie about uncared for in the churches and in the streets, and they have often been freely used by men of later ages as their own resting-places. The crowning glory of this class of objects has been at least spared this indignity; but the bones of Theodoric, as those of a heretic—perhaps as those of a barbarian—were soon cast out from beneath his mighty monolith dome. The very name of the hero has been exchanged in popular speech for one which simply describes the form of the building. *La Rotonda* stands distinguished as the one

building of Ravenna built wholly of stone; but it is stone from distant Istria, whence came also the gigantic block, now unluckily broken, which covers the whole. Of domical churches proper, not being also tombs, the chief is of course the grand pile of St. Vital, the model of Aachen. This again, like St. Apollinaris in Classe, was begun under the Goth and finished under the restored rule of the Roman. This too, in its shapeless brick outside, gives little promise of its sublime interior, its cupola, its columnar galleries, and the glorious mosaics which look down on its high altar. One thing however is lacking; the wretched paintings which disfigure the cupola, and which, by imitating architectural forms, mislead the eye in following the lines of the building, may well be displaced, if possible, by mosaics, or, failing that, by honest whitewash. Outside the building stands a sepulchral monument such as could be found nowhere but at Ravenna. It is the tomb of an Exarch of Armenian birth, sent from Constantinople to bear rule over Italy. With this we will wind up our list of Ravennese antiquities. The place has associations of later date; but, in the presence of the tomb of Theodoric and the tomb of Dante, we have no mind to tarry by the column which commemorates the death and the useless victory of Gaston of Foix.

TRIER.

THE ancient capital of the Treveri has the privilege of being known by two modern names, native and foreign, each of which preserves a letter of the ancient name which is lost in its rival. *Treveris* is by its own people contracted into *Trier*, while by its neighbours it is cut short into *Trèves*. But one who looks out from the amphitheatre beyond its walls on the city which boasts itself to have stood for thirteen hundred years longer than Rome, will be inclined to hold that the beauty of its position and the interest of its long history cannot lose their charm under any name. It was not without reason that the mythical Trebetas, son of Ninus, after wandering through all lands, pitched on the spot by the Mosel as the loveliest and richest site that he could find for the foundation of the first city which arose on European soil. He might have chosen sites of greater sublimity; he might have pitched his city among the high mountains, like Trent or Innsbrück or Aosta. But sites of this kind, less easily accessible according to early modes of travelling, would have been less suited

than the actual site of Trier for a city which was to rule the nations. For we must remember that Trier is a city which, even in sober history, did for a while rule the nations, and in local legend it naturally does much more in that way than it does in sober history. The position of Trent, with high Alps on each side of it, is incomparably more majestic than the position of Trier. But, though Trent once incidentally did a good deal towards fixing the destinies of Christendom, yet it never became a seat of rule over anything beyond its immediate district. No Cæsar ever thought of fixing his throne in the Alpine valley. But, among cities whose surroundings are satisfied with the beauty of hills and do not aspire to the awfulness of mountains, it would not be easy to surpass the site of Trier. It is essentially a river city. It is not a hill fort, but a site on the stream with hills on each side. And, as we are told that, in the Imperial days of Trier, the Mosel brought thither all the riches of the earth, we must, even after making allowance for the smaller size of the vessels of old times, believe that its stream did not so often fail its ancient masters as it is apt to fail the modern traveller who wishes to use the river as his way from Trier to Coblenz. In the legend the city of Trobetas became, like the cities which its founder left behind him in the East, a ruling city from the beginning. In sober history we see in the Treveri

one of the tribes of Rhenish Gaul, boasting, some thought untruly, of a German descent, whose chief post became a Roman colony in the early days of the Empire, and which, in the later days of the Empire, when Imperial colleagues and rivals divided the lands among them became the seat of a dominion which took in the Roman lands beyond the Alps, Spain, Gaul, and Britain.

Trier holds, north of the Alps, a position which is in some respects analogous to the position of Ravenna south of the Alps. The points both of likeness and of unlikeness between the two cities may be instructively compared. In physical position no two cities can well be more opposite. No two spots can be more unlike than Trier, with its hills, its river, and its bridge, and Ravenna, forsaken by the sea, left in its marshy flat, with its streets, which were once canals like those of Venice, now canals no longer. In their history the two cities have thus much in common, that each was a seat of the Imperial power of Rome in the days of its decline. Each too is remarkable for its rich store of buildings handed on from the days of its greatness, buildings which stamp upon each city an unique character of its own. But, when we more minutely compare either the history or the surviving antiquities of the two cities, when we compare the circumstances under which each city rose to greatness, we shall find

on the whole less of likeness than of unlikeness. The difference may be summed up when we say that Trier is the city of Constantine, that Ravenna is the city of Honorius. Trier became a seat of Empire in days when the Teutonic enemy was already threatening, in days when the presence of an Emperor near the frontier was needed to drive back and to avenge Teutonic inroads, but still in days when Teutonic inroads could yet be driven back and could even be avenged. Trier was the seat of Emperors in days when the Roman pilum and broadsword could still win victories which supplied the materials for the bloodiest of all the butcheries that ever marked an Imperial victory. It was in the now grass-grown amphitheatre hewn out of the hill that Constantine made, as men then deemed, the proudest of Roman holidays by casting Frankish kings and thousands of their subjects to the wild beasts. At Ravenna we hear nothing of such shows; it was at Rome, in the Flavian amphitheatre, that the check which Stilicho gave to the Gothic arms at Pollentia was celebrated by that last show of gladiators when Telemachus, as we would fain believe, won the crown of martyrdom in the cause of humanity. In short, the Imperial days of Trier were days when the time of conquest was past, when the Empire had to put forth all its strength to maintain its frontiers, but when it was not yet trembling for its very being. It was a post chosen by great states-

men and soldiers, in obedience to the political and military needs of their dominions. Ravenna became an Imperial dwelling-place because an Emperor, more at home in the poultry-yard than either in camp or council, sought shelter in its impenetrable fortress for his own sacred person. Yet, after the causes which made either city a seat of Empire had passed away, Ravenna went on being the seat of kings and rulers, and Trier did not. After Gratian and his murderer Maximus, no Emperor reigned in Trier, nor did Trier become one of the many and shifting seats of Frankish kingship. The city which had once been the head of Gaul, Spain, and Britain became part of a kingdom whose place of dominion was at Metz. Ravenna on the other hand, after it had ceased to be the dwelling-place of Emperors, was still, for not far short of three hundred years, the seat of Gothic Kings and Byzantine Exarchs. In every detail then of the history of the two cities there is unlikeliness; yet the two form a class by themselves, as the two western seats of Imperial power after Rome herself ceased to be the dwelling-place of Emperors. In a strictly historical view, Milan ranges with them as a third Imperial city; but the overthrow of Milan by an Emperor of later times hinders that city from keeping any such living memorials of her own Imperial days as we see in either of the other two cities. The single colonnade of St. Lawrence and two or three tombs and other fragments

in its churches make up all that Milan has to set against the varied stores of antiquities which still remain to instruct us both at Ravenna and at Trier.

As far as the existing monuments are concerned, the unique character of Ravenna comes out in the fact that all its remains belong to one particular time, and that a time of which there is hardly anything anywhere else. Ravenna has nothing of any consequence belonging either to heathen Roman or to mediæval times; its monuments belong to the days of Honorius and Placidia, to the days of the Gothic kingdom, to the very first days of the restored Imperial rule. To these, except one or two of the churches of Rome, there is nothing in the West to answer. The monuments of Trier are spread over a far wider space of time. They stretch from the first days of Roman occupation to an advanced stage of the middle ages. The mighty pile of the Black Gate, the *Porta Nigra* or *Porta Martis*, a pile to which Ravenna, and Rome herself, can supply no rival, is a work which it is hard to believe can belong to any days but those when the city was the dwelling-place of Emperors. Yet scholars are not lacking who argue that it really dates from the early days of the Roman only, from a date earlier than that which some other scholars assign to the first foundations of the colony, from the days of Claudius. The amphitheatre is said to date from the reign of Trajan. The basilica,

so strangely turned into a Protestant church by the late King of Prussia, can hardly fail to be the work of Constantine. But, after all, the building at Trier which will most reward careful study is the metropolitan church. At the first glimpse it seems less unique than the Porta Nigra; its distant outline is massive and picturesque, but it is an outline with which every one who has seen many of the great churches of Germany must be thoroughly familiar. Or, if it has a special character of its own, it seems to come from the blending of the four towers of the main buildings with a fifth, the massive tower of the *Liebfrauenkirche*, which, in the general view, none would fancy to be one of the most perfect and graceful specimens of the early German Gothic of the thirteenth century. It is only gradually that the unique character of the building dawns on the inquirer. What at first sight seemed to be a church of the type of Mainz, Worms, and Speyer, and inferior to them in lacking the central tower or cupola, turns out to be something which has no parallel north of the Alps, nor, we may add, south of them either. It is a Roman building of the sixth century—none the less Roman for being built under a Frankish king—preserving large portions of a yet earlier building of the fourth. The capitals of its mighty columns peep out from amid the later work, and fragments of the pillars lie about in the cloister and before the western

door, as the like fragments do in the Forum of Trajan. Repaired and enlarged in the eleventh century in remarkably close imitation of the original design, the church has gone through a series of additions and recastings, in order to change it into the likeness of an ordinary mediæval German church. Had St. Vital at Ravenna, had St. Sophia itself, stood where the *dom* of Trier stands, the same misapplied labour would most likely have been bestowed upon them. But, well pleased as we should have been to have had such a building as this kept to us in its original form, there is no denying that those who enjoy spelling out the changes which a great building has gone through, comparing the statements of the local chroniclers with the evidence of the building itself—a process which, like every other process of discovery, is not without its charm—will find no more attractive problem of the kind than is supplied by the venerable minster of Trier.

The student who visits Trier with the days of its Imperial greatness chiefly in his mind will perhaps not be inclined to tarry long over the memories of the days when Trier still was a capital, though the capital only of a German ecclesiastical electorate. The vast palace of the Archbishops, degraded into barracks and cut short by the strange whim of restoring the basilica, stands as a record of what ecclesiastical potentates could grow into; but, after all, it is not so much at Trier as at Coblenz

that the memorials of the archiepiscopal Electors are to be looked for. There they lived as princes; their duties as bishops were for the most part left to suffragans, bishops *in partibus infidelium*, the name of one of whom suggests a curious contrast just now. One suffragan of Trier, the laborious local historian Von Hontheim, was in the last century, under the assumed name of Febronius, one of the most vigorous champions of the rights of national churches against the encroachments of Rome. All that is now past. The Ultramontane system of the present day is no more the same thing with the Roman Catholic system of the last century than the Roman Catholic system of the last century was the same thing with the Church of the middle ages. Gallicanism, Febronianism, every appeal to national and historical rights against modern usurpations, is now set down as a heresy almost worse than Protestantism itself. In the very city where Von Hontheim asserted the rights of the German nation, a modern bishop has suffered, or deems himself to have suffered, in an exactly opposite cause, a cause which would have been almost unintelligible to any one of the prelates whose mighty work stands opposite to the prison which has become for awhile the dwelling-place of their successor.

AACHEN REVISITED.

THOROUGHLY to get up any city or district in its historical relations is rather a long business. We believe that, in order to be thoroughly master of any place, a fourfold process is needed. The traveller should first arm himself with a general knowledge of the history of the place and of all that is to be seen in it. He will thus be able to examine the objects themselves in an intelligent way, to understand their history and meaning, and to go through the process implied in the Aristotelian phrase of τοῦτο ἐκεῖνο. Then let him go home and study all his materials afresh by the light of the local knowledge which he has thus gained. The difference between reading the history of a place which we have seen and reading that of one which we have not seen is simply infinite. When we read of spots, buildings, natural objects, which we have ourselves looked on and examined, the story gains a force and depth and meaning which makes all the difference between a living thing and a dead one. We feel at home in the place of which we are reading; we feel as if the men of

whom we read were our personal acquaintance. Then lastly, having done this, it is well to see the place a second time by the light of the livelier knowledge thus gained. We are now in a position to correct any mistakes which we have made in our first visit, and generally to bring our book-learning and the evidence of our own eyes to illustrate and strengthen one another. Every place, every part of every place, should, whenever it may be done, be visited twice, even if the two visits happen on the same day with only a few hours' interval. There is something in the process of recollection, another form of the τοῦτο ἐκεῖνο process, which makes the impression far keener than if the object be looked at only once. Even if a man has only an hour to give to an object, he will learn more by giving it in the form of two distinct half-hours. But this work of revisiting reaches its highest form when we come the second time charged with all the knowledge gained by a comparison of our earlier memories with the written history of the place.

Sometimes again, a visit to one place makes it almost a duty to make a second visit to another place. Two or more places are often so closely connected that the history of the one is imperfect without the history of the other. The connexion may be of various kinds. The same great names may be common to both; the events which happened at one may have had a direct

influence on the events which happened at the other; the two places may actually stand to one another either in the relation of sisters or in that of child and parent. Or again the connexion, though not so direct as this, may be none the less true and instructive. The two places may hold the same position in the history of their several countries, or of the times when they were severally most famous; the comparison may be instructive through the likeness or the unlikeness of the two physical sites, or through the likeness or unlikeness of the buildings which have been raised upon them. In all these ways, whether by likeness or unlikeness, by direct cause and effect or by mere analogy, one place illustrates another, and the traveller is constantly led to form the fruitless wish that he could suddenly spirit himself away from one spot to another far distant. The architectural inquirer would be well pleased if he could place the apses of Köln and Amiens side by side. He would be still better pleased if he could fly suddenly from the banks of the Wear to the banks of the Arno, and see the glories of Northern and Southern Romanesque, Durham and Pisa, in successive hours. And he would be well pleased again on such an Utopian ramble if he could stop on the way by the banks of the Rhine, and compare the metropolitan church of Germany, the stately and varied forms of the great minster of Mainz, with the buildings on each side of it which have so

much in common with it and yet so much that is unlike. Here the connexion is one only of analogy and of contrast. But when we stand in St. Mark's, we feel that the survey is imperfect, because we see the intermediate building only, because we cannot see at the same glance its parent church at Constantinople and its daughter church at Périgueux. In all these ways one spot illustrates another; and as, even in the days of electric telegraphs, the laws of time and space cannot wholly be got rid of, the best thing is to take every opportunity of seeing one of two places thus mutually connected with a mind still full of the memories of the other.

We have been led into this train of thought by a comparison of the feelings aroused by three visits, under three different sets of circumstances, to the city of the Great Charles. *Aquæ Grani*, Aachen—*Aken*, as our forefathers called it, with a nearer approach to the true speech of the country—and its minster will be to many travellers their first German city and their first German church. There they may see for the first time on a gigantic scale the tall aisleless apse with windows of boundless height, which so clearly distinguishes the churches of Germany alike from the square ends of England and from the surrounding chapels of France. But, setting aside this one feature, there is nothing about Aachen which specially connects it with German buildings

rather than with the buildings of any other part of Christendom. It is rather one of a class belonging to no particular land, but scattered here and there through all lands. The round or octagonal church, very commonly with a choir added to the east and a tower added to the west—three things which can never be brought into real harmony with one another, but which, from their very incongruity, always produce a striking effect—is found scattered here and there from Jerusalem to Ludlow. The form is more common in some countries than in others; but everywhere it is rare enough for each particular example to have a kind of personal interest of its own. The Temple Church in London and the renowned St. Gereon at Köln are among the examples which will occur to every one; but the peculiar effect of Aachen is best realized on a humbler scale in the churches of St. John at Liège, and of St. Sepulchre at Northampton. Of this last we speak as we knew it years ago; we believe that additions have lately been made to it. In all these three, without any kind of likeness in any other point, we find the three elements placed close together which no art can really fuse into one whole, the western tower, the central round, and the eastern choir. But the city with which Aachen, and the church with which the minster of Aachen, really connect themselves are not to be looked for on either English or German soil. Aachen can never be so well understood as with the mind fresh

from the memory of Ravenna; the Imperial minster better takes its place in the general order of things if we look at it with a constant reference to its parent church of St. Vital.

The connexion between Ravenna and Aachen illustrates well nigh all those different forms of relation which, as we have said, bind one building or city to another. Among all the cities of earth these two stand forth as the chosen homes of Teutonic dominion. To the student of the general history of our race no spots can speak like the city of Theodoric and the city of Charles. Each is, as it were, the crowning-place of one of the two great branches of our race; and we in our island cannot forget that the elder and the nobler of the two was the crowning-place of that branch whose kindred to ourselves was the nearer. We honour the Frank; we feel our common blood stirred by the vision of his greatness; but in the Goth we have our ten parts, as in one who spoke that oldest form of the common tongue from which we have, after all, changed less than Frank or Swabian. But the Goth ruling over Italy in a Roman city, according to Roman law, and the Frank translating the seat of the Roman power to a city of his own Northern land, alike set forth the twofold and mutual conquest, the way in which the Teuton bore rule over the Roman, and the way in which, in return, the Roman led captive his conqueror. The Goth who on Italian

ground remained king only of his own people, and the Frank who on German ground reigned as Cæsar and Augustus, each played his part in the same great work. But they severally mark two stages of it. In the state of things under Theodoric we see the stage when the Roman and the Teutonic elements stood distinct and side by side. In the state of things under Charles we see the stage when the two were fast fusing together into a third thing different from either. But of these several stages, and of the work in which they were stages, Ravenna and Aachen stand out as representatives beyond all other cities of the earth. Nowhere else do we feel so thoroughly in the presence of the Teutonic lords of Rome, lords who were at once conquerors and disciples. In the local Rome the names even of Theodoric and Charles are simply two in the long series of the mighty ones of her history. And in the local Rome neither Theodoric nor Charles ever dwelled. It was their highest glory to be its masters; they visited it as the venerable centre of their dominion; but it was not their home in life or their resting-place in death. For that end they chose Ravenna and Aachen; and, as such, Ravenna and Aachen stand together, apart from all other spots on earth, the cradles of the two mightiest forms that Teutonic dominion ever took.

As regards the buildings of the two cities, the connexion is of the closest possible kind. It is a connexion

of cause and effect, and indeed of something closer still. The greatest building of Aachen is a direct copy of the greatest building of Ravenna, and for more than one building in Aachen Ravenna actually supplied the materials. The round of the minster at Aachen beyond all doubt reproduces the round of St. Vital; and columns from Ravenna, though certainly not from St. Vital, were used to adorn the churches and palaces which Charles raised, both at Aachen and at Ingelheim. The letter is well known in which Pope Hadrian gives leave to the Frankish king and Roman patrician to remove columns and marbles from the palace of Ravenna, and there can be no doubt that some at least of the monoliths which adorn the dome of Aachen, which the eye now dimly sees through piles of scaffolding, were once among the enrichments of the fallen house of the great Goth. The man whom at Aachen we revere as a founder, we are tempted at Ravenna to curse as a destroyer; but the spoliation of Theodoric's palace has at least brought about what we might almost call a material identity between the two most famous spots in the transitional period of European history.

As regards the two men themselves, the kings who each for a while raised his city to the second—or at least the third—place on earth, their fate has in it a strange mixture of likeness and of unlikeness. The work of Theodoric died with him. No successor was found

worthy to fill his place, and the very name of his kingdom and dynasty soon perished from among men. The power founded by Charles lived on in name within the memory of men now living; but it was but in name that it lived on, and the noblest part of his work, the welding together of an united Germany, has been done over again, by other means, before our eyes. As for the mortal remains of the men themselves, they have gone the way of the mortal remains of most of the mightiest men of the world's history. As we seek in vain for the dust of Harold at Waltham or the dust of William at Caen, so we seek in vain for the dust of Theodoric in the resting-place reared on high beneath his own mighty monolith; and we seek no less in vain for the dust of Charles beneath the huge slab which bears his name within his own minster. Bigotry cast forth the bones of the barbarian and of the heretic; reverence translated the bones of the hero, the founder, the reputed saint, that his fragments might be exposed to the same degrading veneration as any stray relic to which fancy or legend might have attached a memorable name. In the view of what we venture to think a higher feeling of reverence, each is alike removed from his own place, each is alike cast forth from the sepulchre which he had himself wrought for his own resting-place.

As regards the present state of the two cities, no contrast can well be greater. At Ravenna we have

no temptation to think of aught but the past, of aught but those few wondrous ages of the past of which Ravenna has, as it were, the sole possession. The monuments of those times meet us at every step; tombs and churches, towers and palaces, such as no other spot on earth can show, are strewed, as by a lavish hand, from one end of the city to the other; there is hardly enough either of modern life or of memorials of later times to disturb us in their contemplation. From Aachen, as from Ravenna, her dominion has passed away; she is no longer

> Urbs Aquensis, urbs regalis,
> Regni sedes principalis,
> Summa regum curia;

but in the general aspect of the city the present has swept away the past. It is only while we keep within the shadow of his minster, or look on the one surviving fragment of domestic building which speaks of his age or of the age of his early successors, that we really feel that we are in the city of the Great Charles. Go where we will, there is nothing to set against that one city which seems preserved as a fossil fragment of a world which has passed away, of a world which in some sort had its own being within its walls. The true life of Ravenna has been kept safe and sound by its abiding death; at Aachen, as in a crowd of other places, the life of the past is well-nigh choked by the continued or revived life of the present.

GELNHAUSEN.

To the true student of universal history Rome is everywhere. The great result to which all Roman history led was the destruction of the exclusive pre-eminence of the Roman city, the extension of her citizenship to the whole civilized world, the state of things when the chief of the Roman commonwealth was as much at home at Milan or at Ravenna, at York or at Antioch, as if he had still stayed on the Seven Hills. And the strange revolution which transferred the name, if not the power, of Rome to the rulers of lands of which the elder Cæsars had never heard, has, as it were, carried Rome with it wherever the successor of Augustus marked his house or his tomb with the eagle of Caius Marius. Drusus and Varus strove in vain to carry Rome over the wide lands between the Rhine and the Elbe; but what was beyond the power of the Roman invaders of Germany was done in another sort by the German lords of Rome. As long as the connexion between Italy and the Empire remained more than a name, we may fairly say that, wherever Cæsar dwelled,

Rome went with him. Sometimes she contributed her very stones, as when the marbles of Rome as well as of Ravenna were carried off for the adornment of Ingelheim and Aachen. And elsewhere too, in the chosen seats of early German royalty, we are ever lighting on some touch, some architectural form, some exotic freak of taste, which tells us that we are looking on the works, not only of a German King, but of a Roman Emperor. We enter the minster of Speyer, we pass along the vast arcades of its nave, and we see in its huge piers and round arches the impress of one, and that the most characteristic, form of Roman workmanship. They suggest such memories of Roman art as might have lived on from the relics which the Roman himself had left on German soil. The square piers and unadorned arches of a great German church breathe rather of the aqueduct and the amphitheatre than of the pillared hall of the basilica. But turn aside from the main body of the building, and we find ourselves among forms which suggest the presence of craftsmen brought thither not by a Roman lord of Germany, but by a German lord of Rome. There is the famous *Afra Capella*, a name which certain old associations make it hard to utter without a smile, but which, as the hardly-won resting-place of Henry the Fourth, is the spot, of all spots within that gigantic building, which calls up the longest and deepest train of thought. And on the

building itself the fact is legibly written that it was not a mere Frankish King, but a Roman Cæsar who raised it. No contrast can be greater than that which strikes us between the huge masses of wall which act as pillars in the nave and the delicate monolith columns, with their graceful Ionic capitals, carved out, some of them, into forms of more varied foliage than the elder Ionic deemed lawful, which stand free, row by row, in front of the walls of the Imperial chapel. We feel at once that these are the work of hands brought from a Southern land; that they rose at the bidding of a ruler who bore sway on both sides of the Alps, of a King who did penance at Canosa, of a Cæsar who wore his crown in Rome.

But let us go beyond the further bounds of the dominion of the elder Roman. Let us pass the stream, and the bulwark beyond the stream, which parted the free Germany over which the Roman city never ruled from the conquered Germany which Rome counted as part of its Gaulish province. The Rhine is fed by the Main, the Main is fed by the Kinzig, and we pass along by the meadows through which it flows, as the herons stalk unheeding by its banks, till we reach an island in the stream, lying near the foot of a bold height. The slopes are covered by the buildings of a small town, which a stately group of towers, both ecclesiastical and military, proclaims to have held in former times an

importance which has now passed away from it. That is the free Imperial city of Gelnhausen, and in the island at its foot are the remains of the Imperial palace, a spot famous alike in history and in legend. There was the favourite dwelling-place of the Cæsars of Hohenstaufen, the house which rose at the bidding of the first Frederick, and for which his sterner son, Henry the conqueror of Sicily, professed a special love. Moved by that special love ("singulari ipsius loci amore inducti"), he confirmed the rights of its citizens, and ages after, in 1454, they were again confirmed by the last Frederick as they had been granted by the first. Within those now ruined walls were held some of the most important assemblies in the history of the German kingdom. There it was that its founder Frederick gathered that great meeting of his realm in which Henry the Lion was put under the ban of the Empire, and was presently driven to seek shelter at the court of his namesake and father-in-law in England. The great Saxon duchy was divided, and the archbishoprick of Köln, by the grant of a large share of the spoil, was raised to its high place among the principalities of the Empire. Fifteen years later, in 1195, after Frederick had been cut off on his second march for the deliverance of the holy places, Henry the Sixth held there another great assembly, in which a crowd of princes and others took the cross for another crusade.

In short, during the days of its founder and the days which immediately followed his, the palace in the island of the Kinzig, sheltered by its hill and surrounded by its meadows, was a special seat of the royal power of Germany and the Imperial power of Rome. The spot is one of such attraction in itself that it hardly needs the enrichment of legend. Yet a tale did not fail to arise how Gelnhausen derived its name and its being from the fair Gela; men sang how she turned aside from her royal lover, lest she should stand in the way of the great career of government and warfare to which he was called.

The remains of the palace are still considerable, though a good deal has been lost during the last forty years. A set of views of that date shows the chapel over the gateway, one of the most elegant portions of the building, perfect and roofed in; now it is a roofless and broken-down ruin. But the gateway itself remains; the whole circuit of the outer walls is nearly perfect, and large portions of the most exquisite detail of which the Romanesque style is capable remain within. The building, lying low, without the town walls, and with no tower or other part of commanding height, does not enter at all into the general view of Gelnhausen. Its position and its whole air clearly mark the difference between a palace in whose neighbourhood a town has arisen—or at least has grown

through its neighbourhood into increased importance—and a castle raised to overawe a town which already existed. The gateway towers of the town itself still form a striking feature in the general view, but the home of Cæsar lies hidden in its island. It has to be sought for by threading the winding paths of the little village or suburb which has risen within its precinct, and its whole air is that of a building where peaceful habitation is the primary object, and defence something wholly secondary. No contrast can be greater than that between the royal house in the island of the Kinzig and a robber castle on a peak by the Rhine. The palace was not built for purposes of plunder, not even for purposes of warfare. Its founder, at Gelnhausen at least, had no mind to do harm to any man save by sentence of law pronounced within its courts; he had simply to put his house into such a degree of defence as was needful in an age when men might be found both willing and able to do harm even to a Roman Emperor. And one thing at least is plain; it is written on the walls of Gelnhausen, in characters which cannot be mistaken, that it was a Roman Emperor who raised them. They are built of massive stones, so thoroughly Roman in their masonry that it needs something of an effort to believe that it was in the twelfth century that they were hewn, and not a thousand years sooner. The gateway, though the chapel over it is broken down,

still remains; and, while the pillars which bear up its vault have a more massive and Teutonic air, its inner face is adorned with the same graceful monoliths as Henry's chapel at Speyer, finished too with capitals one of which distinctly carries us back to St. Michael at Pavia and to St. Ambrose at Milan. At each corner of the capital the Imperial bird bows his head and folds his wings, so that he himself makes the Ionic volute without the help of any strictly architectural forms. A row of open arches on coupled columns, carved and enriched with the most delicate art of the time, shows us the cloisters of Arles and Zürich, both alike cities of Frederick's Empire, wrought into the lighter and more graceful forms which befitted the courtyard of an Imperial palace. A yet more lavish display of carving and surface ornament marks the fireplace of the great hall, beside which that of our own Conings-burgh seems a small matter. The whole shows how high a degree, not only of richness, but even of elegance, could be gained while the Romanesque form of arch and the Romanesque form of ornament were still in use. The graceful and airy palace of Frederick Barbarossa seems removed by far more than a hundred years from the stern and gloomy fortress of our own Conqueror.

But the palace is not all that Gelnhausen has to show. The steep streets of the little town climb up to one of the noblest churches of its own order in Germany,

a church which in the general view dwarfs not only the island palace but the encircling towers of the town wall, and which in variety and, to English eyes, strangeness of outline, is surpassed by few churches anywhere. A parish church with four towers would be unique in England; it would hardly have arisen in Germany except in a place which enjoyed an unusual measure of Imperial favour. And even here one would rather have expected to find Imperial favour taking the form of some great foundation, monastic or secular. Gelnhausen church is one of the most picturesque of buildings. An earlier Romanesque church has been transformed into the present stately pile of the thirteenth century. The western tower, of the earlier date, is assigned by tradition to Charles the Great. Such a tradition proves hardly more than what the tower itself proves, namely, that Gelnhausen existed, though perhaps as a mere village with its church, before it became an object of the special love of the Swabian Kings. There is a contrast indeed between the graceful forms of the palace and the massive and unadorned Romanesque of the church. Yet the latter can hardly be earlier than the later days of the eleventh century, and it may well belong to the earlier days of the twelfth. It should be noticed that it opens to the church, not by an arch, but by a doorway. In this it reminds us somewhat of St. Woollos at Newport, though

GELNHAUSEN CHURCH, N.E.

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it hardly rivals that perhaps unique example in Britain of the practice so common in Italy and southern Gaul, of using up classical columns a second time. The cruciform shape of the church gives the opportunity, an opportunity not always made the most of, for a central octagon, and two little apsidal chapels east of the transepts have been more ingeniously seized on and carried up into tall octagonal eastern towers. Nowhere does the German love of gables, spires, conical finishes of every kind, come out more strongly. All the towers, square and octagonal, have each of their faces gabled, and the eastern triad are carried up into lofty spires of wood, one of which has been for forty years as grievously twisted as those of Lübeck or Chesterfield. The chief apse too has all its faces gabled, and its roof is carried up high like a chapter-house. So many points and angles brought together in this way produce a whole unsurpassed for variety and picturesque effect. The interior also, especially the treatment of the choir and octagon, is as well worth studying as the general outline. But the nave is bare; the pillars are square, massive, with a single attached shaft, and a vast space crying for pictures.

But not the least attractive feature of Gelnhausen is that which it shares with most of those churches which have had what, for antiquarian purposes, is the good luck

of falling into Lutheran hands. For it is in a Lutheran, not in a Roman or an Anglican, building that we learn what a mediæval church really looked like. A Lutheran church often looks squalid and uncared for; it is often choked up by pews and galleries; but it has neither been sacked by iconoclasts nor disfigured with trumpery of the days of Lewis the Great. At Gelnhausen the altars keep their splendid triptychs, so incomparably grander than the tinsel frippery of most Roman Catholic altars; and there still abides —at the expense, to be sure, of leaving the choir seemingly useless—one of the stateliest of roodlofts, still crowned by the crucifix. The roodloft is of stone, and projects westward like an apse, with pillars and vaulting and rich carving, representing in stone the subject which so often occupies an analogous place in painting, the awful scene of the Last Judgement. Altogether the church of Gelnhausen is a worthy companion to the palace. Spots like this, spots which do not, like the greater cities of history, leave their mark for ever on the world, are none the less worth studying, none the less fertile in suggesting instructive lines of thought. The greatness of Gelnhausen belongs to a single age, to a single family; but for that very reason it brings us more fully face to face with that age and that family. And it is something to see the destroyer of Milan, the defeated of Legnano,

the legislator of Constanz, the twice pilgrim of Jerusalem, far away in his Northern home, and to see that even there everything still brings home to our minds the truth that the German King was also "Cæsar noster" and "mundi dominus."

CENTRAL ITALY.

LUCCA.

THE visitor to Ravenna will not do amiss if he carries himself as speedily as possible to the longest-lived among the Tuscan commonwealths. The city which formed the favourite winter-quarters of the first Cæsar, the city which, if enslaved, was also glorified by the genius of Castruccio Castracani, the city which preserved its republican independence for two centuries and a half after Florence and Siena had fallen, is a city rich in attractions both of nature and art. Lucca moreover has points both of likeness and unlikeness to the unique wonders of Ravenna which make it well to study the two cities in as close a connexion as possible. It is impossible not to feel an interest in the single inland Italian city—San Marino can hardly count as a city—which kept its independence alongside of Venice and Genoa, and which painted the word "Libertas" on its banner till the general overthrow of all things at the hands of revolutionary France. A cavil indeed may be raised as to the nature of such freedom and independence as could be kept on under an

oligarchic rule; we may be asked to look how carefully, on the later monuments of Lucca, the word "Senatus" is made to appear alone, without the dangerous addition of "Populusque." But in this Lucca did but share the fate of her greater sisters; and the rule of a native oligarchy, with all its faults, may perhaps be deemed less degrading than the more modern destiny of the duchy, tossed to and fro between Spanish Infantas and Yorkshire grooms. The history of Lucca reminds one on a smaller scale of that of Sweden and Holland. Naturally one of the lesser states of Italy, she suddenly rose, for a few years in the early part of the fourteenth century, to a greatness which was beyond her real power. Lucca under Castruccio, like Sweden under Gustavus, held a position too brilliant to last. For a moment Lucca, under her illustrious tyrant, was the leading state of Italy, the more than equal of Florence and Milan. When the last Imperial Lewis came into Italy to win the crown which had been so worthily worn by the second, the lord of Lucca was the righthand man of the Bavarian Cæsar. Perhaps when he stooped to become a Duke, his fall prefigured that of his city. At all events Lucca paid for her momentary greatness in half a century of tossing to and fro between one master and another—now subject to Pisa, now to Florence, now receiving a somewhat illusory freedom at the hands of Charles the Fourth. From the four-

teenth century onwards, the name of the city appears but seldom in Italian history, and never as holding a place in the first rank. Still, if the earlier history of Lucca is less splendid than that of Milan, if she has been less emphatically the home of popular freedom than Florence, the city may boast that in the days of tyranny she obeyed the greatest of Italian tyrants; she may boast that in the days of oligarchy its masters at least knew how to preserve the outward independence of the commonwealth down to the common havoc which swept away alike princes, oligarchies, and democracies, if they were found guilty of the common sin of antiquity.

The position and the architecture of the city are worthy of its history. Ravenna, in her marshy flat, can boast of no such girdle around her as the encircling Apennines which keep watch over Lucca. The traveller who walks the bulwarks looks out on a glorious view on either hand, the mountains without and the soaring towers of the city within. And the space of a night at the right season of the year may bring home to him the process by which

Jupiter hibernas cana nive conspuit Alpes.

The peaks and ridges which were dark at sunset may have put on the garb of winter before the morning light. Within, the walls compass a crowd of antiquities, mainly, as at Ravenna, of an ecclesiastical kind. Lucca

is not wholly void either of Roman or of municipal remains, but both are of quite secondary importance. The amphitheatre is there; but it has to be looked for, and it has undergone the strange doom of being cut up into a circus of new houses. The old palace of the commonwealth was forsaken as unworthy of its use, and the home of the municipal government was transferred to the site of the castle reared by Castruccio. The fortress of the lord and the hall of the republic have alike given way to the dwelling-place of the later rulers of Lucca, and commonwealth and tyranny alike have left but scant architectural representatives. The chief attraction of the city is derived from the possession of a crowd of churches, whose interest is greatly increased if they are studied in their direct bearing on the earlier buildings of Ravenna.

The churches of Lucca are distinctly basilican. But they are basilican in a different sense from the churches of Ravenna. At Ravenna we have the thing itself, the unaltered primitive basilica, still Roman and not yet Romanesque. In the Lucchese churches a type is followed which is essentially the same as that of Ravenna; but, if their received date is accepted, it is followed after an interval of some ages, whether through uninterrupted tradition or through a conscious falling back on earlier forms. Some at least of the Lucchese churches belong to a period ranging from the latter

half of the eleventh century to the former half of the thirteenth. We would not take upon ourselves to deny that some parts, at all events of the internal arcades, may be far earlier. But, in any case, the Lucchese buildings display, whether by retention or by falling back, a remarkable clinging to highly classical forms. They are a marked contrast to the distinctive Romanesque of Northern Italy, the style of Pavia and Milan, a style so much more nearly akin to the Romanesque of Northern Europe. In the great arcades of the interior the compound pier is absolutely unknown, and animal forms in the capitals are sparingly employed. Indeed in some of the cases where they are found, the appearance of the naked human form shows them to be of pagan date. The general effect of the arcades is as classical as anything at Ravenna. The columns are in many cases ancient columns used up again and the vast majority of the capitals are either actually classical, or carved in close imitation of classical forms. In a few cases the columnar pier is replaced by a form almost as unlike the vast piers of the Northern Romanesque as the column itself. This is a square pier of proportions not very different from those of the columns, and which has nearly the same effect in a general view of the arcades. In one or two cases this pier is used throughout the church. In some others it is used only in a single arch, the first or second from

the east end. This last peculiarity, there can be little doubt, is not without a reason. The flat form was preferred in this position, as giving a better backing for stalls; as in so many churches at Rome, it marks the beginning of the choir.

The churches of Lucca thus differ but little in the general effect of their internal arcades from the far earlier churches of Ravenna. The later group cleaves almost as closely to classical forms as the earlier. But then at Ravenna none but classical forms were possible, unless the architects employed by Placidia and Theodoric had invented something absolutely new out of their own heads. At Lucca, the use of the same forms betokens either a remarkable ignorance or a conscious contempt of other forms which had come into use in the meanwhile. Either the forms which came into use further north never made their way into Tuscany, or else the Tuscan architects deliberately passed them by and chose to follow the earlier models. This last theory seems the more probable, as the use of the campanile was adopted. But with regard to the main arcades of the interior, it was evidently thought good to follow the type of the basilicas of earlier days.

In so doing however features were introduced which at once set aside the Lucchese basilicas as forming a class by themselves, distinct from those of Ravenna.

In the arcades themselves there is a marked difference. The great invention of Spálato, but half adopted at Ravenna, has made its way into universal use at Lucca; the intermediate or secondary capital of Ravenna is cast aside, and the arches spring immediately from the abaci of the columns. These abaci too have a peculiar feeling of hardness and squareness which it is hard to describe in words, and which forcibly brings home to us the alleged origin of the abacus in a tile placed above the capital. The proportions of the arches also differ. The Lucchese builder had learned better to trust the constructive power of his own style. He trusted his columns to stand further apart, and to support arches of wider span, the beginning, it must be confessed, of the broad sprawling arches of the later Italian style. The triforium, whether in the ruder form of Modena or in the more developed shape of Pisa, is as unknown at Lucca as it is at Ravenna; but the wonderful application of the subsidiary arts which is so glorious at Ravenna finds no parallel at Lucca. No procession of triumphant virgins leads the eye along the full length of any Lucchese basilica. The alternation of dark and light stone—brick is not used in the genuine style of Lucca—is the only substitute to relieve the bare space above the arcades, and a mere string-course—a slight approach to Northern models—alone represents the rich cornice of the basilica of Theodoric.

On the other hand, there are some not unimportant points in which Lucca has decidedly advanced on Ravenna. The Ravennese buildings, all glorious within, are absolutely without any pretence to artistic exteriors; the Lucchese architects had found out that the outside of a church might be made rich and graceful as well as its inside. They devised ornamental and most characteristic forms for the two most necessary features of an exterior, the windows and doorways, features which at Ravenna were pretty well left to shift for themselves. They also made free application of arcades, both blank and detached, as decorative features, and thus produced some of the most gorgeous western fronts, and some of the really finest apsidal east ends, which the Romanesque style has ever developed. The campanile too was introduced, not in the round form of Ravenna, but in a quadrangular shape—we say quadrangular advisedly, as several of the Lucchese towers are not square but oblong—and enriched with special lavishness in the way of arcades and windows. It is seldom that we find a single city containing so many churches as Lucca does, varying greatly in scale and in degree of ornament, but all conceived on one common and distinctive type. Setting aside some of the large unsightly Friars' churches of later times—one of which however was the burying-place of Castruccio—and setting aside also the changes which we shall presently have to mention in

ST. MICHAEL, LUCCA, S.W.

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one or two of the principal churches, the Lucchese buildings belong essentially to a single type and to a single period, even though we should hold that period to have been spread over several ages.

But as the period of Lucchese architecture is spread over two, perhaps three centuries, it is not wonderful that, with all the close general resemblance of the Lucchese churches, more than one type may be recognized among them. The *duomo*, the cathedral church, raised in the last century to metropolitan rank, is an instructive lesson in the differences between the earliest and latest stages of the local style. It is perhaps hardly straining a point to say that this church has a certain indirect connexion with English history. It was begun in 1063 by Bishop Anselm, who, three years later, as Pope Alexander the Second, blessed the enterprise of the Norman invader of England. The great apse is clearly the oldest part of the church, and it is doubtless a remnant, the only remaining remnant, of the church begun by Anselm. Nothing can show more clearly how much faster architecture had advanced in Tuscany than in England or even in Normandy. The style is a not very rich, but a very highly finished, Romanesque, such as in any Northern country would belong to the twelfth century, and not to its earliest years. The design is thoroughly Italian, and has very little in common with Lessay or Peterborough. A range of

tall columnar arcades, of which the alternate members are pierced for windows, supports an open gallery after the Italian and German fashion. This apse is a grand and stately work, and it supplies a striking contrast to the minute, elaborate, and even fantastic, ornament of the west front. This last, as the dated inscriptions bear witness, was built during the first forty years of the thirteenth century, and it shows what the Italian Romanesque could grow into without any foreign intermixture. In the lowest stage three magnificent arches form a vast portico, within which are the actual doorways; above are three ranges of open galleries, covered, in their capitals, shafts, and cornices, with all the devices of an exuberant fancy. This type of front, with the omission of the portico, is the form which is followed in a large class of west fronts in Lucca, and it appears again in a form of yet higher dignity, in the glory of all Italian architecture, the metropolitan church of Pisa. It is distinguished from such fronts as that of St. Zeno by the absence of any prominent window. At Zeno the great wheel is a noble feature, but its presence forbids the arcades to take any form but that of blank panelling. On the other hand the wheel has a grand effect within as well as without, while in the Lucchese type, as we feel even at Pisa, the inside of the west end is wholly sacrificed to the outside. The Lucchese type again supplies the temptation of

turning the west front into a sham, by carrying it up as a mere screen covered with arcades to a height far greater than that of the building. The front of Pisa, like that of St. Zeno, is a real thing no less than the fronts of York and Abbeville; but the front of St. Michael at Lucca, which, looked at from the due west, is the most magnificent thing in the city, is a worse sham than anything at Brunswick or Strassburg, at Wells or Lincoln. Whether the front of the cathedral itself was not at one time equally a make-believe we do not feel quite certain. At present it does not rise above the height of the building; but it looks very much as if this was simply because everything between the apse and the west front has been rebuilt at a greater height than the original design. This later work is in the Italian Gothic, making a stately building in its way, though of course unsatisfactory when compared either with Italian Romanesque or with Northern Gothic. The great beauty of the cathedral front, which is lacking at St. Michael's, is undoubtedly the portico. The soaring arches of Peterborough are of course unique; but this front at Lucca has really far more in common with them than the doorways of Rheims and Amiens, with which they have sometimes been strangely compared.

But there are other west fronts in Lucca which do not follow this type. The second church in the city,

the great abbey of St. Frediano or Frigidian, is remarkable for having been turned round, like St. Agnes at Rome and the metropolitan church at Besançon. Its front is where its apse was once. The general design of that front is bare and awkward, but its central compartment deserves notice. There are neither arcades nor wheel window. Over a small blank colonnade—not an arcade—is a single small window, and above that a magnificent mosaic picture, reminding one of those at St. Mark's, to which the whole design of the front is evidently sacrificed. A less striking, but far more satisfactory, front is to be found at St. Christopher's. A tall, bold, columnar arcade below, of which the central arch forms a magnificent western doorway, and a wheel window above, are its chief features. The details show that its date must be far advanced in the thirteenth century; they remind us in a strange way of some of those English buildings, Chichester for instance and several churches in Northamptonshire, where the mouldings of that age are used in combination with the round arch of an earlier day. But the whole conception of this front is thoroughly that of the Italian Romanesque, and it shows, like Trent, though in a different way from Trent, of what grace and delicacy that style is capable.

Other fronts of various types will be found scattered among the small churches of the city; but almost all

WEST FRONT OF THE DUOMO, LUCCA.

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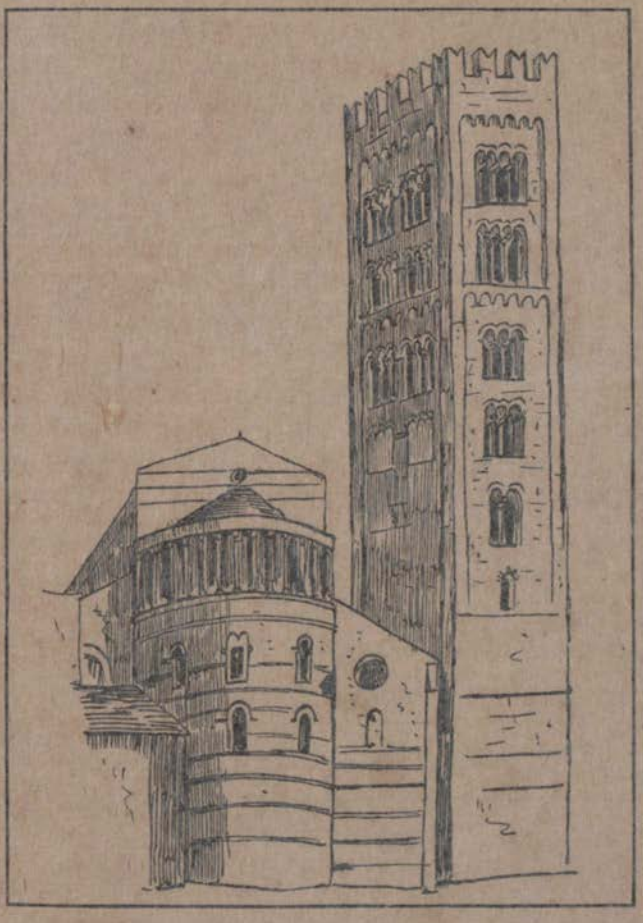
agree in their doorways, that of St. Christopher being in no way typical. A Lucchese doorway has a character of its own. It is very flat; it but seldom shows any projecting columns or mouldings; the lions of Trent and Verona, of Modena and Parma, were not, it would seem, to the taste of Lucca. A flat pilaster on each side supports a sculptured stone, over which is again an open tympanum. The narrow Lucchese window, often with a kind of indescribable twist in the head, is no less characteristic.

We have spoken of the *duomo*, of St. Frediano, and of St. Michael. The latter stands in the square which was of old the centre of the political life of Lucca, the square where the city received its last grant of freedom from the Bohemian Emperor. The building, as a whole, is worthy of its site. Like St. Frediano, it has a grand campanile of the oblong local type, and it has also a noble apse of the same type as that of the *duomo*. The campaniles of Lucca, it may be remarked, do not stand quite apart, but are worked into the general outline of the churches. Another church to be noticed—though all the churches of Lucca deserve notice in their several degrees—is that of St. John, near the *duomo*, where a basilica and a baptistery seem to have been rolled into one. The baptistery here is square; yet it reminds one even more forcibly than other baptisteries of the kitchens of Fontevrault and Glastonbury.

Such is a hurried sketch of the contributions of one Italian city to the history of Romanesque architecture. Lucca is remarkable for the prodigious number of objects, all of more or less importance, which it presents, without possessing any one building absolutely of the first rank. And it shows the wealth of Italian architecture that a city so attractive both for its history and for its existing remains seems almost as nothing bes'de a not distant neighbour. For the crowning work of Italian art, for the building which claims in the South the same place which belongs to our own Durham in the North, we have still to go on to Pisa.



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PISA.

THE changes in the coast-line which, on one side of the Italian peninsula, in one sense destroyed, in another sense called into being, the renowned city of Ravenna, have on the other side dealt in nearly the same way with the no less renowned city of Pisa. It is but a glimpse of the Hadriatic which is to be had from the tower of St. Apollinaris in Classe, and it is a fainter glimpse still of the Tyrrhenian sea which rewards the traveller who climbs the more famous tower of Pisa. It is hard, as we look on that slight streak in the distance, to call up the days, days spreading over a long series of ages, in which the city in which we stand was one of the great havens of Italy, nay, whenever political circumstances allowed, one of the great seafaring powers of the earth. Our first glimpses of the old Etruscan city set her before us as

> The proud mart of Pisæ,
> Queen of the western waves,
> Where ride Massilia's triremes,
> Heavy with fair-haired slaves.

And when the power of the local Rome had passed

away, when her Empire had split up again into countless principalities and commonwealths, Pisa again appears, in the new birth of Italy, as one of those great maritime cities which disputed the dominion of the Mediterranean alike with the Saracen rovers of Spain and Africa and with the Cæsars who still held the straits of the Bosporos and the Hellespont. It is hard to believe that the thoroughly inland city on which we look down was once the rival of Venice and Genoa, alike in naval warfare and in naval traffic. But Pisa, unlike Venice and Genoa, depended on a river as the immediate highway for her fleets, and the river proved a less trustworthy stay of naval power than either the open sea or the lagoon. The change in the coast doomed Ravenna to final insignificance; but, before that day came, it gave her first a moment of unrivalled greatness. To Pisa it caused a gradual fall from the height of power and glory to the most bitter form of bondage. The rival of Venice and Genoa became the subject city of inland Florence. But there is a cycle in human things. New modes of communication are opened by the discoveries of modern skill; and, as new cities rise, old ones sometimes rise again. Pisa, shorn for ages of her traffic by sea, looks forward, under the developement of the Italian railway system, to become one of the great centres of communication by land. She looks to reap at last the reward of her ten years' struggle; she

trusts that this new tide in the affairs of men may again raise her above the city which was once her local tyrant, and to which she has had so long to look up, first as her provincial and then as her national capital.

The great architectural works which now form the chief glory of Pisa are closely connected with the early history and the early triumphs of the commonwealth. The great metropolitan church, the noblest pile reared by the native art of Italy, is emphatically a trophy of the warfare to which Pisa owed her ancient glory. The foundations of the mighty *duomo* were laid out of treasures won in naval warfare with the Saracen. To take in the position of Pisa in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the time when the city on the Arno stood forth as a great European power, we must bear in mind how completely the sea had been up to that time the dominion of the two powers whose existence in European history men are apt to forget. The Western Empire and the kingdoms into which it split up were essentially land powers. They were like France under the elder Buonaparte, or like the new German Empire at this moment. Their rulers were lords of the mainland, but they were not lords of the sea, and therefore they were not lords of the islands. The dominion of the Mediterranean was disputed between the Eastern Emperors and the various Saracenic powers which grew out of the division of the Caliphate. The great islands of Sicily

and Crete obeyed alternately a Byzantine and a Mahometan master: they paid no homage to Rome, Pavia, or Aachen. It was the maritime commonwealths of Italy which first won for Western Christendom any share in the dominion of the great inland sea. Such at least was the work of Genoa and Pisa; Venice, the outpost of the Eastern Rome, can as yet hardly be looked on as part of Western Christendom. And, of the three, we can hardly doubt as to giving to Pisa the highest place as a worker for the general interests of Europe. Pisa was in the eleventh century what Venice became long after, the bulwark of Christendom against the Moslem. No power took a more active share in the real crusades against the infidel; and Pisa, unlike Venice, was free from any share in that mock crusade which overthrew the Roman Empire of the East, and paved the way for the coming of the Ottoman into Europe. But Pisa, like the Christians of the far East and of the far West, was already a crusading power before crusades were preached to Western Christendom at large. The maritime commonwealth did what Emperors and Kings had failed to do, and won back the great island of Sardinia from the Saracen. Within that her insular realm Pisa had Judges and even Kings to her vassals, and, when her episcopal church was raised to metropolitan rank, the land which she had won back for Christendom was fittingly made part of the new ecclesiastical

province. With the Saracens of Spain, of Africa, and of Sicily the warfare of the republic was never-ceasing, and it was a warfare in which her citizens had as often to defend their own homes as to invade those of the misbelievers. The alternations of the struggle are well marked in the meagre entries of the national chronicle:—

Anno 1005. "Fuit capta Pisa a Saracenis."

Anno 1006. "Pisani devicerunt Saracenos ad Regium die Sancti Sixti."

Anno 1012. "Stolus Saracenorum de Hispania venit Pisas et destruxit eas."

Later on, in 1035, 1050, and 1075 we read how Pisan fleets took Bona and what the chronicler is pleased to call Carthage, how they drove back a Saracen prince who had again established himself in Sardinia, and how, after each victory, the loyal commonwealth—Ghibeline before Guelf and Ghibeline were heard of—dutifully sent the crown of the vanquished prince to the Emperor. At last, in 1063, we come to the entry which most concerns us, an entry which may still be read on the front of the pile whose foundation it records:—

Anno 1063. "Pisani fuerunt Panormum et fractis catenis portus civitatem ipsam ceperunt, ibique sex naves ditissimas ceperunt, Saracenis plurimis interfectis, et combusserunt naves quinque; unam Pisas duxerunt mirabili thesauro plenam, de quo thesauro eodem anno majorem Pisanam ecclesiam incœperunt."

These entries set before us the loftier character of

the Pisan commonwealth, at once maritime, crusading, and imperialist; but they are mixed up with other entries pointing to the causes which in the end brought the commonwealth to its fall. Along with the records of the great strife with the Infidel we light on the records of local warfare by land with Lucca and by sea with Genoa. The never-ending rivalry with Genoa led in the thirteenth century to the two sea-fights of Meloria, the first where the Ghibeline commonwealth made prey of the prelates bound for the Papal Council, the other that crushing overthrow in which history, as commonly read, sees the main cause of the downfall of the commonwealth. But perhaps a single defeat, however overwhelming for the moment, would not have crushed Pisa for ever, had not physical causes already determined that maritime rule was to pass away from the city on the Arno. Be this as it may, the history of Pisa, when forced to struggle on as a purely inland power, is a sad contrast to the earlier days of her naval greatness. One fearful tale, the tale of the most fearful doom which ever fell on convicted traitor, has made the name of Pisa and her Tower of Hunger familiar to every ear. But the course of later Pisan history is on the whole a dull one. Pisa, like Venice, had been transferred from the scene of her ancient glory to a scene on which little glory was to be won by her. But, unlike Venice, it was not wholly by her own act. At

one moment the stern tyrant of Lucca, at another the oppressed bond-slave of Florence, engulfed at last in the common humiliation of Medicean dominion, chosen on account of her desolation as the theatre of an Œcumenical Council, twice only do the fortunes of Pisa call forth any real interest or sympathy. The Ghibeline city, true to her old faith, wakes into life when the Cæsar from Lüzelburg, the last real restorer of the Empire, comes to do honour to her loyalty, and at last to lay his dust within her mighty temple. She wakes again to a yet truer life in her last struggle with the revived democracy of Florence, that democracy so zealous of freedom for herself, so chary of letting others share with her in the gift. But, at least after the death of Henry the Seventh, the old Pisan commonwealth, the commonwealth which checked the advance of Saracen and Turk, the commonwealth which filled the East with her merchants and her warriors, and which raised as her trophies the noblest monuments of Italian skill, must be reckoned among the things which have passed away for ever.

We have quoted the entry from one of the Pisan chronicles which assigns the beginning of the metropolitan church to the year 1063. Another chronicle, also in the great collection of Muratori, places the date twenty-six years later. To a Northern inquirer the

difference is of no great consequence. In either case the building is contemporary with Durham; if we accept the earlier date, it is also contemporary with Eadward's work at Westminster and with Ealdwine's work at Jarrow. In the history of art the difference made by the few years between Jarrow and Durham bridges over one of the greatest gaps on record. But, after all, Jarrow is a rude specimen of the style of which Pisa is the noblest monument, while Durham is the equal rival of Pisa in a distinct style. As a group, the buildings of Pisa are probably unrivalled in the world. Nothing can be more unlike the usual way in which the great churches of continental cities are crowded and jostled by inferior buildings than the broad space which holds the four great ecclesiastical structures of Pisa. The *duomo*, the baptistery, the campanile, and the *campo santo*, all stand close together, apart from all other buildings, except the wall of the city itself, in a corner of whose circuit the wonderful group is placed. But it is hardly more unlike the position of those Italian churches — Venice, of course, being the crowning example of all — in which an attempt has been made to give effect to the building by making the front look out on a wide open *piazza*. At Venice indeed St. Mark's is a mere appendage to the secular buildings of the commonwealth; it is the *prytaneion* which hallowed the home of its rulers. But even where the *duomo* or other great

church stands more independently than it does at Venice, there is not often the same air of an ecclesiastical quarter which there is at Pisa. But, though there is at Pisa a distinct ecclesiastical quarter, its feeling is as unlike as possible to that of an English cathedral close. In England the close is commonly something cut off from the city; in some cases the city itself is simply something which has grown up outside the close. At Pisa, though we are in as ecclesiastical quarter of the city, we still feel that we are within the city, that the great church and its satellites were the work and the possession of its citizens, and not the separate domain of an ecclesiastical prince. So unusual a site was beyond doubt chosen advisedly. The metropolitan church was built on ground which had been occupied by a humbler church of St. Reparata; the original cathedral must therefore have stood on some other spot, most likely, as in most other cases, in the heart of the city.

As a matter of mere style, of mere architectural detail, the *duomo* of Pisa differs but little from the forms which we have already seen at Lucca. We must remember that the *duomo* of Lucca was rising at the same time as the *duomo* of Pisa, and that, according to one account, these two great works were begun in the same year. The original design of the Lucchese church has been lost among later additions and rebuildings.

At Pisa, just as at Salisbury, though the west front must in actual age be many years later than the apse, we still see one design, the creation of one master mind, harmoniously carried out from one end of the building to the other. It is easy to see breaks where the work has stopped and has begun again; but there is no change in style, no change in design. It is an abuse of words to speak of the western part of the church as an addition. The name of the architect of Pisa is handed down to us as Busketus or Buschetto, and he must have been a man worthy to rank beside Iktinos and Anthemios, beside the designer of Spálato and the designer of Durham. His work shows that he had thoughtfully studied all the forms of architecture which had arisen in his age. His work was the trophy of victories in a land which Normans as well as Saracens were striving to free from the yoke of the misbeliever. It was the work of a city which rivalled Venice in its commercial intercourse with the East. Is it too much to think that the designer of the great church of Pisa drew ideas from each of so many enemies, rivals, and allies? The apse and the west front, if they stood at Lucca, would simply be remarked as the greatest among many kindred works. But the ground-plan and the design of the interior introduce us to something which, in its fulness, has no parallel at Lucca, at Ravenna, or any other city. We see plainly the influence of the

basilica, but we see no less plainly the influence of the domical churches of Constantinople and Venice; we see also, we venture to think, the influence of the mosques of Palermo, and of the churches, if not of Northern Europe, at least of Northern Italy. From the East came the central cupola; from the North surely came the spreading transepts; and these two features Buschetto strove to work into harmony with the central body, whose general design was to be that of a vast basilica, but not without touches which must have come from a Northern source. St. Sophia, St. Vital, and St. Mark had no long-drawn nave; the basilicas had no central cupola; the church of Pisa was to have both. The attempt was not wholly successful. Nothing can be more glorious than the Pisan interior looking directly east and west, than the long ranges of mighty columns, the double aisles, all leading on to the vast mosaic which looks down from over the high altar. The general effect is that of a basilica of the highest order. But to this effect the cupola and the transepts are sacrificed; they are denied their proper prominence, while they have prominence enough to disturb in some degree the perfect basilican ideal. The architect was evidently afraid to break in on the direct eastern and western range by giving the cupola its proper constructive and æsthetical support. We miss the four great lantern arches

which should form the main feature in any church which has a central cupola or tower of any form. The Pisan cupola is, as it were, thrust in so as to interrupt the direct view as little as may be; its supports are thrown into the background; its scale is insignificant, and instead of the round resting on the square, its form is that of an awkward ellipse. Some of its faults may well be owing to its reconstruction in the days of Medicean tyranny; but the main fault, the attempt to combine two arrangements, each noble in itself, but which are inconsistent with one another, was inherent in the original design. It was also, no doubt, for the same reason, not to interrupt the direct range, perhaps also with some memory of the tribunes of St. Mark, that the arcades are carried, though with some change of design, across the openings of the transepts. The transepts are thus cut off from the main body of the building in a way which is most unusual, but which appears again, where we should not have looked for any special likeness to Pisa, in the two great churches of Strassburg.

The *duomo* then has some manifest faults; the architect had several conflicting ideas in his head, which it was hard to work into an harmonious whole. But the merits of the building far outshine its defects. The arcades are the very glory of the basilican idea. And they carry, what is not to be seen at Ravenna or

Lucca, a real triforium. The form of a Northern triforium is here skilfully translated into Italian language, more skilfully than in those examples at Modena and Pavia which come actually nearer to the thing itself. The triforium is here made flat; there is no recessing; ornament is sought for, in Italian fashion, by alternation of colours. The arcades and triforium are worked well together; but the architect was less successful with his clerestory, which still remains disjointed, with a gap between itself and the triforium, just as we see over the arcades of the basilicas from which the triforium is absent. The double aisles, as ever, help to heighten the feeling of vastness and infinity. And moreover, in order that their arches may reach the level of the main arcades, they have taken the pointed form. Let no one think that this is a sign of approaching Gothic. The pointed form is here the tribute of the vanquished Saracen, as in the triforium and the transepts we see the contributions of the Norman ally.

Such is the great church of Pisa, the glory of Italian Romanesque. Strange to say, some of its faults are avoided in a smaller church essentially of the same type on the other side of the Arno. But the few moments that we have left to speak of Pisa must be given to the satellites which surround the *duomo*. The lower stage of the baptistery is admirable work of the twelfth century; but the upper portion, which was not

finished till late in the next age, suffers a good deal from the introduction of pseudo-Gothic detail. The campanile is far more satisfactory. It is perhaps more famous for the accident which has thrown it out of the perpendicular than from its own merits. Yet the tower of Pisa may claim to be—at least on its own side of the Hadriatic—the noblest tower of the Southern Romanesque. The round form doubtless comes from Ravenna; but the Pisan tower is a Ravenna tower glorified. At Ravenna, as in East-Anglia, the round form may have been adopted in order to avoid the necessity of ashlar quoins in a building of brick or flint. At Pisa, as in Ireland, the form was chosen out of deliberate preference. And the preference was a wise one. The square form could hardly have borne the endless ranges of arcade upon arcade which perfectly suit the shape of the Pisan campanile, and which make it one of the noblest works of human skill.

The *Campo Santo*, the cloister which seems to have supplanted an earlier one attached to the church itself, hardly claims our notice as a specimen of the Italian Gothic; nor do its painted decorations belong to our subject. But nowhere else in the Ghibeline city does the student of Imperial history find himself more thoroughly at home. In one walk is the statue which loyal Pisa reared in honour of the first Frederick, a witness, we must confess, which says more for the loyalty of the citizens than for their artistic skill. The sculpture

of the Imperial effigy at Pīsa hardly ranks above that in which his enemies at Milan have recorded their triumphs over him. We turn to another walk, and there, at perfect contrast in its noble workmanship, is the effigy of the last Cæsar who found a resting-place in Italian soil. Moved from its earlier place in the church, the tomb of Henry the Seventh now fills a place in which the inquirer has to search carefully for the Imperial monument among the records of the meaner dead. Our thoughts fly back to the last Imperial tomb on which we have gazed. The gap between Honorius and Henry of Lüzelburg seems to us a wide one. In the eyes of Dante there was no gap, no break, between two lawful possessors of the throne of the world. Our thoughts may perhaps flit away from both to the true Imperial King of Italy, to the Karling Lewis who sleeps at Milan. The gap is hardly filled up by an intermediate stage so unlike either. But it is in truth in contrasts of this kind that we best learn the strength of the abiding Imperial idea. The difference between Honorius, Lewis, and Henry, seemed as nothing in the eyes of those who believed that the Roman Cæsar, in whatever form, was God's temporal Vicar upon earth. And to those who fail thoroughly to understand the full force and depth of that belief, how men were ready to spend and be spent for what seems to us the most shadowy of shadows, mediæval history must ever remain an utter blank.

FÆSULÆ.

ALL the world goes to Florence; so we suppose that all the world climbs up to the Etruscan hill-city which looks down upon it. Mr. Dennis at least, when describing the Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria, seems to make a kind of apology for speaking of Fæsulæ at all. He takes for granted that every one who has gone to the modern city has gone to the ancient one also, and he speaks of the old fortress as "the Hampstead or Highgate of the Tuscan capital—the Sunday resort of Florentine Cockneyism." We cannot speak from experience of Fiesole on Sunday; on Saturday it may be explored without any annoyance from Cockneyism, Florentine or British, and with perhaps a trifle less than the usual amount of worry from local guides and touters. The chances are rather against the traveller finding the chief antiquity of the place without the help of a guide of some kind; but bright-eyed little boys will be found ready to do all that is really needed quite as well as any professional showman. The only drawback is the difficulty of getting anything to eat which

is likely to be felt by those visitors to whom a swift recital of the names of modern Italian dishes conveys just as clear an idea as if they were described in ancient Etruscan. But at Fiesole, as at other places, it is possible to fall back upon the staff of life; and the staff of life may perhaps be enough to stay a man through so small a piece of mountaineering as that which leads by either the shorter and steeper or the longer and easier road from Florence to her venerable metropolis.

Perhaps however in these days we may be taken to task for taking the ancient Etruscan tongue as the type of a tongue not easy to be understood. One inquirer has not perhaps much mended the matter, if he be right in ruling that the speech of Lars Porsena was something of the nature of Turkish or Finnish. To be sure another inquirer has found out that the mysterious tongue is nothing but very good High-Dutch; but this doctrine puts up our backs even more than the other, as we had always lived in the fond belief that the Low forms of the common speech were more ancient than the High. But if we are to believe the local history of Fiesole, we need hardly trouble ourselves with such modern questions. Trier, far more ancient than Rome, claimed to be the eldest city of Europe; Fiesole, with a higher flight still, claimed to be the eldest city of the world. If we trust Ricordano Malespini, the founders of Fiesole were Atlas, other-

wise called Jupiter, and his wife Electra. Their eldest son Italus gave his name to the land of Italy, while their second son Dardanus set forth to conquer the world in general. This Dardanus was not only the first to coin money, but also to tame horses, and to invent saddles and bridles. These last are inventions which we may suppose that he did not light on till he had migrated to the plains of the Troad; for, except Venice, we can conceive no city in which it would be easier to do without horses than at Fiesole. The ingenuity of this odd tale is obvious. When Æneas comes to Italy, he is simply returning to the land of his forefathers. The tale is of a piece with the Egyptian tale which gave an Egyptian descent to Cambyses, with the Persian tale which gave a Persian descent to Alexander, with the English tale which made the mother of the Norman Conqueror a daughter of a daughter of Eadmund Ironside. Nothing better shows how Roman memories, and among them the great Trojan legend, had supplanted all true local legend and tradition, than that this should be all that the current tale has to tell us of the old Etruscan stronghold, around the fragments of whose mighty walls one would have thought that some traces of national Etruscan tradition might have lingered.

But the life of Fæsulæ has been so long and so strange that we can forgive its citizens for having

dreamed that their city was the oldest upon earth. Other cities have lived on through all ages and all revolutions by virtue of their greatness; Fæsulæ seems to have weathered all storms by virtue of its littleness. In its legendary history it has been so often destroyed and so often restored that we begin to doubt all the stories of destruction and restoration, and to think that Fæsulæ has most likely lived on as continuously as Rome, Gades, and Massalia, though from an opposite reason to Rome, Gades, and Massalia. Etruscan antiquaries tell us that it was at no time one of the great cities of the Confederation; but an Etruscan city it was; the walls are there to speak for themselves. We hear of its destruction by Sulla; but, as it presently appears as one of his Roman colonies, the destruction was most likely a destruction of the inhabitants rather than of the city itself. We hear of its destruction by the Florentines in the eleventh century; yet it has lived on to our own time, and it has always kept the ecclesiastical and municipal rank of a city, though now at least it is a city of much the same class as Llandaff and St. David's. We meet with its name at all dates, in Polybios, in Sallust, in Prokopios, but we never, except in its mythical early days, find it playing a leading part in history. The cause is obvious. The strong height commanding the plain needed at all times to be occupied as a military post, but there was

nothing in the spot which could at any time lead to its becoming the dwelling-place of any great multitude of men. Fæsulæ then has always been a city; it has never been a great city. Fæsulæ and Florence are as Dardaniê and Ilios; we might say that they were as our own Old and New Salisbury. The ditches of Old Sarum are as wonderful in their way as the Etruscan walls of Fiesole; but we cannot venture to compare the English with the Tuscan hill; and, while Fiesole is still a dwelling-place of man, the seat of the Earls and Bishops of the elder Salisbury is utterly desolate.

The point in Fæsulan history which local fancy has seized on to trick out with the wildest imaginings is that when the city comes prominently into notice in the days of Sulla and Catilina. The true history is simple enough. When Sulla finally smote Etruria after the Social War, the Etruscan city became a Roman colony. The discontented colonists joined the party of Catilina, and a nameless citizen of Fæsulæ held one of the chief commands in the rebel army when Catilina was overthrown at Pistoria. At this same time, or soon after, Florence came into being, and she gradually outstripped her ancient neighbour, and, in some sort, parent. On this foundation local imagination has built up one of the most amazing of legends. Fæsulan patriots, forestalling Mr. Beesly, have made a hero of Catilina, only changing him into the more

graceful-sounding *Catellino*. The party divisions at Rome are indeed somewhat strangely turned about; for Marius appears as an aristocratic leader, and Sulla, under the form of Assilla, becomes the chief of the lower people (*capo del minuto popolo*). The conspiracy of Catellino is described, with some approach to the true story, only with the curious turning about that Giulio Cesaré appears as the leader of the Senators by whom the conspirators were put to death. Catellino escapes to Fæsulæ, and, at the head of the local army, wages war against Rome. A wonderful romance then follows about Fiorino, King of Rome, and his death in battle, about his widow Bellisea and his daughter Teverina, and their dealings with Catellino and with a centurion named Pravus. Malespini, accustomed to Kings of the Romans in his own age, found no difficulty in conceiving a King of Rome in the age of Cicero. In a later, but clearly less genuine, form of the legend, Fiorino is cut down from King to Prætor. The upshot of the whole story is that Fæsulæ is destroyed by Cæsar, and a new city is founded in the plain. This the conqueror wishes to name, after his own name, Cæsarea—a remembrance doubtless of the Cæsarea of Frederick Barbarossa rather than of the Cæsarea by Ravenna. But the Senate, disliking such personal assumption, decreed to call it, in honour of the slain King Fiorino, *Fiorenza Magna*, it being also called *La*

Piccola Roma. Presently a son of Catellino appears, who bears the name, remarkable in a member of the Sergian *gens*, of Uberto Cesare. His namesake Giulio spares him, and he is allowed to settle in the new city, and to surround it with its earliest and narrowest circle of walls. He leaves descendants behind him; but, oddly enough, he himself, with divers followers, goes away into Saxony, and becomes the forefather of the Imperial Ottos. Meanwhile the old city finds a friend, and the new one an enemy, in the scourge of God, Attila or Totilas (the one name is used as an *alias* for the other), who destroys Florence and rebuilds Fiesole. Later on we come to the almost equally mythical destruction of Fiesole by the Florentines in the eleventh century.

In the latter part of the legend we see a clear memory of the long siege of Fiesole recorded by Prokopios, when the troops of Witiges held out against Belisarius' lieutenants Cyprian and Justin, till they were starved out and saw no chance of help from Ravenna. That Radagaisus, Attila, Witiges, and Totilas are all jumbled together is not very wonderful. How should we wonder at it when we have heard men of our own day, in Parliament and out of Parliament, chatter about "Goths, Huns, and Vandals" as if they were all much the same kind of people? And the whole story of Catellino, wild as it is, is not wilder than many other

tales which were current in the same age; it is hardly so wild as an incidental statement of Malespini himself that the church of St. Peter at Rome was founded by "Attaviano Cesare Augusto." But one would like to know whether, in the belief of Malespini, the Etruscan wall and the neighbouring theatre or amphitheatre were the original work of Atlas, *alias* Jupiter, or only of the second founder Attila. The wall, with its great stones, mainly quadrangular, but with the vacant spaces filled up in various irregular ways, still stands on the northern slope of the hill, a memorial of days, perhaps before Rome was, at all events before any man in Rome could have dreamed that his city would ever bear rule on the banks of the Arno. Its construction is minutely described and compared with other Etruscan remains by Mr. Dennis. The greater part of the extent of the fortifications must be taken on faith by any one who is not inquiring with the minuteness needed by one who is going to write a topography of Fiesole; but this mighty fragment speaks for itself, and there can be no doubt that the Franciscan church, rising far above the cathedral and the rest of the city, marks the site of the Etruscan *arx*, though Mr. Dennis warns us that the triple line of wall which once defended it is no longer to be seen. One of the stages of the threefold enclosure is doubtless marked by the somewhat lower church of St. Alexander, a small basilica, with ancient

columns said to have come from a neighbouring temple of Bacchus.

But the two chief monuments of Fiesole, ancient and mediæval, stand on a lower level. Just within the Etruscan wall men were, in November 1874, digging out the remains of the famous theatre on which Niebuhr found so much to say, both as a witness to the greatness of ancient Fæsulæ, and as a witness to the high developement of the arts in dependent Etruria. Mr. Dennis however rules it to be only Roman work, and he hints that people who write histories on the scale of Niebuhr would do better not to meddle with local archæology. To this doctrine we must demur; but we will keep ourselves out of danger by not venturing any judgement either way, for which the fact that the diggings were unfinished when we saw them may supply a decent excuse. We will move to the surer ground of the *duomo*. It is indeed amazing, within sight of the great city below and of the mighty cupola of the metropolitan church, to find the little city on the height —some might feel inclined to call it the little village —still the seat of an independent bishopric, with its cathedral church and all the other appurtenances of an episcopal see. The tall, slender bell-tower, with its crenellated top, forms a striking object in every distant view; but, when we come near, it is disappointing in its utter absence of all architectural features. But the

little *duomo* is a real study; it forms a good companion-piece to the more famous church of St. Miniato on the other side of the famous city which lies in the plain between them. But, as a piece of Italian Romanesque, it has nothing in common with the history of the old Etruscan fortress, or with the legend of Catellino. It may be well to say a few words about it in company with its neighbour.

THE NEIGHBOUR CHURCHES OF FLORENCE.

A TRAVELLER in Italy was lately much jeered at by his friends for saying that, for his purposes, Florence was chiefly the way to get to Fiesole and St. Miniato. If he had said that Florence was in itself less worthy of study than Fiesole and St. Miniato, the jeers would have been well deserved. But as the purposes for which Italian travel may be undertaken are almost endless; and, as it is wise to chalk out each journey with a view to some special class or classes of objects only, there is nothing absurd in looking at Florence as, for certain purposes, the Fiesole-St.-Miniato station. There are certain rational purposes of study for which the illustrious city in the plain supplies less material than the comparatively obscure spots which crown the heights on either side of her. As the most renowned and the most abiding seat of mediæval civic democracy, as the great home of Italian literature, as one of the great homes of Italian art, as the city which has given birth to a longer list of great men than any city since

the old days of Athens or Rome, Florence stands forth illustrious above the cities of Italy and of the world. For some centuries Florence was the centre of Italian history; and those were centuries when the history of Italy was the centre of the history of the world. Yet many important ages of Italian history had passed away before Florence rose to fill any leading place in Italy. It is not till the thirteenth century that she begins to step into the position which in earlier times had been held by Milan. Few spots in the world call up nobler associations than the open place where her citizens came together under the shadow of the stately palace of her magistrates. But both the historical associations and the material fabrics belong to a comparatively late time. The man who seeks for memorials of classic, or even of early mediæval, days must not go to Florence to look for them. The Roman city founded on Etruscan soil has no traces to show of Etruscan art, and only very feeble traces of Roman art. She has nothing to set against the amphitheatre or the gateways of Verona, against the unique wonders of Ravenna, against the basilicas of Lucca, even against the few relics of ancient Milan which escaped the hand of the Swabian conqueror, against the colonnade of Maximian and the minster of St. Ambrose. Her baptistery stands as her one relic which has lived on from the days of the truest art of Italy. Her greater buildings belong to the days

when Italy had forsaken her native style, and had given herself to the vain attempt of reproducing the forms of Northern architecture on unkindly soil. Florence, in short, soars above all rivals within her own world; but there is an earlier world in which she has hardly any share. And those whose immediate studies lie within that earlier world may well, for the while, look on Florence the Fair as a spot which has less to set before them than her humbler satellites.

From the height of St. Miniato on the southern bank of the Arno we look down on the great city itself; we look out on the hill, crowned by the elder Etruscan settlement, where the slender tower of the little *duomo* of Fiesole lifts its head to mark the city which has been almost as eternal in her littleness as Rome has been in her greatness. We look too on the walls and forts and gates spread around us on every side, and we then feel that the greatest deed of the fair city's greatest artist was that which is not recorded in the list of his works on his monument in Santa Croce. Under grand-ducal rule it was safe to tell how Michael Angelo painted pictures and carved statues and raised the Pantheon upon the basilica of Constantine. It was not safe to tell how he wrought a yet nobler work in strengthening the walls of his native city, when she stood forth in her last days, a spectacle to heaven and earth, the one spot of free Italian ground which defied

the united powers of Pope and Cæsar. But to the traveller whose immediate business lies among earlier days, his chief spot of pilgrimage on the left bank of the Arno will be the church of St. Miniato itself.

The hill monastery of St. Miniato has one point, and perhaps only one, in common with the metropolitan church of the city which lies at its feet. The *duomo* of Florence is one of the few Italian buildings where the outside so far surpasses the inside that we cannot enter one of its doors without a feeling of disappointment. This is most certainly not the case at St. Miniato. Yet the general outline of the church and its attendant buildings is decidedly striking, and it is especially so to an eye fresh from Rome, where the basilicas, of no very striking outline in themselves, have been so hopelessly disfigured by the vagaries of successive Popes. The traveller in Italy constantly sees some noble hill crest or peak crowned by a town or village, and almost the first thought is how much a picturesque site loses from the utter lack of picturesque effect in the buildings with which it is crowned. He cannot help thinking how different the landscape would be, if the successive architects of a German town had crowned such a site with walls, gates, towers, and spires, with the ever-shifting grouping of church, castle, and council-house. At St. Miniato, and at Fiesole too, we are less tempted to make this complaint than usual. Neither the monastery

of St. Miniato nor the *duomo* of Fiesole makes the least approach to the picturesque grouping of a German building; but they have more of outline than is to be found in most churches in Italy. Both perhaps have about as much outline as an Italian church without a cupola can have. Each has a real west front, not merely a rough wall to which a west front was to be added some time or other. In each the long line of narrow windows remains untouched, at least in the clerestory. In each the bell-tower, though in itself of no architectural value, has its share in the general effect of the whole. And at St. Miniato the castellated monastic buildings adjoining the church, though they have been a good deal disfigured in detail, stand out with more of distinctness and character than is common in Italian buildings of the kind, and they certainly have their share in the general effect which strikes the eye of the traveller as he climbs the hill from the St. Miniato gate of Florence.

Yet, after all, it is the inside of St. Miniato, or at all events the inside together with the west front, which most deserves our study. The visitor to St. Miniato, unless indeed he happens to be looking directly on the campanile, finds his thoughts at once carried back to St. Zeno at Verona. In both the long arcades of the basilica are broken by the great arches spanning the nave; and in both the effect of those spanning arches

is to make the column, the natural feature of Italian architecture, alternate with the clustered pier or group of half-columns which carries the thoughts to buildings north of the Alps. In both the lofty choir is borne up upon the open pillared crypt below, an arrangement whose effect differs almost as much from the dark crypt of an English minster as it does from the confessional of a Roman basilica. Thus far St. Zeno and St. Miniata agree in their main features of construction and arrangement. Where they differ is in the treatment of the material of which each church is built. In St. Zeno the alternation of bands of stone and brick, so as to produce a variety of colour—an alternation which was perhaps suggested by some of the later forms of Roman masonry—is introduced in some slight degree, but not enough to perplex the eye, still less to interfere with any of the architectural features of the building. At St. Miniato that alternation of black and white, which, when carried to extreme, makes a building look like a piece of Tunbridge ware, is applied both to a large part of the inside and also to the west front. This last, as so often happens, is plainly the last finish of the original building, a finish which might be almost called an addition. The good or bad effect of this kind of ornament is one of those things which are very largely a matter of taste about which it is useless to argue. To cover a wall with mathematical figures, traced out in black and

white, may be better than leaving it quite blank; but it is surely a poor substitute either for strictly architectural ornament or for mosaic or painted enrichments of any kind. It may be endured when it fills up the blank space which in a Northern church would be occupied by the triforium; but it has a strange effect when the round-headed windows of the clerestory peep out from between figures of this kind which look like a geometrical puzzle. In the inside this ornament seems to have been an afterthought; but in the west front, where it was evidently planned from the beginning, it has clearly affected the architectural design, and that not for the better. The wheel of fortune at St. Zeno, the arched windows of Pisa and Lucca, could hardly have found a place where the front was to be cut up into a series of squares and lozenges. Even in the lowest stage, where the range of five arches does suggest the lowest stage of Pisa, the passion for this kind of decoration has quite cut off the arcade from the doorways, leaving the latter simply square-headed, without any attempt to work the arches and doorways together in the manner of a tympanum. Within, the capitals are, as everywhere, a study. In the nave the columns have classical capitals; the clustered piers and the columns in the crypt have various kinds, classical, quasi-classical, and rude forms which might be cut out into something more enriched. As often happens, a strictly classical

feature preserves its classical character, while a greater licence is allowed when the feature itself departs from classical precedent.

The abbey of St. Miniato, within and without, is now set apart for the use of the dead, as a burying-ground and a funeral church. The *duomo* of Fiesole, to which its tower seems to beckon us from the opposite height, is still in the hands of the living. It is a small basilica, with narrow aisles and with cross-arms which are something between a Roman *chalcidice* and a Northern transept. It has the same kind of crypt and raised choir as St. Miniato, but it lacks the arches spanning the nave. The capitals of the crypt are specially worthy of study, on account of their utter departure from any of the common Italian types. Some of them are by no means lacking in ornament, such as it is; but it is ornament which altogether departs from classical models, and which yet does not bring in the animal forms of Milan and Pavia. They approach nearer to our own primitive Romanesque; some of them seem to have a near kindred with the strange capitals in the slype at Worcester. Others, especially in the clustered piers of what we might almost call the lantern, present a rich variety of the Composite type, but a type which we suspect that a classical purist would be far from admitting as orthodox. Everywhere the transition takes different paths. Everywhere the classical types, which

are the common models of all, show their influence; but they show it in different ways, and architectural specialists could hardly hit upon a better subject than an historical study of the various forms of capital to be seen in the Roman and Romanesque buildings of Italy. We can only suggest such a subject without following it into detail; but we may add that, though the subject may seem a small one, it is one which, like every other subject of the kind, calls for real historical knowledge. The man who tries to fix the dates of buildings without knowing what the dates mean—that is, without knowing what the state of things was when the buildings were set up—can never reach to an accurate understanding even of his own special walk.

ARIMINUM.

THE towns of Romagna lie thickly set along one of the main roads of the world, but we fancy that they lie out of the ordinary tourist range. Most of those, we fancy, who make the modern "iter ad Brundisium" have the best possible reasons for getting over the ground as fast as they can; people stop at Bologna because they must stop somewhere, but it does not come into their heads to stop at Pesaro or Fano. A most interesting line of country is therefore left pretty well undisturbed. No part of the world brings more thoroughly home to us one side both of ancient and mediæval history. At no time, save during the short dominion of Ravenna, has the Hadriatic coast of Italy held the same position as the Etruscan, Latin, and Campanian coasts. Neither in the days before the establishment of the Roman dominion in the peninsula, nor in the days after that dominion had fallen to pieces, did any of the cities on that side of the peninsula hold the same place as the great cities of the other side. The land too was less purely Italian than some other

districts. We must remember how far down the Gaulish occupation reached. Even in Cæsar's day, Ravenna, like Lucca on the other side, was still within his Gaulish province, and, in the third century before Christ, the Sena on the Hadriatic coast still deserved the epithet of *Gallica*, which it has kept in its corrupted form of Sinigaglia. Greek colonists too were believed to have settled on this coast in early times. Various legends were told of the origin both of Ravenna and of Spina; and Ancona has not yet forgotten the days when it claimed to be the Dorian Ankôn. But none of these real or pretended Greek settlements ever reached anything like the greatness of the famous Greek cities of the South of Italy. In later times too the cities which played a great part in mediæval history either lie further to the north, in the old Gaulish land, like Milan and her Lombard sisters, or else, like Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, to say nothing of Rome herself, they lie on the western side of the Apennines. It is by a kind of irony of fortune that the Roman name was doomed to cleave in a special way to this comparatively obscure district of Italy. It was by another freak of the same irony that it owed its name of Romagna, not to any special connexion with the Old Rome, but to its being the dwelling-place of the Exarchs who represented in Italy the majesty of the New.

Yet it is perhaps in some measure owing to this

very lack of cities of great and historic fame that the upper coast of the Hadriatic has been enabled to show forth the characteristics of Italian history in an almost exaggerated form. The passenger by the railway which has become one of the great roads of Europe has his ear greeted at almost every station by the name of towns which, if they never ranked alongside of Milan and Florence and Genoa, still had each one its history, each one its revolutions, each one its short-lived commonwealth and its often short-lived tyranny. Nowhere is the state of things more forcibly brought home to us in which it was the first principle of political life that every town, whether commonwealth or principality, should form an independent state, enjoying the same attributes of sovereignty as those great cities which might rank as the peers of kingdoms. Among these towns one stands out as more truly claiming to have played a part in the general history of the world than most of its fellows. The name of Rimini will to most minds first suggest the most pathetic passage in the whole range of the *Inferno* of Dante; but, whether as classical Ariminum or as mediæval Rimini, the city has higher historic claims to notice than to have been the birth-place of the erring Francesca. The first strictly Italian city where Cæsar appeared in arms after crossing the borders of his own province, the city which was the scene of the Council after which the world was said to

have mourned and wondered to find itself Arian, certainly stands out in historic importance above its neighbours. Its later tyrants too of the house of Malatesta bear a more famous name than most of their neighbours. These last we chiefly remember, if we remember them at all, as falling into the common gulf of ecclesiastical dominion, either in the days of the Borgia or in the earlier days when Robert of Geneva, the future Antipope, wrought the great slaughter of Cesena. In the Forum of Ariminum we may see the stone which marks the spot where, according to local belief, Cæsar addressed his soldiers. But the inscription speaks of the speech as having been made "superato Rubicone," a phrase which savours rather of the rhetoric of Lucan than of the simple narrative of the great rebel himself, who did not think the crossing of the border streamlet worth recording. The momentary triumph of Arianism at Ariminum has left its memory in the name of the neighbouring *La Cattolica*, a spot which legend points out as the place of dwelling or shelter for the Orthodox minority in the famous Synod. In the general course of events, there may seem to be a certain kind of propriety in the formal promulgation of the heretical faith in this particular district, as a kind of foreshadowing of the coming rule of the Arian Goth in not far distant Ravenna. As for the tyrants, one at least among them has taken care that neither himself nor his wife

shall be forgotten by any visitor to Rimini. Sigismund and Isotta appear on church and fortress as the chief later adorners of the city; and in the nomenclature of the modern streets, while the Dictator himself claims the great square of the ancient Forum, other and lowlier portions of the city bear the names of the most famous of the house of Malatesta.

If it be true that the voices of the sea and of the mountains are two voices which call men to freedom, Rimini ought never to have fallen under the power of tyrants. The Hadriatic has gone back from Rimini, as it has gone back from Ravenna; but it has not left the city so utterly stranded. It still keeps up somewhat of a seafaring character, both in the form of a haven and in the more modern form of a watering-place. But both haven and watering-place lie beyond the walls alike of the ancient and of the mediæval city; the city itself, like Chester, has at some points spread beyond the walls, and at others shrunk up within them. As we enter from the sea, from the port or from the station, the wall crosses the modern street, while at other points, as at Rome and Soest, large tracts of cultivated ground are found within the walls even of the sixteenth century. And while there is the sea on one side, there are the mountains on the other. Some of the noblest peaks of the Apennines rise in the distant view; and almost every child in the street is ready

to point out to the passer-by the site of the Commonwealth of St. Marino, the last surviving Italian commonwealth, the sharer in the ancient freedom of Andorra and of Uri. It is something to look out on this abiding stronghold of freedom, whether it be from the bridge of Tiberius, from the castle of the Malatesta, or from the walls of Pope Paul the Fifth. If we add to these the arch of Augustus and the church of St. Francis, the later *duomo*, we shall have gone through the list of the chief antiquities of Rimini. The list is certainly scanty as compared with the wealth of many other Italian cities, but it is spread over nearly the whole range of Italian history. Where there is a gap at Rimini, it is the same gap which we see at Rome itself, the gap which at Verona is so nobly filled by St. Zeno, and at Venice by St. Mark's and the range of Romanesque palaces by the Grand Canal. We leap from the days of the Cæsars—in this case from the Julian House itself—to works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The two works of the early Imperial age which remain at Rimini are both striking in their grand simplicity. The bridge is especially so; in a structure of that kind there was hardly any scope for the ever-recurring fault of Roman architecture, the masking of a body built according to the native Italian arched construction with a veil borrowed from the entablature

system of the Greeks. The stream is spanned by bold and simple arches of the best Roman masonry, with but little attempt at ornament. The general preservation is wonderful, though more than one of the arches has been partly patched, if not set up afresh. And to more than one of the piers it has been thought needful at some later time to add buttresses of brickwork, to which a mediæval architect might perhaps point with some triumph as a sign that his system of construction was after all better than that of the ancient engineers. The inscription on the bridge is not quite perfect; but it is striking, when crossing a thickly crowded thoroughfare between two parts of a modern city, to light on words forming a contemporary record of the names and offices of Augustus and his stepson. In Rome itself we soon cease to be startled as we stumble on fragments of this kind at every step. Their presence, or rather their abundance, is in truth what makes Rome Rome. But elsewhere, even in Italy, every fragment has a distinct being of its own, and makes its own distinct impression. We are tempted to wish that the stream spanned by the noble bridge was the Rubicon itself. But the traveller passes as lightly over the border stream in his actual journey as he does in the narrative of Cæsar. The bridge however at least marks the course by which the arch rebel must have entered his native land in his new character of invader.

From the bridge we follow the main street of the town; we pass through the square which bears the name of Cæsar, and at the further end of Rimini, hard by one of the gates of the Papal fortifications, we pass under the arch of Augustus. Spanning the street as it now does, it needs a slight effort to keep in mind that it is not the gate of the city, but simply a commemorative arch, one which, like all others of the class, was in its original object simply commemorative, which served no practical use, and never fulfilled the purpose of a gateway by being furnished with a gate. Later ages however turned the arch of Rimini, as they turned the arches of Rome, to their own purposes. A mass of brickwork on each side and above the arch, crowned with a double row of the so-called Scala battlement, shows that the arch raised in the seventh consulship of Augustus to commemorate no warlike triumph, but the peaceful work of mending the roads, was found convenient for the purposes of a fortress. We will remark in passing that this change is part of the history of the building and of the city, and we trust that no reformer or restorer will ever wipe out this small page of Italian history by pulling down the mediæval crest of the Roman arch. The arch, as we have said, is wide, and spans the street; and the arch itself takes up nearly the whole width of the building, leaving room only for

ARCH AT RIMINI.

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a single Corinthian column on each side. It has therefore little in common in point of effect with its neighbour at Ancona; but it has still less likeness to such massive structures as the later arches of Severus and Constantine. It shows the usual faults of Roman architecture in columns which support nothing except the projecting bits of entablature upon them, and in a sham pediment which not only ends no real roof, but does not even pretend to rest upon the columns. Above this pediment is the inscription which records the date and object of the monument. These confusions of the constructive and decorative system must be taken for granted in every Roman building, till Diocletian taught men that the Roman arch answered to the Greek entablature, and that the column, used first as a support for the entablature, was equally fitted to become the support of the arch. Still the arch of Rimini is a simple, stately, and noble structure, all the better because it stands out boldly in the simple dignity of its main architectural features, the arch itself and its attendant columns, and is not overloaded with sculpture or with exaggerated detail of any kind.

The visitor who reaches the arch can hardly fail to turn one way or the other along the fortifications of Pope Paul. On the side nearest the sea a hand set up by authority of the Senate of Ariminum points to

the spot where he is to see the remains of an amphitheatre. The spot is within the papal walls; but it was doubtless, as is the case well nigh everywhere but in Rome itself, outside the gates of the ancient city. We will not dispute a fact stated on such authority; we will only say that to make out the extent, or even the position, of the amphitheatre of Ariminum must be the work of some one to whom Jupiter or Mars, or whoever presides over such buildings, has given a keener sight than we can pretend to. The fortifications of Pope Paul, which reach in many parts far beyond the extent of the modern town, are well preserved through a great part of their extent; they jut in and out so as to form a most irregular outline; and they form a walk commanding fine points of view both towards the mountains and towards the sea. The huge brick castle of Sigismund Malatesta looks mountainwards; the great church which owes its present form to him bears locally the name of the Temple of the Malatesta. Its date is 1450, a few years before the building of the castle. It is remarkable as a case in which infinite pains have been taken to turn a church of the Italian Gothic, with windows better deserving the name of Gothic than most which are to be found in Italy, into a building of the *Renaissance*. The effect is strange, but it is striking in its way; the initials of Sigismund and Isotta appear everywhere;

so does the Malatesta badge of the elephant; and the huge earth-shaking beast is everywhere shown of the African species, with the vast ears, an abiding remembrance, it may be, of the Gætulian beast of Hannibal. The other churches of Rimini are of no great moment, nor is there anything very striking in its domestic architecture, though, as in every Italian city except Rome, graceful fragments are here and there scattered up and down its streets. Altogether, while neither in its history nor its architecture can Rimini at all claim to be a city of the first rank, it is a spot well worth turning aside to visit, and one, it may not be out of place to add, where better quarters may be had, and at lower cost, than in some cities of greater fame.

ANCONA.

THE wayfarer through the streets of Rome has his eye struck, in many of the open places of the city, by some monument of the old days of Paganism crowned with Christian emblems, and inscribed with the legend which tells how this or that Pope—stout Sixtus the Fifth perhaps oftener than any other—cleansed the heathen structure from all impiety and dedicated it to the service of the true faith. Such a christening of Trajan's column more than twelve hundred years after the conversion of Constantine awakens amusement rather than sympathy; but there are cases where the feeling is very different. It is very different when we come to works which underwent the like change when the new faith was still in the full glow of its first triumphs, when Paganism was still a real and living enemy, an enemy decaying perhaps and trodden down, but an enemy which was not dead, and which, as one great example showed, might spring up again with renewed strength at least for a season. In those days we can fully go along with the spirit

which changed the basilica into the church, the throne of the judge into the chair of the bishop, the spirit which turned the Temple of all the Gods into the Church of all the Martyrs—nay, even with the spirit which bore away the marble columns as trophies from the vanquished heathen, and reared them again, in new forms and for new uses, in the long-drawn arcades of the earliest churches of Rome and of Ravenna. But there are cases in which nature seems to have done the work without the help of man, or rather cases in which man has done the work by a happy choice of sites which of themselves seem to proclaim the triumph of the new creed over the old. Let us stand on the quay of Ancona, and turn our eyes inland from its noble bay. From several happily chosen spots the view immediately before us seems a worthier symbol of the great change that has come over the world than the half-spiteful device of surmounting the monuments of Trajan and Antoninus with objects of Christian reverence. Close before us rises the arch of the prince to whom his own and later ages decreed the title of the Best. But here Trajan is celebrated, not for any of his warlike exploits, not for adding provinces beyond the Danube and the Tigris, but for the more useful task of finishing the work on which we are standing, the great mole of the harbour of Ancona. From a well-chosen spot we may look through the narrow arch, and see the peninsular

hill which rises above the port and city, itself crowned by the stately *duomo* of Ancona, the church of the martyr Cyriacus. From a spot still better chosen we may see hill and church soaring directly above the arch and all that it supports. The Christian temple seated on its lordly height seems to look down with an eye of silent rebuke upon the monument of the prince who condemned Ignatius to the lions. The moral of the group is perhaps disturbed rather than heightened when we carry our inquiries further, when we learn that the church of St. Cyriacus is itself an example of the less noble form of Christian triumph, that it has taken the place and grown out of the materials of the chief temple of heathen times. We could perhaps rather have wished that the triumph of the new faith on such a site had been embodied in some building which might be wholly the design of Christian skill and the work of Christian hands, some building which owed nothing to the despoiling of the holy places of the fallen creed. But from the points of which we speak thoughts of this kind cannot suggest themselves. The *duomo* of Ancona, as seen from the mole, as seen anywhere from the outside, is a building whose forms are purely and eloquently Christian. Unlike the earlier basilicas of Ravenna and Rome, it is not satisfied to be all glorious within; it has its external outline, the outline of the now triumphant cross; the four arms

join to support the cupola as the crown of the whole, as distinctly as in any minster of England or Normandy. The cupola, instead of the massive tower, the detached campanile, unworthy as it is of the building to which it belongs, tells us that we are not in Normandy or in England, but in Italy. But another feature of the building tells us that we are in one of those spots of Italy on which influences from the other side of the Hadriatic have left a lasting impress. The city which had once been the Dorian Ankôn, the city which was to be the last fortress in Italy held by the troops of a Byzantine Emperor, not unfittingly shows the sign of kindred with the East in the form of the chief monument of its intermediate days. The *duomo* of Ancona follows neither the oblong type of the basilicas nor the Latin cross of Pisa. The church which contains the plundered columns of the Dorian Aphroditê is still so far Greek as to follow the Greek cross in its general ground plan. The main plan is that of St. Mark's: but it appears at Ancona without that further accumulation of many cupolas which makes the ducal church of Venice one of the many reminders that in the city of the lagoons we are in the Eastern and not in the Western world.

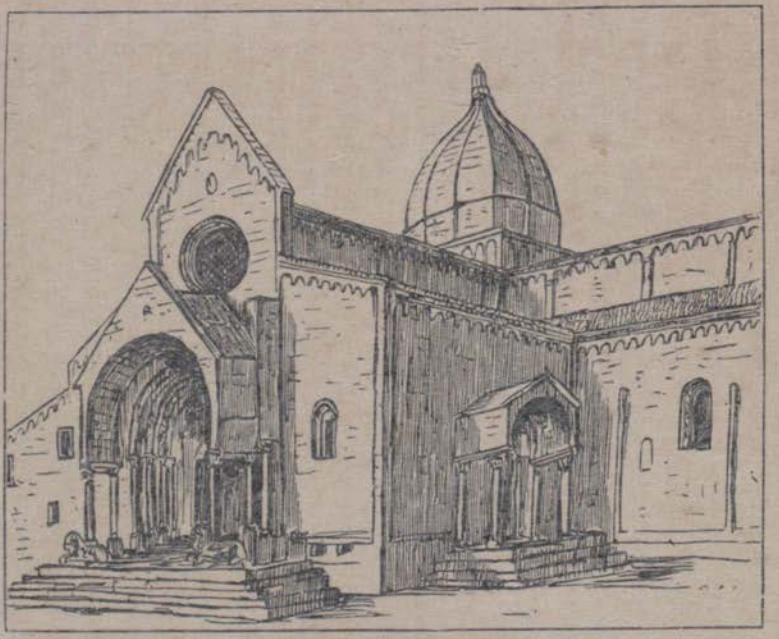
The city itself stands nobly, climbing the sides of the steep hill, the peninsular projection, the very *elbow* from which the place takes its name. Of that

peninsula the church of St. Cyriacus occupies, not indeed the highest, but the most striking point. Modern fortifications are spread over the heights, but the precinct, first of the heathen and then of the Christian temple, remains free of access as when in ages past the seamen far away on the Hadriatic greeted the first glimpse of the house of the patron goddess. From the porch of the church the eye ranges over the long line of coast, thickly strewed with towns and castles and villages, and sheltered as it were by the mountain wall further inland, the barrier between the comparatively obscure shores of the great gulf and the more historic lands beyond the Apennines. We can well understand how attractive the bay with its sheltering hills must have seemed to colonists of early times; we can picture to ourselves the struggles, the ups and downs, the abiding growth and the momentary checks, which must have been gone when more civilized settlers planted themselves and their arts among the ruder natives. And from those days our thoughts float on to those far later days when the connexion of the Dorian city with the lands beyond the Hadriatic was again renewed in so strange a form, when the cities of Italy allied themselves alike with the Pontiff of the Old Rome and with the Cæsar of the New, the better to shake off their allegiance to the King and Emperor whom they

shared with the lands beyond the Alps. Fresh from the painted forms of Justinian and Theodora at Ravenna and of the triad of Heraclian Emperors at Classis, we feel it less amazing to hear how the host of Manuel Komnênos appeared on the same coast among the many foes of his Swabian rival, how for a moment it seemed possible that the Old Rome and her Pontiff should again return to the allegiance from which they had parted off at the election of the Great Charles. We think of the great siege at the hands of Archbishop Christian, of the long endurance and hard privations so graphically set forth by a writer of the next age; and we feel that, after all, the place of Ancona in the world's history is one not to be despised. And we may think too how the long connexion of the city with the Eastern lands went on in yet another form, how the prosperity of Ancona in days nearer our own was largely due to trade with the lands whence her first settlers had come forth, and to the presence of fresh settlers from the same land who found in her their harbour of refuge from their Turkish oppressors.

The church which has supplanted the ancient temple on the peninsular height is not wholly unworthy either of the lordly position on which it stands, or of the long train of associations which is called up by the prospect on which it looks down so proudly. The Greek cross

perhaps makes us ask for the four subordinate cupolas gathering round the great centre, as in the three examples which form as it were the family tree of domical architecture, St. Sophia, St. Mark, and St. Front at Perigueux. Our first feeling perhaps is one of puzzledom at the seemingly amazing length of the transepts and shortness of the nave. The south transept indeed, furnished, as both of them are, with aisles and finished with apses, might for a moment pass for the eastern limb. In fact, the western limb is internally the shortest of the four. Each consists of three bays, and the eastern, northern, and southern were all originally furnished with apses. But the eastern apse has unluckily given way to a square-ended addition of a somewhat later time, which greatly mars the general proportion of the building. It is easy to see that, in more than one point, changes have taken place in the details of the ornamental pilasters and arcades; but, except the awkward addition at the east end, there is nothing to interfere with the general character of the building. It is a pure, but not very rich, specimen of the Italian Romanesque at its best point, when it had shaken itself quite free from classical trammels and was not yet corrupted by hopeless imitations of Northern forms. The chief ornamental feature outside, the only feature where there is any great degree of enrichment, is the magnificent western porch, with its many receding



DUOMO, ANCONA, S.W.

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orders and its columns resting in true Italian fashion on the backs of lions, lions among the most lifelike of their kind. We fancy that in some of the orders the beginnings of the pointed arch may be detected, but they do not thrust themselves into such prominence as seriously to interfere with the Romanesque purity of the building. The rest of the front is plain; there is no trace of the arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and St. Zeno's wheel of fortune is, both here and in the transept, represented only by a single circle. But, when we have once taken in the peculiar arrangements of the church, the whole fits in well together, and the octagonal cupola on its square base rises well over its four supporting arms, far better than it could have done if the nave had attempted anything of basilican length. When we enter the church, we find the cupola well supported by lantern arches, with an ingenious arrangement of pendentives, though we might have wished that both the arches and the piers on which they rest had been made more prominent objects in the interior. The arches of the four limbs rest on monolith columns, the spoils of the ancient temple, and they are crowned by capitals of various forms, classical and *quasi*-classical, some almost barbaric in their foliage, but still all confining themselves to foliage, and not seeking for richness in the shape of human or animal forms. Those in the south transept are worthy of special study, as

showing some of the curious ways in which the volute and the other classical details might be used in the various attempts to avoid exposing the delicate work of the capital to the full weight of the arch which it had to bear. But in the *duomo* of Ancona the study of the columns and capitals is a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Anconitan taste seemingly looks on a marble shaft and a Corinthian capital as less of a thing of beauty than certain fragments of red rag with which the greater part of column and capital are carefully covered. The first impression is that the thing is a trick upon travellers, akin to the swindle of covering up pictures in order to get a franc by drawing back their curtains. But we suspect that pilgrims to St. Cyriacus, and above all, students of his capitals, do not come in such throngs that a trade of this kind would be likely to be profitable. The rags are meant as a permanent ornament; and they are found, not only in the *duomo* but in a more thoroughgoing shape in the lower church of St. Mary, where the columns are so completely swathed that their material and the form of their capitals cannot be made out at all. In truth this wonderful notion of ornament is in no way peculiar to Ancona nor to the western side of the Hadriatic. The rags flaunt in all their ugliness at Trieste and at Zara; and to the shame of the Eternal City itself, it may be seen on certain high days in the patriarchal

church of the world. And, after all, this display of Anconitan taste is not more wonderful than that which condemned the north transept and the crypt below it to be mercilessly Jesuited. The crypt under the southern transept has escaped; it keeps its natural columns, and it is rich in tombs and inscriptions of various dates and kinds, one of them in the Greek tongue, recording the burial-place of the martyr Dakios.

The narrow and winding streets of this hill city, many of which are actual stairs impassable for carriages, present many picturesque points, with peeps here and there of the hills and of the harbour. But, besides the arch and the *duomo*, the only building worthy of special notice is the church which we have already mentioned as having its pillars so utterly shrouded from sight. Disfigured without mercy within, hemmed in among mean buildings without, furnished with an unworthy campanile, it still keeps its west front of the very richest form of the more barbaric variety of the Italian Romanesque, that which departs most widely from classical, and approaches most nearly to Northern forms. It is covered with arcades, with a magnificent doorway in the centre, and almost every arch of the design is living with figures, human, animal, and vegetable. The doorway is utterly unlike its equally splendid neighbour at St. Cyriacus. It has, in fact, not only a Northern, but, one might almost say, an Irish or

North-Welsh character, in its utter rejection of the column in favour of a system of members, square and round, continued round both jamb and arch, the round members being repeatedly banded in a way which, to the few who have made their way to so wild a spot, will at once suggest the grand doorway of Strata Florida in Cardiganshire. Having thus come down to the lower town, we flit once more to the mole and the arch of Trajan. Tall, narrow, and simple, it stands with a dignity worthy of the prince whose name it bears, a contrast alike to the rudeness of some arches of the kind and to the overdone splendour of others. No greater contrast of proportion can be found than between the arch of Augustus at Rimini and the arch of Trajan at Ancona. Difference of position may perhaps account for it. One stands by itself as a monument; the other spans a street, and is practically a gateway. The arch at Ancona has the great advantage of omitting the sham pediment, the worst of all the features of the Greek masks with which the Roman architects faced their own constructions. The actual beauty of columns goes far to excuse their presence, even when constructively they are meaningless; but the sham pediment is a mere sham, and an ugly sham; it is a sign of advance in Trajan's architect at Ancona to have got rid of it.

ROME.

THE WALLS OF ROME.

THERE are some points in which Rome herself is less Roman than many of the cities which arose under the shadow of her dominion. It is a mere accident that the peculiar style of masonry which, in our own island and in a large part of Gaul, we are accustomed to look on as specially Roman, is hardly to be found in Rome itself. The small square stones alternating with courses of brick, such as we are used to at York, Lincoln, and Anderida, are not to be seen in Rome, because they belong to a stage of construction later than the walls either of Servius or of Aurelian. Nor are they universal even in Britain; in the Great Wall itself there is no sign of them. But it is no accident that the manner of laying out a city which we are accustomed to look for in our own Roman towns is quite unlike the ground-plan of Rome itself or of any other of the older Italian cities. As Tusculum and Capua are not Roman creations, so neither is Rome herself. The specially Roman character grew out of Rome; Rome was not called into being by it. But the Roman cities in

Britain, even more than in any other part of the Empire, were distinctly Roman creations, called into being after Rome had put on her distinctive character. Rome herself, like other cities of Italy, Gaul, and elsewhere, grew out of the primitive hill-fortresses; the distinction between Rome and other cities, the distinction which made Rome all that she became, was that Rome did not grow out of a single fortress of the kind, but out of several. But our own Roman towns rose for the most part out of Roman camps, and the form of the Roman camp has been impressed for ever on the main lines of their streets, even where, as at Gloucester and Chichester, all traces of actual Roman buildings will be looked for in vain. The provincial towns, in short, were the creations of Rome in the days of her greatness; Rome herself grew up to be their creator by the slow steps by which her littleness rose into her greatness.

It is in this way that the stamp of the Roman is in one sense less felt at Rome than it is at Chester or at Aosta. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the square outline of those cities than the irregular line both of the Servian and of the Aurelian walls. Rome ceased to be *Roma Quadrata* as soon as she spread herself beyond her first home on the Palatine. The two great fortifiers of Rome, separated by so many ages, followed much the same scheme of fortification. The early King—for a King he must have been—who is represented by the

legendary name of Servius Tullius, seems, beyond all doubt, to have worked into his design such of the primitive defences of the separate hills as came in his way and suited his purpose. The story is none the less clear because we cannot fix its date.

In matters before the beginning of trustworthy chronology, historical inquirers must be satisfied to follow the method of geological inquirers. The geologist tells us that a certain stratum is older than another stratum; he does not profess to tell us how many years, or thousands of years, it is older. So in dealing with the works of unchronicled ages, we must be satisfied with saying that a certain wall is older than a certain other wall, without trying to fix how much older it is. The defences of the earliest Rome on the Palatine are perfectly plain. And it is also perfectly plain that in various parts of Rome there are pieces of early wall which do not belong either to that line of defence or to the line of Servius. There is clearly an early wall which fenced in the Palatine settlement only, and there is clearly a still early but later wall which fenced in the Palatine settlement and something else. It is only when we are told that one was made in A.U.C. 1 and the other in A.U.C. 4, that it becomes so impossible to help laughing at the dates that we are tempted most unjustly to laugh at the facts also. A settlement on the Palatine only, and a settlement taking in the

Palatine, the Capitoline, and, we venture to add, part at least of the Quirinal, belong to wholly different states of things, and they must have been separated, not by three years, but by generations, perhaps by centuries. Where there is no chronology, we altogether decline to do anything more than to fix the order of things, without making any attempt to say how long each state of things lasted. But that several hill-forts were worked together at an early time into a single city, with a continuous line of defence, no candid inquirer into the antiquities of Rome can doubt for a moment.

Servius in short, or whoever was the real builder of the Servian wall, acted exactly as Aurelian acted ages after. That is to say, each of them acted like rational men. Servius found several hills which had once been distinct settlements, but which were now thoroughly merged into a single city. He found them provided with defences against one another which were no longer needed, but not provided with those defences against the common enemy which were needed. He provided such a common line of defence by using the old walls of the several settlements wherever any part of them took a direction which suited his new object, and by connecting them by new defences of earthwork or masonry wherever such a bond of union was needed. The manner of his work is still to be seen. The patching is as clear in the

earlier case as in the later. In the piece of masonry in the Servian wall which is still to be seen in the railway station, we can distinctly see a piece of early wall built up against a still earlier piece. The case is exactly the same as when, at a certain point of Aurelian's wall we see the wider-jointed brickwork of his age built up against a piece of fine brickwork of the time of Nero, the remains of some building which Aurelian pressed into the service of his new line of defence. So it is throughout; the visitor at first is puzzled at finding gateways in the wall of Aurelian which bear the names of Vespasian, of Claudius, of Augustus himself. A second glance shows that these gateways are simply arches of aqueducts, which, when they spanned a road, necessarily assumed something of the character of gateways, and which were worked into the new line of defence. Aurelian in short did exactly what Servius had done under circumstances which were practically the same He found the enlarged city in much the same case in which Servius had found the original detached settlements. The city had so outgrown the Servian wall that it had no longer any defence. Aurelian made his new line of defence by taking such buildings as served his purpose—the walls of the prætorian camp, those of the *Amphitheatrum Castrense*, pieces of the line of aqueduct, in short any earlier building, any earlier earthwork, which could in any way be made use

of. These he kept as far as they served, and he joined them by new works into a continuous line. That the wall of Aurelian was built throughout on an earlier line of defence, is a theory for which we see no evidence whatever. It is distinctly contradicted by the description given by Dionysius of the state of Rome in his own time, when he says that Rome was then practically unfortified, because the Servian wall was so covered with later buildings as to be no longer any defence. This theory of an earlier fortification along the line of Aurelian seems to us to rest on just as little ground as the wild notion of some Italians that the wall of Aurelian stood miles out further in the Campagna, and that the present walls date only from the time of Honorius.

The result of this system of fortification at the two periods was that both the earlier and the later lines of defence took a very irregular shape. The shape of the Servian city was as unlike as possible to the shape of the old *Roma Quadrata;* the shape of the city of Aurelian was as unlike as possible to anything which Aurelian himself would have laid out if he had been founding a new colony on the Caledonian or the German frontier. In this way Rome is less Roman than her own children. The ideal of a Roman city must be looked for anywhere rather than in Rome itself. That is to say, it must not be looked for in the Rome either of Servius or of Aurelian. We might

indeed say that the later Rome is not strictly Rome at all, but Rome *plus* the neighbouring settlements which she incorporated. To this later composite, confederate, Rome, the Roman cities in other lands bear no likeness; but we may fairly say that the first *Roma Quadrata* on the Palatine was the parent of many another *Roma Quadrata* which our fathers found only to overthrow, on the Saxon shore or on the peninsula by the stream of Deva.

Nothing in an examination of Rome is more striking, nothing better brings home to us the history of the city, than to make the circuit of its walls. Of the walls of Servius the circuit can no longer be made, but the modern walls of Rome are essentially the walls of Aurelian. In a certain sense their preservation is wonderful. It is true that the walls, as they stand, are of all dates, from Aurelian, and those whose works Aurelian made use of, down to our own day. Every siege of Rome has involved the battering down and rebuilding of some part of their vast circuit. They contain therefore work—certainly they contain materials—of every date and style, from the days of the Kings of Rome to the days of the restored kingdom of Italy. But, with all this, the wall is still the same wall; it is the wall of Aurelian, not the wall of any one earlier or later. Save on the right bank of the Tiber, where the Leonine city follows wholly new lines, the course

of the walls has not been interfered with in any of its endless repairs. All those repairs, from Honorius to Victor Emmanuel, have been repairs in the strictest sense; they have been a mere making good of something which the accidents of time and warfare had destroyed or weakened. The wall is still a boundary and a barrier, and it is kept on the whole singularly free from modern encroachments. And, when we think of all that this great line of defence has gone through, we shall be more inclined to wonder that so many of the ancient gates are left to us than that some of them have given way to modern successors. On each side of the wall, within and without the city, changes have swept away many an ancient feature. The Aventine and the Appian way are desolate; but the wall itself still abides, though standing sometimes almost as solitary as the wall in our own island which fenced in, not the Roman city, but the Roman Empire.

In truth, throughout the whole history of Rome, the walls of the city are its most living monuments. The primæval wall of the oldest Rome is the most speaking monument of the days when the first Latin settlers on the Palatine had to guard themselves against Sabine enemies on the Capitoline and the Quirinal. The wall of Servius is the wall of that Rome which, already the head of Latium, grew step by step to be the head of Italy. It is the bulwark of

Rome, first against the Etruscan and the Volscian, and in after times against the Gaul, the Epeirot, and the mightier Carthaginian. And there is one spot in its circuit around which the whole history of Rome seems to gather, and where the fate of Rome was decided in the last and most fearful of all her struggles with enemies within her own peninsula. Alike by Servius and by Aurelian the north-eastern corner of the city, its weakest point by nature, was made specially strong by art. Here on the eastern side, where there was no river to embank, no cliff to scarp, ran the mighty *Agger* of Servius. Near the angle where this artificial bulwark joined the natural bulwark of the Quirinal slope, within the line of the *Agger* and defended by a vast hornwork, stood the Colline gate. This was the great entrance to that side of Rome which lay on the *Colles*, the spurs of the high ground, as distinguished from the *Montes*, the isolated hills rising from what was once the swampy ground by the river. Here was the natural point of attack for every enemy. In the early days of Rome legends tell us of fights by the Colline gate with the Volscians and the men of Tibur. Through the Colline gate the revolted army came back to overthrow the tyranny of the Decemvirs. Over the Colline gate, so the tale ran, Hannibal hurled his spear—a tale wild enough, but one which still shows at what point men looked for Hannibal to have entered Rome, if he

had entered her at all. And it was by the Colline gate that Rome fought her last battle for her being against Italian enemies. It was there that Sulla saved her on the day when the last Pontius came to root up the wood which sheltered the wolves that so long had ravaged Italy. On that day Rome fought, not for dominion, but for life; she had not to fight for life again till the Colline gate and the Servian *Agger* had passed away, and till Rome had found that she needed new ramparts to shield her against new enemies.

We pass from the inner circuit to the outer, from the walls reared to shield Rome against Italian enemies to the walls reared to shield her against enemies of our own blood. The building of the still existing walls of Rome was a sign that the Wandering of the Nations had begun, that the Teutonic race had begun to play its part in the drama of human history. Those walls were raised by Aurelian when the German was not only threatening on the Rhine and the Danube, but had to be overthrown in battle on the soil of Italy. They were strengthened by Stilicho when the Goth was marching at will through the lands on both sides of the Hadriatic. From the Colline gate it is but a short step to the Salarian. Modern barbarism has swept away the actual gate through which Alaric entered Rome, but some stones are there which still stand as they stood on the night when the slumbering city was "awakened by the

tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." But the whole of the northern and eastern side of Rome is one monument of Gothic warfare. We pass out of the city, if not by the Flaminian gate, yet by its modern representative; without the wall, above the modern Borghese gardens, rose the loftiest of the seven camps of Witiges; within the wall, high on the Pincian, stood the head-quarters of Belisarius. We walk, as it were, between the besiegers and the besieged; we pass by the leaning mass of the *muro torto*, with its strange legend as old as the days of that great struggle, the point of the rampart which the Apostle himself guarded, and which, weak as it seemed, Belisarius had no need to strengthen. We pass on by a long line of wall, now unbroken by a single gate, till we reach the Salarian again. A few yards more, and we have reached the history of our own times. Between the modern Salarian and the now closed Nomentane gate we see a piece of modern wall, pierced by the modern gate of *Porta Pia*, with its flaunting inscription in honour of the present bearer of that name. In that wall we see a few yards of brickwork newer still than the rest. Hard by it hangs a garland recording the names of men who died in our own times to undo the evil work of ages; where the new wall looks newest was wrought the last deliverance of Rome. Through that breach the army of united Italy entered her capital. In that quarter the

history of Rome seems indeed crowded into a small space. The army of Alaric and the army of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome almost, as it were, abreast. One entry marked the beginning of the modern world, the world which grew out of the fusion of the two elements which were represented by the Roman and the Goth. The other entry marked the readmission of Rome within that world by her deliverance from the worn-out power which crumbled away as soon as it was no longer guarded by the bayonets of a foreign tyrant. From either point we soon make our way to the elder circuit. We are again by the Colline gate; we see that for the work of Victor Emmanuel the work of Sulla was needed. On the older day the hosts of united Italy marched on Rome as against a common enemy to be wiped out. On the later day, the hosts of united Italy marched on Rome as her deliverers from an alien yoke. In the one struggle Rome fought to win back Italy as her possession; in the other struggle Italy fought to win back Rome as her head. But both scenes were parts of the same drama. In each case, though by such different means, Rome became the head of Italy. The Roman Dictator had to force the yoke of Rome upon unwilling Italy in order that the Italian King might one day free willing Rome from the yoke of the priest and the stranger.

Here indeed is history pressed into a small compass.

With Sulla and Belisarius and the men of our own day before our eyes, we hardly care to dwell on the struggles of the days between them, on the raid of Robert Wiscard or on the sack by the host of the dead Bourbon. But these, and much beside, the walls of Rome have looked on. From the oldest stone in *Roma Quadrata* to the last course of bricks laid to repair the breach of 1870, they bear their witness that the history of Rome, and with it the history of the world, is one unbroken tale.

TUSCULUM.

A CITY which has twice been the rival of Rome has of itself no mean place in history. But that the history of the world should run in such cycles that Rome could, at two stages of her being, find a rival within sight of the Palatine—that the city whose borders had once been on the Tigris and the Solway should come again to strive on equal terms with enemies on the Alban hills—this teaches us a more instructive lesson still. Rome was the victim of her own greatness. It was because Rome had first subdued, then incorporated, the whole civilized world—because all the Mediterranean lands had been merged in Rome and all their free inhabitants had become Romans—because, as Rome was everywhere, the sovereign of Rome was as much at home at York or at Antioch, at Byzantium or at Aachen, as he was on the Palatine or the Capitol—it was directly because of all this that a day came when Rome was again a single Latin city waging war with other Latin cities. Nay more, it was because of all this that a day came when Rome stooped to receive her Bishops at the

bidding of the lords of the city whose earlier lords had fought to restore her Tarquins. On the same range of hills, within sight of Rome, lay two cities by whose side Rome was young. Both were kindred cities; one, so legend said, was Rome's own metropolis. Both were swept from the earth in local warfare with Rome. But a long time indeed passed between the earlier and the later deed of destruction. One perished before trustworthy history begins; the other perished as it were yesterday, in the twelfth century of our æra. Rome, in her infancy, deemed the ruin of Alba needful for her own safety. Then came a time in which the like plea called for the ruin of Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem. Then came again a time when her enemies were once more at her gates, and Tusculum perished as Alba had perished eighteen hundred years before. And mark too that Rome's wrath in both ages was more abiding against the nearer victims. A day came when Roman Dictators and Emperors bade Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem rise from their ruins. No such command ever went forth to Alba or to Tusculum. Tusculum is still a forsaken ruin on its hill-top; Alba has perished so utterly that scholars dispute about its site.

The site of Tusculum does not stand out in the general view of Latium as we might have expected either from the history of the city or from the real

height and strength of the place when we reach it. The whole range of which it forms a part is overshadowed by the mighty peak of the Latian Jupiter, the temple where Marcellus triumphed, and whose remains were swept away by the fanatical barbarism of the last Stewart. But besides this, the Tusculan height does not stand out in any special way from the other heights on its own level. In the general view it forms part of the Alban range, and that is all. But a visit to the spot itself shows what Tusculum really was, and it shows also why Tusculum on its height was outstripped by its younger rival by the Tiber. The difference simply is that one was on the height and that the other was by the Tiber. Tusculum belongs to the oldest class of cities, to the days when defence was all in all, when the main object was to find a spot strong by nature and to make it yet stronger by art. It was a step, and a great step, in civilization when men came down from the heights and occupied sites by the rivers, sites in which defence was no longer all in all, but where commerce and general convenience were thought of also. The change from Tusculum to Rome is the change which Homer marks between Dardanië on Ida and holy Ilios in the plain. Tusculum on her mountain top might well be the head of Latium; but she could only be the head in the sense of dominion or pre-eminence. Perched on her own height, she could

never incorporate the towns on the lower heights around her. They might be her enemies, her subjects, or her confederates; they could never become part of her own self. It was otherwise with the lower heights by the Tiber; there the process which in the end incorporated all the Mediterranean lands could begin with the incorporation of the Palatine and Capitoline hills into one city with a common Comitium. Tusculum might, in one state of things, be the head of a Latin confederacy; in another state of things it might be the seat of Counts powerful and dreaded by their neighbours. But it could never become the head of Italy; still less could it become the head of the Mediterranean world.

The true historic position of Tusculum is thus, if the phrase be not a bull, at least as much præ-historic as historic. To many minds the name of the city would rather call up associations belonging to a time between the days of its earlier and its later fame. As a favourite dwelling-place of Cicero, as having given its name to an important portion of his works, Tusculum suggests the thoughts of times widely different from those of either its earlier or its later rivalry with Rome. But this is what we may call an accidental interest. To have formed part of the Roman state is common to Tusculum with half Europe; to have been a favourite abode of the great men of Rome is common to

Tusculum with crowds of other spots in Italy. The distinctive history of the place lies in the earlier and the later times, and in the remarkable cycle by which the mediæval position of the place repeated its prehistoric position. On a visit to the spot itself, we see the traces of all other periods: but the traces of the last of all are conspicuous only by their absence. There is the Tusculum of the Latin Dictators and the Tusculum of the Roman Consular. For the Tusculum of the Counts, the Tusculum which fought for Cæsar when Cæsar was Rome's enemy, we look in vain. The remains of the Latin and of the Roman city are there in abundance. Of the mediæval city there is not a vestige. But the very absence of such vestiges is of itself the most speaking of all witnesses to the mediæval history of the city. In the first days of Henry the Sixth Rome avenged on Tusculum the overthrow which the Roman arms had suffered at Tusculan hands in the days of his father. And the vengeance of Rome was thorough. There was no motive to root up the scanty traces of days gone by, the traces of the citadel of Mamilius or of the villa of Cicero. But the Tusculum which Rome dreaded was utterly swept away. Of house, church, or castle, such as they must have stood in the twelfth century, not a sign is left. Mediæval Tusculum has vanished; in after days the insignificant Frascati

lower down the hill arose as a poor substitute for the threatening rival of Rome.

The ascent to Tusculum really begins a long way off, on the road from Rome to Frascati; but it is at Frascati that the special climb to the ancient site begins. Frascati itself, in a Roman ruin which is pointed out as the tomb of Lucullus, gives a slight instalment of what is coming. As all roads lead to Rome, so many paths, from Frascati at least, lead to Rome's rival. A guide therefore is hardly needful, unless there are any in the company who shrink from the use of their own feet. Yet the guide's presence will throw some little light on an aspect of human nature which is always curious. The guide can hardly be persuaded that you do not want to stop and see some Villa Borghese or Buonaparte, or something of the kind—among the mushroom "princes" of Rome one is not always sure to which tyrant or Pope the particular one was nephew. And he is a little surprised that you do want to stop and see the first monument of the old city to which you come, the amphitheatre which he presently proclaims to be the School of Cicero. Yet the guide has his use; if asked, he does know the ancient remains, and he can show where some of them are which the traveller will often have some difficulty in finding. The guide, in short, adapts himself to those whom he guides; he himself knows better than most of them; but, as most of them think

more of a modern house and garden than of the remains of the ancient city, he assumes that the villa and not the amphitheatre is the point at which the traveller will wish to stop. He himself, perhaps discreetly for himself and his beasts, tarries at the highest level of the Roman remains, and leaves the traveller to climb the height of the oldest Tusculum for himself.

The existing ruins naturally fall into three parts, and the traveller must necessarily reach them in an order which is the reverse of chronological. First in date, last to be reached, is the highest point of the hill, the *arx* or acropolis, the old primæval fortress from which Tusculum and its Dictators looked around on a crowd of other heights crowned by confederate or hostile cities. The Rome of those days, when there was as yet no cupola on the Vatican, no lofty front on the Cœlian, no soaring campanile on the Esquiline, faintly raised its rival towers in the distance. The *fastigium* of Jupiter on the Capitol may have dimly shown itself, as a distant and lowlier rival to the prouder Jupiter of the Alban Mount. We look over the lowlands of Latium to the sea that wrought the civilization of the ancient world; we think perhaps of Mamilius and his vest of purple,

> Woven in the land of sunrise
> By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
> And by the sails of Carthage brought
> Far o'er the southern waters.

But we think too that the gifts of that sea were open to the city by the Tiber in a way in which they were not open to the city on the height; we remember that Tusculum could never have grappled with Carthage on her own element, or have reckoned the "land of sunrise" among her provinces beyond the sea. Yet we can believe that, in the eye of the men of earlier times, the *arx* of Tusculum on its mountain height may have seemed to have a right to look down with scorn on the fortresses on the Palatine and the Capitoline, mere molehills by the side of the river. The height was a citadel formed by nature, so steep and rocky that the greater part of its circuit needed no artificial defences. Its very gateway was already made; the men who first fortified the height had merely to hang their gate—the socket may still be seen—between two masses of rock which stood ready to receive it. On one side only, and that ominously the Rome-ward side, the hill is less steep and rugged, and there alone vestiges can be traced of a wall of massive square stones, like the earliest walls of Rome, and of a gate and approach made by the hand of man. The height of Tusculum was a point exactly fitted for the settlement of a primitive people in præ-historic times; it was no less fitted in after times to become the vulture's nest of a robber noble. But, small as are the traces of the wall of the Tusculan Dictators, some traces there still are, while

of the works of the Tusculan Counts not a stone is left.

Within the *arx* the foundations of several buildings can be traced, and the sides of the hill are honeycombed with grottoes, chambers, whatever one chooses to call them, in a way which reminds one of Nottingham Castle. But the best preserved Roman remains, and what is, after all, the most remarkable remnant of the ante-Roman city, are found on the lower level. There are the theatre, the reservoir, the odd little set of semicircular steps which some call a "children's theatre," and others, more reasonably, a lecture-room; there is the open space that was the forum, and a mass of sculpture and architectural details may be seen built up into a modern but forsaken house. All these things are plain enough to be seen; but the traveller might easily miss something which is far more precious than any of them. To the left of the theatre, as we go upwards, a little way down the steep and rugged path up which Macaulay leads the dark-grey charger of Mamilius, is a grand fragment of the town-wall; and, better than all, there is an undoubted monument of primitive times in a chamber roofed, like the Tullianum at Rome, not with the real, but with the apparent, arch. It is one of those examples of that striving after the arch, before its full construction was reached, of which there are so many examples in early works in Italy, Greece, and elsewhere.

And here, as in many other cases, the form which the apparent arch takes is not round but pointed; the guide points to it as "arco Gotico." It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that some may believe that it is the work of Alaric or Totilas. It proves, like so many other examples, that the mere form of the pointed arch is at least as old as the round. But it was not till a good deal more than a millennium after the first days of Tusculum that the Saracen first learned to use it as the main constructive feature of great buildings, and it was not till some centuries later again that the architects of north-western Europe provided it with an appropriate form of moulding and ornament. We come up again to the level of the theatre, we pass along the ancient pavement, we mark the wheel-tracks which may have been made by the wheels of Cicero, we pass the ruins of what calls itself his villa, we come again to the amphitheatre, and our visit to Tusculum is done. We have seen the memorials of the Dictators, and we need not look for the memorials of the Counts. We see that mediæval Rome had at least not forgotten the art of Mummius, that she could still sweep with the besom of destruction, when vengeance or policy called for the utter rooting-up of a rival.

BASILICAN CHURCHES.

THE shape and arrangements which, from the days of Constantine onwards, have been usual in churches throughout Western Christendom, are in themselves the greatest of all triumphs of the new creed over the old. We say creed, for the paganism which Christianity had in the end to strive against and to overcome really was a creed. Julian, Libanios, Zôsimos, strove for a system which was to them, no mere poetic fiction, no mere affair of state, but as truly a system of faith and morals as the creed of their Christian adversaries. Christianity had to strive at once against the superstition of the mere mob, against the political traditions of Romans of the old school, and against the convictions of those with whom paganism was a real religion. These last hated Christianity; but they learned from it while hating it. The preaching of Christianity reformed paganism, just as the preaching of the Reformation reformed the Church of Rome. Julian is to Caracalla and Gallienus what Sixtus the Fifth is to the Borgias and the Medici. An ordinary

Roman Emperor or senator had doubtless no such deep faith in Jupiter Optimus Maximus as Julian had in his Hellenic deities. But Jupiter Optimus Maximus had so long formed a part of the very being of the Emperor, Senate, and People of Rome that it seemed to him that he who spoke against Jupiter could not be the friend of Cæsar. Christianity had to strive against both these forms of enmity, and it overcame both. Philosophic paganism died out; it was soon found that Christianity itself supplied room enough for both the higher and the lower parts of such a character as Julian's. Political paganism grew into political Christianity; the names of Christ and Cæsar became as inseparably bound together as the names of Jupiter and Cæsar once had been. It was indeed in the East rather than the West that this state of things attained its fullest developement; in the West the absence of the Emperors from Rome allowed the Popes to grow as their brethren of Constantinople never grew. Still the real Roman feeling must have been stronger in Rome, Italy, and the West generally than it ever could have been in the East. And, in the West as well as in the East, Christianity in the end triumphed over both forms of opposition. And nowhere is the record of that triumph more legibly written than on the existing buildings of Rome herself.

The architectural monuments of earlier times which supplied the models and the materials for the early

Christian buildings fall mainly under two heads, which answer to the two classes of enemies against which the new faith had had to strive. These were the pagan temples and the great secular buildings, the basilicas. The new builders made free use of both, but they made use of them in different ways. The temples were freely used for materials; their columns were constantly set up again in Christian churches; but the employment of an existing temple without change as a Christian church was always rare; and it was only an exceptional class of temples which affected the arrangements of an exceptional class of churches. Round temples, as well as sepulchral monuments, had a share in the parentage of that class of round and octagonal churches which, though at all times comparatively rare, have at all times gone on side by side with the more usual forms. The Pantheon and the so-called Temple of Minerva Medica, as well as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, doubtless had their effect on St. Vital and Brescia, on Aachen and St. Gereon, on the Temple Church and Little Maplestead, as well as on a long list of baptisteries and sepulchral churches, including all the churches of the Holy Sepulchre, whether at Jerusalem, Bologna, Cambridge, or Northampton. We see the Pantheon itself consecrated as a Christian church, as if to show how little suited for that purpose the unaltered circular form was. We have the sepulchral

church which goes by the name of St. Constantia—the tomb which was the centre of its design and ornament has been stolen to stand as number this or that among the curiosities of a papal museum—where the inner range of coupled columns and arches brings us many degrees nearer to Aachen and the Sepulchre churches. And we have the wonderful church of St. Stephen on the Cœlian, with its three concentric circles—the outer one now shut out from the building—and the strange but bold triplet of arches built across the middle.

But buildings of this kind, though numerous enough to be ranked as a class by themselves, were still always a minority. Among all the churches in Rome, among all the remains of temples, the Pantheon is the only temple which was turned into a church in early times without change or mutilation. Such cases as the Temple of Faustina and the neighbouring temple which forms part of the church of St. Cosmas and St. Damian are after all mere cases of adaptation of fragments. The dedication of small temples like the two, round and oblong, called each by many conjectural names, which stand between the House of Crescentius and the church of St. Mary in Cosmedin was really little more than a pious freak of later times. Though many churches in Rome, like those just mentioned, have risen on the sites of temples and have preserved parts of temples in their structure, there is no case of a large oblong temple

in use as a church, as the Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus were once used at Athens. The fact is that the ordinary form of temple was not at all suited for the purposes of Christian worship; the pagan temple was all outside, the Christian church was all inside. Temples were therefore freely destroyed to build churches out of their remains; but the use of an actual temple as a church was rare, and temple architecture had no direct effect upon the arrangements of Christian churches.

It was far different with the other class of buildings, the buildings which symbolized, not the heathen creed of the elder Rome, but the dominion of the Senate and People and of their master. If the temple was unsuited to Christian purposes, the basilica, the hall of justice, was of all buildings the best suited. The basilica was in fact the temple turned inside out. As the temple consisted of a walled building surrounded by external colonnades, so the basilica consisted of internal colonnades placed inside a walled building. Exactly as in the temple, the colonnades in their various forms long remained the only architectural feature, and it was a standing difficulty to know what to do with either the outside or the roof. Both at Rome and at Ravenna we are constantly struck by the mean and shapeless outsides of buildings which are of a truth all glorious within. It is only in St. Apollinaris at Classis

that we meet with the first feeble approach to the later Romanesque forms of external ornament. But the temple thus turned inside out became, in the form of the basilica, exactly what was needed for Christian uses. There was the long nave ready to receive congregations which needed to assemble within and not without their houses of worship. There was the apse or tribune with its rows of official seats, ready to become the official seats of the bishop and his clergy; there were the *cancelli* ready made to part off the holier part of the building from the less holy. In those basilicas which had the *chalcidice* or transept, the symbolical form of the cross was already impressed on the buildings in heathen times. The basilica was in every point a ready-made church; it could at once be used as such, and it could become the model of new churches built after its likeness. And out of the basilica have grown all the forms of churches commonly used in Western Europe. The main internal features of all are the same; the chief difference is that Northern architects learned to give their buildings an external outline to which Italy even in its best days, in the days of Pisa and Lucca, always remained a stranger. The bell-tower, which in Italy stood apart, became part of the building, and was multiplied in number; the crossing, unmarked in the ancient basilica, was marked by the central cupola or tower. By these means the unadorned outside of the

old basilica grew into the varied outlines of Caen and Ely and Lichfield, and into the outlines more varied still of Worms and Bamberg and Gelnhausen.

To have thus turned the basilica to Christian uses was almost a greater triumph than to have done the like by pagan temples. To destroy the temples and to consecrate the basilicas was the most speaking expression of the facts that the pagan worship had come to an end and that the Empire itself had become Christian. When the seat whence the heathen judge had handed over the martyr to the sword or to the lions became the seat from which the Bishop arose to celebrate the Christian mysteries, no more speaking embodiment could be needed of the triumphant climax, "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat." It was a sign that the Roman Empire was beginning to deserve its later title of Holy, a sign that the Chief Pontiff of idols was passing into the Advocate of the Universal Church. Whether any building now exists which has served as a basilica both in the heathen and the Christian sense of the word may well be doubted; but that the Christian church borrowed all its arrangements from the heathen hall of judgement there can be no doubt. They are as clearly marked, to the very *cancelli*, in the small but most elegant *Basilica Jovis* on the Palatine as in the most fully developed Christian building. The chief alteration which the basilican type received at the

hands of Christian builders was one purely architectural —the great invention of Diocletian, the discovery that the column might be used as the support of the arch.

The heathen basilicas followed two systems of construction; the division between the nave and its aisles might be made either by columns supporting an entablature, as in the *Basilica Jovis*, or by massive piers supporting arches, as in the Julian basilica and in that of Maxentius or Constantine, whichever it is to be called. The latter of these seems the natural prototype of the more massive Romanesque forms of Germany and Northern Italy; but we do not find it used in the basilican churches either of Rome or of Ravenna. Its great advantage was that it allowed the building to be vaulted—witness the mighty vaults of the basilica of Constantine—which could hardly be the case either when the building followed the Greek construction or when the arches rested on columns. This last, in its various shapes, became the received form; but it is wonderful how hard a fight the Greek construction made. Spalato first beheld the experiment. Diocletian or his architect boldly set the arch to rest at once on the capital of the column, and thereby planted the germ which was to grow into all arched architecture, Romanesque, Saracenic, and Gothic. The arcades of the peristyle at Spalato look like the arcades of a basilica standing out of doors, and asking to be taken inside the building. At

Rome and at Ravenna they find shelter. At Ravenna the entablature is nowhere used; the columns always support arches, though always with that intervening stilt which is the characteristic of the local style of that city. But at Rome, under the influence of the vast stores of heathen buildings, some of the greatest basilicas still kept the construction of the entablature. To mention, for the present, no other cases, it was so in the nave of the old St. Peter's, the Vatican Basilica, and it is so still in the great Liberian Basilica, better known as *Sta. Maria Maggiore.* But the arcade is clearly so far better suited for the uses of a church, or indeed for the internal uses of almost any building of any kind, that the other construction seems to have remained in use only in Rome, where the architects must have been, more than anywhere else, under the strongest influence of classical models. Elsewhere the arcade resting on columns became the universal use, and even in Rome it became more usual than its rival. Gradually, as the architects became more alive to the capacities of the form of construction which they had now worked out, the columns no longer gathered so timidly together as they do in the earlier examples, but began to stand further apart, and to support arches of greater span, as we see in the basilican churches of Lucca as compared with those of Ravenna. At Lucca also we have seen the column in certain positions supplanted by a square pier,

which has nothing in common with the massive square piers of the German churches, being hardly thicker than the column itself. Still it is the column—if possible, the marble monolith column of classical type—which is the proper support of the arches in a basilican church. The column, which had been brought into artistic being as the support of the external entablature of the Grecian temple, had thus worked out for itself a use no less elegant, no less appropriate, when it became the support of the internal arcades of the Christian church.

But there was another step to be taken. As long as the arches rested on columns, so long the roof ever remained the great difficulty and the weakest point of the building. It had to keep its naked construction of tie-beams and rafters, which the architects of those days had not learned, like English architects of a far later day, to work into an ornamental form. The only other alternative was to hide the construction by a flat ceiling. The noblest form of roof, the stone vault, called for something more massive than the column as its support. The column and the vault could be used together only in cases like crypts, where a great number of columns support a vault and nothing more. In the main fabric of the church the vault and the column could not be used together, and, as the most perfect form of roof came more and more into use, the most graceful form of support for the arcades was necessarily laid aside.

We have said that all the later arrangements of churches grew out of the basilica. As long as round-arched architecture of any type remained in use, the round apse was the direct successor of the tribune of the basilica; and in a great number of continental churches the tradition of placing the seats of the clergy behind the altar has lingered on in various corrupted forms. It can keep its primitive effect only when the altar is unencumbered by those monstrous excrescences of later times with which most French and Italian altars are disfigured. The change from the round to the polygonal apse was simply the necessary result of the change from the round to the pointed arch. In Germany the single polygonal apse, as simple in its ground plan as the round apse of the basilica, remained commonly in use. We see it on a gigantic scale at Aachen. In France the habit of surrounding the great apse with smaller apses, which began in Romanesque times, and which was a natural result of the multiplication of altars, grew into such east ends as Amiens, Rheims, and St. Ouen's, as Köln, Westminster, and Tewkesbury in other lands. We have now reached something widely different indeed from the tribune of the *Basilica Jovis*, and from the apses of St. Apollinaris and St. Ambrose; but the steps by which one grew out of the other are plain enough to see.

In the like sort, the constructive choir, which forms

so important a feature in most later churches, great and small, grew out of what in the ancient basilicas was a feature, not of construction, but of arrangement. While the Bishop and his priests occupied the seats behind the altar, the humbler ministers of the church had their places in the *chorus cantorum* in front of it. As has been pointed out over and over again, we see this arrangement in its perfection in St. Clement's at Rome, where the choir is fenced in by a low wall which does not stretch across the church. But it has not been so generally observed that a fashion set in very early of marking the extent of this part of the church by something in the architecture, by giving the columns or other piers at this point some character special to themselves, distinguishing them from those on either side of them. This we have marked at Lucca, and it may be seen in more than one church at Rome. The transition from this is very easy to churches like Westminster, Llandaff, Norwich, and St. Albans, and again to a vast number of our latest English parish churches, where nave and choir form one architectural whole, the distinction being made merely by screens and the like. And the more familiar form, in which the choir has a distinct architectural being, is again produced by a modification of another feature of the basilican type. The *chalcidice* or transept is always rather an awkward feature in a basilica: it is too distinctly at cross-purposes to the

nave and apse, and it is in no way fused into one whole with them. The Romanesque architects, by moving the tower or cupola to the centre of the church, at once gave the transept a meaning and made it part of one whole with the rest of the building. When the choir had once begun to be a marked feature in the building, it was a natural stage to make the transept and what the transept supports become the division between the nave and the choir. That is to say, the choir was placed east of the transept, as in most of our later cathedral and other great churches. The apse now became a mere finish to the choir, and in England it was commonly left out altogether. We have thus reached an arrangement yet further away from that of the basilica than the arrangement of the many-apsed churches of France. But here too the steps by which one grew out of the other are perfectly clear.

THE GREAT ROMAN BASILICAS.

We spoke a little time back of the characteristic features of the ancient basilicas, and of the type of church which grew immediately out of them; and we showed also how all the arrangements of later churches, Romanesque and Gothic, even those which have gone furthest away from the original model, were developed, step by step, out of that one primitive pattern. We then dealt with the subject generally; but the churches of the city where the basilican forms were first applied to Christian uses, that is, the basilican churches of Rome itself, may fairly call for some special notice. At Rome the name "basilica" is commonly understood as the distinguishing title of certain churches of special dignity, without regard to their architecture or arrangements. And the name is often applied in the same way both by mediæval and modern writers to churches of special dignity or antiquity elsewhere. But the word is needed as a technical term, to express a particular type of church, that namely which follows the arrangements of the original basilica, a type of which in Italy,

Rome, Ravenna, and Lucca supply the best examples. It will therefore be convenient, even in dealing with Roman buildings, to extend the name to all churches of the basilican type, to all churches to which we should freely give the name elsewhere, whether it strictly belongs to them in Roman ecclesiastical topography or not.

The higher the dignity of a church in Rome the more unlucky has been its fate. The fury with which the Popes and Popes' nephews of the last four centuries have raged against the ancient buildings of their city, heathen and Christian alike, has reached its highest point in the case of the churches with which they have had most to do. In the smaller and more distant churches something has been spared. Some Pope or other has commonly destroyed the character of the outside; his infallible taste has also in most cases gone a long way to disfigure roofs and walls within; and a boastful inscription is sure to record the often very obscure name of the doer of the mischief. But in the smaller churches the columns and the mosaics of the apse have commonly had some mercy shown to them. Otherwise the works of early Emperors and Bishops, works, some of them, which Alaric had spared and Theodoric restored, have perished, or worse than perished, at the hands of some Farnese, Borghese, or Barberino, or any other of the names which a visit to

Rome teaches us to loathe. At their own gates of course destruction has reached its height. In vulgar estimation, in Papal estimation, the Vatican Basilica, the church of St. Peter, has eclipsed the Mother Church of the City and of the World. The Bishops of Rome have forsaken their ancient church and home, and he who visits the lovely cloister of St. John Lateran may there see the patriarchal chair of Western Christendom cast forth as an useless thing, while he who should fill it sulks in a distant palace, refusing to be Bishop because he can no longer be King. But, precisely because the Bishops of Rome have forsaken their proper home by their own church, for that very reason the havoc at St. John Lateran has been one degree less destructive than the havoc at St. Peter's. The patriarchal church has been diligently and elaborately disfigured in detail; but it does keep something like its original shape and proportion; the apsidal mosaic and some of the smaller columns have been spared. There is therefore some kind of continuity between the church of Constantine and the building which we now see. But at St. Peter's all connexion with the past is lost; the crowning-place of Emperors has utterly vanished to make way for a pile devoted only to the glorification of Popes.

Of the modern St. Peter's a thousand critics have spoken, and we perceive that in the tourist mind

it is received as a kind of moral duty to look on the Vatican Basilica as the noblest church in the world. We saw a small book of travels the other day in which the writer, after going through several cities of Italy, is on the point of declaring St. Vital at Ravenna to be the finest thing that he had seen on his journey. But he checks himself, and puts in a proviso that of course he only means after St. Peter's. This is not a bad case of a man's natural sense revolting against the dogmas of his guide or his guide-book. St. Peter's and St. Vital have really so little in common that any comparison between them would be unfair; but the same limitation would most likely have been put in as a matter of duty, if the rivalry had been between St. Peter's and the basilica of the brother Apostle beyond the walls. Now, assuming the modern St. Paul as a fair representation of the pile which it succeeded, such a comparison would be by no means unfair. Let us premise that we are not going to maintain any such paradox as to deny either the real majesty of the interior of St. Peter's, the great triumph, both constructive and æsthetic, of its cupola, or the external grandeur of the cupola from without, wherever it can be seen—that is, only when we have got a very long way off from it. But we must be allowed to hold that it is no triumph of art elaborately to hide such a structure when it is once made, and we think that Brunelleschi's cupola

at Florence, rising boldly in the sight of all men above its supporting apses, is as far superior to St. Peter's without as it certainly is inferior within. The west —that is, the east—front of St. Peter's really might not be the front of a church at all. It would be unfair to compare an Italian church with Peterborough or York or Abbeville; but think of Verona, Lucca, and Pisa, and see what Italian art could come to under the patronage of a Borghese.

But the point on which we wish specially to insist at St. Peter's is one which concerns the inside. Everybody who goes into the church complains that at first sight it does not look so large as he expected to find it, or as it really is. Everybody, learned or unlearned, makes the same remark. Now the regulation answer is that it is the perfection of its proportions which makes the church look small. Such an answer is nonsense. Proportions which take off from the apparent size, and therefore from the dignity, of a building are in their own nature disproportions. It is certainly hard, on entering St. Peter's, to believe that we are in a church which is longer than St. Albans and higher than Amiens. The reason is that the architects of St. Albans and Amiens knew what to do with their length and their height, while the architects of St. Peter's did not know what to do with theirs. It is all the difference between the *magnifying* and the *multi-*

plying principle. At St. Peter's four arches of enormous height and enormous span occupy a length which in an ancient basilica would have been occupied by twenty arches. The necessary result is that, while both an ancient basilica and a mediæval church does full justice to its own length, St. Peter's looks a great deal shorter than it really is. So it is with the height; the space which a mediæval architect would have cut up into three or four stages makes only one stage at St. Peter's; therefore St. Peter's looks a great deal lower than it really is. Lofty pillars, with little or no triforium and a low clerestory, will often give a great effect of height, as at Milan Cathedral and in many of our Perpendicular churches. But at St. Peter's there are no lofty pillars, only enormous piers. There is nothing to carry the eye vertically; there is nothing to carry it horizontally. Nor is there anything for the eye to rest on as the expression of mere repose, as in the Norman and German Romanesque. The colossal statues again help to take off from the effect of size. So does the huge *baldacchino* of the misplaced high altar, while the apse, so glorious at Torcello, is thrown into insignificance. The main fault is indeed not peculiar to St. Peter's or to the style in which St. Peter's is built. This fashion of getting rid of the effect of vast spaces by dividing them among too small a number of members is one which the *Renaissance*

inherited from the pseudo-Gothic of Italy. It is exactly the same in Arnolfo's nave at Florence; it is exactly the same in most of the famous pointed churches of Italy, save at Milan, where the German architect was able to produce so much nearer an approach to the true proportion and effect of a Gothic building. In the nave of Florence the effect of positively great height and length is wholly lost by making the nave of a few broad sprawling arches, instead of double the number of narrower ones. And the effect there is even worse than at St. Peter's, because there is nothing at St. Peter's which specially reminds us of anything better, while the pointed arches at Florence force on us the comparison with the true pointed buildings of England, Germany, and France. But both at Florence and at St. Peter's every pains has been taken to give a really vast church an appearance of far less size than it really has.

What has been done in the Vatican Basilica has been done also, though not quite in the same fulness, in the patriarchal church itself. No one would think that St. John Lateran is anything like so long as it really is. Papal barbarism has destroyed the long unbroken range of its mighty columns, and the length is further intruded on by the huge high altar and its accompaniments. The consequence is that St. John's too looks smaller than it is. Still here the lover of antiquity may comfort

himself with a few things in the retrochoir and the cloister; at St. Peter's a man must go underground to see the glorious objects which adorned the ancient church, but which the destroying Pontiffs of modern times thought worthy of nothing but to be stowed away in the dark. There is the exquisite sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, one of the loveliest specimens of early Christian art. There is the one Imperial tomb which Rome still shelters, the resting-place—we fear, the rifled resting-place—of the second Otto, thrust down by papal envy from his lawful place in front of his own Imperial church. There are the tombs of a long line of Pontiffs who had a history, but who seem to be deemed less worthy of memory than their obscure successors whose names flaunt on every ugly building of modern Rome. It would seem that to no human creature is beauty or antiquity so hateful as it is to a Pope or a Pope's nephew.

At the same time we must make one exception in favour even of the living author of the dogma of infallibility. One is disgusted at every corner in Rome with fulsome inscriptions in honour of Pius the Ninth. In some of them indeed, as in the case of many of his predecessors, the mind of the flatterers seems to have been slightly confused between the Roman Jupiter and the Roman Bishop, so that the simple "Præsul" or "Papa" of earlier times grows into the somewhat heathenish-

sounding title of "Pontifex Optimus Maximus." Still we must not forget that the present Pope has had a hand in the great work of the restored basilica of St. Paul. We have a vague notion that some part of its vast length has been sacrificed, that the ancient building was an arch or two longer than the present one. Still, even if this be so, the reproduction is close enough to make us understand, better than we can anywhere else, what an arcaded basilica of the first class really was, and how glorious a type of church it was that the first Christian architects wrought out of their heathen models. St. Paul's is the exact contrast to the basilica of the brother Apostle. Here too something has been done in the way of disfigurement in the shape of a modern *baldacchino* overtopping the ancient one; but we still have the endless rows of marble columns with their arches, four or five of them answering to a single arch of St. Peter's. What is the result? Simply that not an inch of the length is lost; the building impresses the eye with its full majesty; no one complains that St. Paul's looks smaller than he expected to find it. Of course St. Paul's lacks the cupola; but the cupola and the basilican nave cannot be really fused together into a harmonious whole. Pisa itself proves this; where the cupola is, it should be all in all, as in the three generations of St. Sophia, St. Mark, and St. Front.

But we can best call up the effect of the old St.

Peter's, the crowning-place of Charles and Otto, by looking at another of the great Roman churches, the Liberian Basilica or *Sta. Maria Maggiore*. Here, as in the central colonnades of the old St. Peter's, we find the purely Greek construction of the column and entablature applied to the inside of a church. To a Northern eye the arrangement is strange and unpleasing, and it can hardly be justified on any principle. The Greek entablature was meant simply to support its own pediment, not to carry a wall as high as the columns themselves. Yet the arrangement is not without striking effects. Nowhere does the effect of mere length come out as it does in the church of Liberius, in defiance of every barbarous interruption. Here an intercolumniation or two is blocked up to receive big images of Popes; here an arch is cut through the entablature because a Pope took a fancy to disfigure the building with a gaudy chapel; here the nave is defrauded of its proper proportion by the intrusive canopy of the great altar. Still the strong horizontal line asserts its supremacy, and gives the building that effect of vast unbroken length which is lacking alike in the new St. Peter's and in St. John Lateran in its present disfigured state. The Liberian Basilica is in fact the truest relic of the earliest type of church to be found among the great churches of Rome. St. Peter's is gone; St. Paul's exists only in a figure; the patriar-

chal church has been the victim of the barbarous sport of Popes and their architects; but the greater church of St. Mary is there to show what a Christian church looked like in the days of the first triumph of the faith. Of course we speak only of the inside. No building was ever more barbarously disfigured by papal abominations without. In short, for four hundred years, as an all but invariable rule, where a Pope has touched, he has destroyed. Why did the Popes not stay at Avignon, where there was less to spoil? Why did they ever come back to Rome on their errand of havoc and disfigurement?

THE LESSER CHURCHES OF ROME.

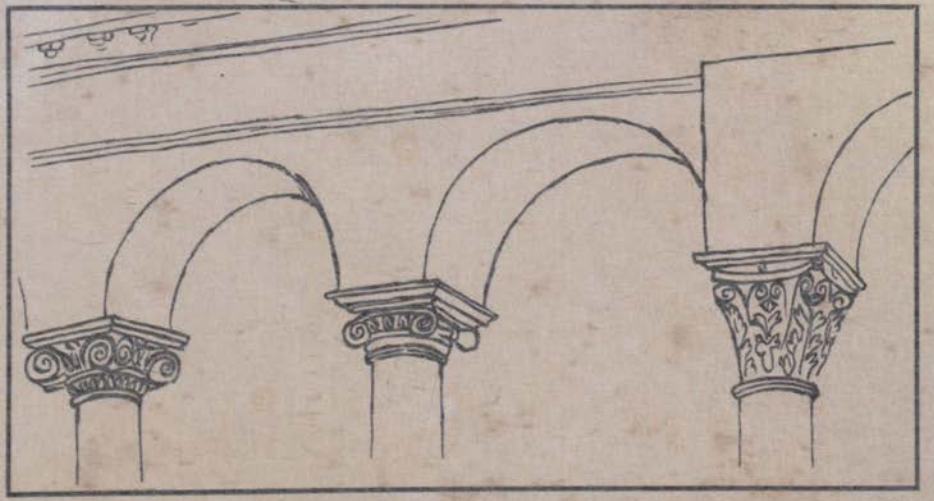
We have spoken of the basilican type of church in general, and of some of those great churches in Rome to which the name of basilica is applied in a special sense. But, after the havoc which the greater buildings have undergone, almost more may be learned from those smaller buildings—including some which technically rank as basilicas and some which do not—on which the hand of papal devastation has on the whole fallen less heavily. In the case of the smaller churches the destroyers have commonly been contented with disfiguring the outside, sticking up some fulsome inscription to record the munificence of the disfigurer, and spoiling the inside as far as may be by incongruous attempts at ornament. But the main features, the columns with their arcades or entablatures, have, with a few exceptions, been spared, and the apse with its mosaics has very commonly been spared also. Hence many a church which looks most unpromising without will be found to contain rich stores of instruction within, and it may be laid down as a practical rule

at Rome, and indeed in Italy generally, to pass nothing by simply because the outside is unattractive.

It is not easy to throw oneself into the position of the disfigurers of the ancient Roman buildings. We can understand how—especially at Rome—men may have preferred classical to mediæval architecture, and may have thought it a good work to make the one give way to the other. We can understand a man thinking a monolith column with a Corinthian capital a fairer object than the richest cluster at Lincoln or Ely. The truth of course is that each is equally beautiful, equally fitting, in its proper place. But the strange thing is that a man should think that he was working an improvement by taking away or hiding the columns of St. John Lateran to put masses of Jesuitical ugliness in their room. And it is no less strange that even a Pope should think it worth while to commemorate such an achievement as cutting through the original round-headed windows of the famous church of St. Clement to stick in hideous square things instead. Yet a later Clement—we forget his number, but we felt inclined to turn Clement into Inclement—has thus barbarously dealt with the church of his apostolic namesake. Still St. Clement has not suffered like the patriarchal church. The columns are there; the primitive arrangements are there; nay the earlier church is there below, and the temple, or

whatever it was, of Mithras is below that. Rome contains so much that even a succession of *Renaissance* Popes could not destroy everything; their wasting fury has mainly spent itself on the greatest objects of their city, and the smaller buildings, with their rich stores of art and history, have thus escaped comparatively unhurt.

The Christian basilicas, as we have already set forth, arose largely out of the spoils of heathen buildings, and not uncommonly on the sites of heathen temples. The columns of the churches were commonly the columns of earlier buildings used up again. But their architects seem seldom to have made use of the columns of the temples on the site of which they were building. The fact is that the columns of the temples were seldom suited for that purpose. The columns of the portico of a temple, columns which, with their entablature, made up the full height of the wall, were too lofty to be employed in the inside of any church except one on the very greatest scale. Translated to the inside of the basilica, the column had to bear its arch, perhaps a stilt between its abacus and the arch, to bear the clerestory range above, and the space between arcade and clerestory devoted to mosaics or other kinds of enrichment. Sometimes again, in the Christian, as in the heathen, basilica there was one arcade or colonnade above another. Smaller columns



CAPITALS, ST. NICOLAS IN CARCERE, ROME.

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than those of the temples had therefore to be used for all but the very greatest churches. Of this comes the curious sight of churches built on the sites of ancient temples, out of the spoils of ancient temples, but where the columns of the temples on whose site they stand remain unused and embedded in the walls. This may be seen at St. Mary *in Cosmedin*, where five stately columns of the original temple are built up in the western and northern walls. It is almost more striking at St. Nicolas *in Carcere*, where the church—one of no great size—takes in parts of three neighbouring temples, with columns of different orders. In both churches the arcades rest on much smaller columns, doubtless brought from elsewhere. Had the columns of the original porticos been used for the churches, the churches must have been built on the scale of the Lateran or the Vatican basilica.

The different churches made up in this way out of heathen fragments show widely differing degrees of skill in the way in which the fragments are worked together. A range has to be made in which the arches must spring from the same level, while the columns which serve to support them are often of different sizes, very often of different orders, and therefore with shafts of different proportions and capitals of different forms. Add to this that at Rome, as at Ravenna, the need was often felt of putting in a new member, the

stilt or its equivalent, between the abacus of the capital and the actual springing of the arch. Sometimes all this is done in a very rude and inartistic way. Thus at St. George *in Velabro* the arches hang in the most awkward way over the capitals of various kinds, with or without stilts; and some slender columns with Corinthian capitals are cruelly set to support a wide projecting mass, after the fashion of the market-place at Verona. In other cases the work is done far more skilfully. The arch, the stilt, if there be any, and the capital itself, are all worked harmoniously together. Any inequality in the height of the columns is often got over by making a difference in the bases, where it strikes the eye less than it does in the capitals. This is done with one of the columns in the small church of St. Bartholomew-in-the-Island, said to be the work of the Emperor Otto the Third. It is but a small building; but so much as has escaped the disfiguring hands of Popes and Cardinals is worthy to have been the work of the Wonder of the World. Two fine arcades, with Composite columns well fitted to their arches, form the main feature. In other cases where columns and capitals of different kinds are used, those opposite to one another are often made to match. Ionic capitals are often set opposite Ionic, Corinthian opposite Corinthian, plain shafts opposite plain, and fluted opposite fluted. This nowhere comes

out better than in the beautiful basilica of St. Agnes-without-the-Walls, a building remarkable on many grounds. This church has a gallery round three sides, which follows the same arrangements of columns and arches as the higher stage below. Allowing for the difference between classical columns and massive square piers, the arrangement is exactly the same as that of the Great Minster at Zürich. In the upper range there is a great variety in the columns; but plain, fluted, twisted shafts carefully answer to one another. In this way the basilican architecture gets some share in that diversity in uniformity, or uniformity in diversity, which distinguishes mediæval from classical art.

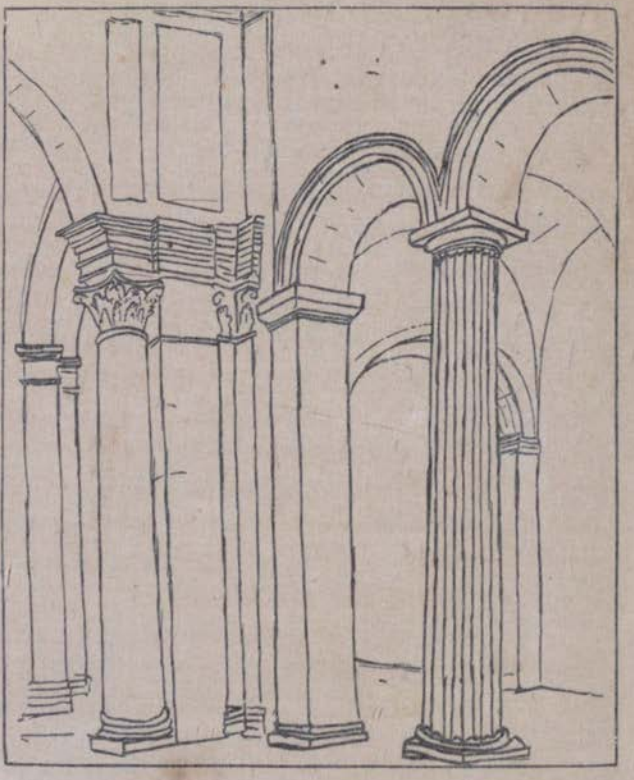
But the pairs of columns at St. Agnes lead us to another way in which this same kind of diversity in uniformity is sought after with a practical object. Though the primitive choir did not, like the mediæval choir, stretch across the whole church from pillar to pillar, though it was not marked off by any great architectural feature like our chancel-arches—the successors of the arch of triumph moved westward — yet there clearly was a wish to mark, in the building itself, and not merely in the arrangement of the *cancelli*, the point to which the choir was meant to reach. This was often done by marking its extent by some difference in the architecture at that point, by breaking the continuous range of columns by a square pier, by using

a pair of columns at that point different from the rest of the range, or by any other means which might come into the architect's head. Thus at St. Agnes the extent of the choir is marked by a fluted column on each side, the only pair of that form in the lower range. The breaking of the continuous range by a square pier at this point has been already noticed at Lucca, and it comes out very conspicuously in the famous upper church of St. Clement. This is the building where the primitive arrangement of the *chorus cantorum* in front of the altar is better preserved than anywhere else. And in St. Mary *in Cosmedin*, though the actual arrangement of the choir is less perfectly preserved than in St. Clement, its effect on the arrangements of the structure is yet more marked. Instead of a continuous arcade, we have in this church a range in which three groups of arches are divided by two massive pieces of wall. The altar stands in its proper place on the chord of the apse; its steps are marked by a group of three arches on each side; the *ambones* stand against a massive pier; four arches again mark the extent of the choir; then another massive pier and four more arches to the west. In the centre of the eastern group of four arches a pair of fluted columns, with plain ones on each side of them, stand opposite to each other. In the centre of the western group two capitals wrought with figures stand opposite

to each other, while all the other capitals in the church are Corinthian of different degrees of goodness and badness. From this there is only one step to the spanning arches which at St. Praxedes cut through the line of the entablature, the forerunners of the glories of St. Zeno.

St. Agnes is in every way one of the most pleasing of the Roman churches, and it is still more important as supplying the key to the original state of a far more wonderful building, the great church of St. Lawrence-without-the-Walls. Here, on passing from the portico into the present nave, we are staggered to find the purely Greek construction with the column and entablature applied to the inside of a church so late as the days of Honorius the Fourth, the adversary of Frederick the Second. We are hardly less staggered to find the altar standing, without any apse or triumphal arch, against a flat east end—we use the word "east" conventionally — with a gallery like that at the west end of St. Agnes. Nor is it much less wonderful in a Roman church to find that altar at the end of a long raised choir, parted off from the nave by an arch after the manner of churches north of the Alps. The key to all this is to be found in one of the strangest transformations that any church ever went through. The present choir is in truth the original church, a church which in its first estate must have

had much in common with St. Agnes. As at St. Agnes, there was a gallery round three sides, including the conventional west or end of entrance, while the altar was approached as usual by an arch of triumph. But in the thirteenth century, the church was, so to speak, turned round, like St. Frediano at Lucca; the apse was pulled down; a nave was built where it had stood, and the original church was turned into the choir. The arch of triumph thus becomes a chancel-arch in the English sense, leading into what is now the choir. The altar, with the Bishop's throne behind it, is necessarily moved to the (conventional) west end of the original church, now become the (conventional) east. In this choir the gallery takes the form of an arcade, resting on a lower stage which consists of noble fluted Corinthian columns. These support an entablature, one pair alone having capitals introducing human figures. The greater part of the height of the columns is hidden by the arrangements of the choir, and their full proportion can be seen only by looking down into what were the aisles. The entablature is made up of scraps of friezes from different places. Yet they fit together better than might have been looked for, and the whole effect is striking and not wholly unsatisfactory. The entablature does not seem out of place when it merely supports the light gallery above; and it forms a marked contrast to the effect of the same



ST. PETER IN VINCULIS, ROME.

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construction in the nave, where the columns have, as in the Liberian Basilica, to support a heavy wall, answering to the triforium and clerestory range.

The capitals of these churches are of course commonly classical capitals used up again. Among them we get every variety of Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite forms; the Doric is rare. It is wonderful that it should be so; the more massive Doric is really more in its place as a support for the arch than the slender Corinthian. There are no nobler ranges in the world than the Doric columns of St. Peter *in Vinculis*, which hardly any one looks at, their fame is so utterly sacrificed to that of the image of Moses in a corner. Yet a more stately and solemn interior cannot be imagined; the Doric columns forestall, with greater elegance of workmanship, something of the majesty of the Northern Romanesque. The Ionic is far more common, and sometimes, as in a side chapel of St. Praxedes, we find later imitations of its forms, such Ionic, for instance, as could be made in the time of Pope Paschal the First. We have already mentioned a few cases of capitals which introduce human forms. These belong to a class whose history needs minutely working out. The trophy capital, as we may call it, made up of armour without any actual human figure, is found in the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Capitals with the actual human figure, capitals of the most

splendid workmanship, may be seen lying about, seemingly uncared for, in the Baths of Caracalla. Among the fragments found in the lower chambers of the Tabularium or Senatorial Palace are capitals no less well wrought, in which volutes are made of animal forms. These varieties are most important in the true history of architecture. Here, in classical Rome, we find ourselves on the high road to the rams of St. Ambrose, to the eagles of Lucca, Wetzlar, and Gelnhausen. To one who recognizes the continuity of history, and therein the continuity of architecture, to one who does not dream that there was any time when the building art perished from the earth, the works of classic Rome are in all things only a transition to the more perfect works of Pisa and Durham. The age of Diocletian, the age which reared the court of Spalato, though its bricks may be wider apart than bricks were in the golden age of Nero, is seen to be the age of the greatest architectural developement that the world ever saw.

MONS SACER.

We know not whether we are right in assuming, or whether so to assume is only a judgement of charity, that every visitor to Rome makes a point of going at least as far out of the city as the church of St. Agnes-without-the-Walls. Of that church in its character as a basilica we have already spoken. And we have also raised our moan over the neighbour of St. Agnes, St. Constantia, and the tomb stolen thence by the barbarous whim of a destroying Pope of modern times. Papal caprice glorifies Agnes and robs Constantia; the lover of Christian antiquity can only wish that Popes would keep their hands alike from glorifying and from robbing. But just now we have to deal with both buildings simply as a landmark; they are to us for the nonce no more than the villa of some mushroom "prince" on the same road, who has amused himself by setting up sham ruins, and sometimes, it is whispered, stealing real columns to eke them out. We set out along the *Via Nomentana*: we pass by the gimcrack Colosseum of the prince;

we pass by the two churches which have fared in such opposite ways at infallible hands; we ask ourselves the purpose of the ruin which stands in their close neighbourhood, and which, like so many others, bears the name of Maxentius. But this time we do not turn back when we have reached the basilica; we go on further along the somewhat dreary road. We are seeking a spot which tells us of days when Rome had as yet no prince but her *Princeps Senatûs*, no Pontiff but the head of the religion of Jupiter and Minerva. But before we altogether cast the modern world behind us, we are forcibly reminded of its presence as we cross the modern substitute for Appian and Flaminian ways, the network of railways which carry out the saying that all roads lead to Rome. Nor is the reminder out of place; the great works of ancient and modern engineering skill have much in common. There is a likeness, sometimes even in their actual appearance, always in the mighty spirit of enterprise, the boundless command of physical resources, which is common to both and unknown to intermediate ages. We cross the iron road and go down into the valley of the Anio; we pass over a bridge, of which more anon, and we find the other side of the stream guarded by a group of low hills whose place in history is no mean one. There is more than one among the neighbouring mounds which claims to itself the honour of being the spot

where the Sacred Laws were passed, where the tribuneship was ordained, and where Agrippa Menenius spoke his famous parable of the Belly and the Members. About the exact spot it is idle to dispute. Gibbon says that people often forget that a battle is not fought on one particular spot, because two armies in action cover a good deal of ground. And so the place to which the Roman Commons seceded with the object of founding a new city must have been something more than any one of the little knolls more than one of which is marked in different maps as the exact spot. The contemplated city, the actual encampment, must have taken up a good deal of ground. It is enough that it was on these low hills beyond the Anio that the Commons designed to found their city of refuge from patrician oppression, and that some one of them, likely enough the small, but marked, knoll just beyond the river with two ancient tombs at its foot, was the actual spot which kept to after ages the honoured name of the Sacred Hill.

The legend of the secession of the Commons is one of those stories which come before the time of trustworthy history, but whose general truth there is no reason to doubt. It gives an account of the origin of an important part of the Roman constitution, of the Sacred Laws and of that memorable office of the tribuneship which those laws so specially hallowed.

Stories which give the origin of laws and offices are very often among the silliest of legends, because they are in truth no legends at all, but mere guesses to explain something whose meaning was forgotten. But the story of the secession to the Sacred Hill is not one of this kind. It will stand the test of the comparative method. It is in every way probable, according to what analogy teaches us must have been the real state of things; but it is not a story which a later age would be likely to invent. It takes for granted the real origin of the Roman Commons. Had the Commons been simply the poor or ignoble class in Rome, like the poor or ignoble class in a modern state—had they been, as Livy conceived them, a class artificially divided from the patricians by the first founder of the city—we can hardly fancy them forming the plan of leaving Rome, and setting up a new town of their own in the immediate neighbourhood. In a modern state, or in such a state as Livy conceived Rome to have been, the poor and ignoble, even though they may be wholly shut out from the government of the state, are still as much members of the state as the rich and noble. But, when we take in what the Roman Commons really were, we shall see that it is only in a very imperfect sense that they were members of the state at all. The patricians were the old citizens; the Commons were the new. The patricians were the

men of the old settlements on the Palatine and the Capitoline, strengthened probably by the Luceres of the Cœlian. The Commons were the later settlers on the Aventine, dwelling indeed physically within the city wall, but not admitted within the sacred shelter of the *pomœrium*. Many among them might be rich, many might have been noble in earlier homes; but neither riches nor nobility could win for them political equality with the elder citizens. It is not very wonderful if on such men the tie of local allegiance sat very loosely; they were only half Romans, and it seemed to them no strange thing to leave Rome and plant a new town somewhere else. In such a town they would be the old citizens, and a day might come when they might have the pleasure of themselves acting as patricians towards fresh bodies of new settlers. There they might have their own gods; they might take their own auspices; they might do what they would as an independent commonwealth, perhaps as a thirty-first Latin city. All this they could easily do; they were not mere units, like those members of a modern state whom poverty or any other cause shuts out from a share in its government; they were an organized community, with their own assemblies and magistrates and with the full habit of united action. Debt was one great cause of the wretchedness of the poorer plebeians yet the Sacred Hill was not an Adullam where every

one took refuge who was discontented or in debt. It was a spot to which a community which at Rome was dependent proposed to move in order to become independent. The whole thing is perfectly in harmony with all that we know of the way in which early communities grew up. Till all the elements of the state were fully welded together, secession was a natural resource, more than once resorted to by the element whose citizenship was imperfect. As the old distinctions die out, secessions cease to be heard of. When, in the later days of the commonwealth, we come to dissensions of quite another kind, we do not hear of secession as a remedy. The idea is as wholly foreign to the later state of things at Rome as it is natural in the earlier. The whole story bears about it the stamp of being genuine tradition, not an invention or a guess of later times.

In all the disputes between the patricians and the Commons, we naturally take the side of the Commons, as the cause of freedom and equal right against an exclusive oligarchy. But this story, like many others, shows that the patricians were the truer Romans. No wonder; they were the old settlers; they came of the pure blood of the founders of the city; theirs were the Gods of the city, whose will no man of the stranger Commons knew how to interpret. Their love for Rome herself, as a spot, as a city, as a commonwealth,

might be narrow and selfish, but it was strong and real. Their love for Rome involved the dominion of Rome over other commonwealths, and their own dominion in Rome herself; but they had at least no object apart from Rome; they sought no greatness for themselves in any character but that of Romans. To secede from Rome, to divide Rome, were thoughts which to them were worse than death. The time came when all barriers were broken down, when Roman feeling was as strong in the plebeian as in the patrician; but it was not so as yet. The patrician was already rooted to the soil of Rome; the plebeian could still endure the thought of ceasing to be a Roman. The patricians were not ready to grant equal rights to the Commons; but they saw that a secession of the Commons would be the ruin of the Roman commonwealth; they saw that a purely patrician Rome could no longer stand. To hinder the division of the commonwealth, they were therefore ready to make large concessions to the inferior community; but they were concessions which marked out the Commons as a separate community almost more distinctly than before. By so doing, as afterwards by hindering the proposed migration to Veii, the patricians undoubtedly saved the Roman state. The greatness of Rome was so closely bound up with the site and with the associations of Rome that we may be sure that a new city by the Anio, or a Roman common-

wealth transferred to Veii, could never have become what the true Rome by the Tiber did become.

It is a point to be noticed that, whichever of the hills we may pitch on as the actual *Mons Sacer*, the new town by the Anio would have been out of sight of Rome. From the hill just above the river, and from the hill a little way further on, the eye catches some of the loftiest towers and cupolas of mediæval and modern Rome; but that is all. Of the city, as it stood in the days of the secession and for many ages after the secession, nothing could be seen from the Sacred Hill. In this there is no doubt a moral. Tusculum might look down upon a hated rival. We may doubt whether the city of the *Plebs* was meant to be a rival or an enemy of Rome. We may fancy that a wish to forget Rome was mingled with a sort of half attachment to the old spot, which forbade the discontented community to migrate to any great distance. But what would have followed if the parable of Agrippa Menenius had had no effect? No one can dream that the town on the Anio could have grown ever to be the head of Latium. But the division, the secession, the probable border-wars between the old and the new city, might have hindered the town on the Tiber from becoming the head of the world.

That the secession really was made, according to Livy's account, to a point, like the Sacred Hill, beyond

the walls of the city, there can be no reasonable doubt. Livy quotes from Piso another version, according to which the secession was made to the Aventine. This he wisely rejects. But Piso's story is valuable, as showing the way in which legends were arbitrarily patched up. Piso, or those whom he followed, knew that there was a special connexion between the Commons and the Aventine: so he thrust in the name of the Aventine into a story about the Commons in which it was quite out of place.

One point more. It is not unlikely that here, as in so many other places, we are brought face to face with some of the strange contrasts of history. The hill nearest to the river looks down on one of the most picturesque of covered and fortified bridges, clearly of more dates than one. Some hold that part of the structure is the work of Narses. This bridge on the *Via Nomentana* must not be confounded with the more famous bridge of Narses on the *Via Salaria*, which once bore the boastful inscription commented on by Gregorovius. But it is in no way unlikely that he built both. And as we look down from the Sacred Hill, we feel inclined to hope that this bridge may be the work of the first Exarch. If so, two ends of Roman history are here brought together. We stand on the scene of an event which seemed likely to tear Rome asunder before the elements out of which she

grew were yet fully welded together. We stand, three miles from the elder gates of Rome, on a spot where a part of the Roman people dreamed of founding a new city out of sight of the old one. We look down on the work of an age when a Roman Augustus still ruled alike in Spain and in Syria, but when a secession of another kind from that which led men to the Sacred Hill had moved his throne from the Tiber to the Bosporos, and when another secession stranger still had for a while cut off Rome herself from the Roman Empire. As the voice of Menenius had won back the severed Commons, so the arms of Belisarius had won back the severed capital. In the one case the new Rome, if a new Rome it was to be, was, before its birth, again incorporated with the Old. In the other case the Old Rome was not indeed incorporated, but it was brought into subjection to the New. Menenius might well boast that he had given Rome peace and freedom. Justinian too boasted that he had given Rome peace and freedom; but it was such peace and freedom as was consistent with the position of an outlying province, and with the rule of a Byzantine Exarch. But the very degradation of Rome took a form which was the direct result of her greatness; she became the slave of her own name and her own shadow. Had the Roman people parted asunder at the Sacred Hill, the Roman name could never have won the magic power

which it did win, a magic which could live, not only through the transfer of Rome's name and place to her own colony, but through the actual subjection of the parent to the child. There is a cycle in all things. Rome, as the legend goes, destroyed her own metropolis. If so, the wrongs of Alba were strangely and tardily avenged when Rome became a dependent outpost of Byzantium.

SOUTHERN ITALY.

GREECE IN ITALY.

THE shores of the Bay of Naples, and of the two bays which stretch north-west and south-east on either side of it, have their attractions for all. There is the mere natural aspect, the land and the sea, the coast, the mountains, and the islands—the heights of Capreæ and of Ischia, anchored as it were like guard-ships before the peaceful bay—Vesuvius, with its pillar of cloud, reminder of fearful days when the pillar of cloud has been changed into a pillar of fire. There are the long associations of the history of that memorable coast, Oscan, Roman, Byzantine, Norman. We look on a land which formed one of the fairest spots in the fairest realm of the Wonder of the World, a land which in our day was wrested from the oppressor by exploits more wonderful than any of which its own long history had to tell. We look on the city stretching along the shore, the city for which so many lords and so many nations have striven; we look back from the struggles of Bourbon and Habsburg, of Anjou and Aragon, to the days when the Norman added to his realm the first

and last possession of the Eastern Cæsar in the Western seas, when the city which had been won by Belisarius yielded to the arms of Roger. We cast our eye along the coast, and every inch of ground seems to have its special association for the student of the early Imperial days of Rome. Here almost every famous man of the late Republic and the early Empire had his retreat from the honours and the cares of the city. On one side of the great bay we are shown the villa of Cæsar and the villa of Lucullus; we see too the scene of the wildest freak of Caius and of the blackest crime of Nero. On the other side is the sea-side home of Cicero, a contrast indeed to his airy Tusculum; and there is the spot where Pliny, father of a long line of scientific admirals, gave his life as the price of the knowledge which he loved. And, in the midst, to remind us of the greatest of all changes, we see the spot where Paul of Tarsus looked on the now ruined temples and amphitheatre of Puteoli. And, as if purposely to embody that remembrance, there is the height crowned by the *duomo*, worthless in itself, but which becomes a speaking memory indeed when we see built into its wall the columns of the temple which looked down on the Apostle as he landed. It was the temple of the deified founder of the Empire, that Empire whose chiefs were, under the teaching of the faith which Paul brought with him, to change from

heathen Pontiffs into God's temporal Vicars upon earth. It is well that, in a region made so fair by the hand of nature, so foul by the deeds of man, there should be this one link to bind our thoughts to other and higher things than the crimes of the early Cæsars. And yet there is a relief of another kind; here is the region to which poetic fancy has transferred so many of the thoughts and names and legends of the older Hellenic days. We are here in the land of Virgil; here is Misenum; there is Avernus, a lake at least of higher memories than its Lucrine neighbour. And thus we are carried back by the wand of the Mantuan magician to thoughts of the earliest times of which that land awakens memories. We begin to remember that the living Neapolis, the buried Hêrakleia, were not, in their first days, cities of the Roman or of the Oscan. Here again, as in other lands, a cycle has been played out. When Belisarius entered Naples, he entered it as a Roman general victorious over the Goth. What in truth he did was to win back for the new Greek world a city which had been part of the Greek world of elder times. If Naples so long remained a distant outpost of Byzantium, we have but to double the Cape of Misenum, to pass along the coast which parts the grave of Æneas' trumpeter from the grave of his nurse, and we light on a spot more truly memorable in the history of the world than any of the spots renowned for the crimes

or the victories of Kings and Cæsars. The Apostle himself, citizen of a Greek city, putting forth his teaching in the Greek tongue and enriching it with Greek associations, must have found some other form for the Gospel which he preached, had not the Greek of earlier days spread his tongue and his philosophy through all lands. We may for a moment forget all that has happened from the first alliance between Rome and Capua to the modern deliverance of Capua and Rome, as we look on the first outposts of Hellas in the West. As we stand on the akropolis of Cumæ, what we elsewhere look on as ancient seems to belong to the old age of the world. From that desolate height we can drink in the fulness of the fresh breezes of the youth of Europe and of European man.

It is a feeling which indeed carries us out of the common world and of the common range of history, when we can say for the first time that the soil on which we tread is Hellas. We need not say that, wherever Hellênes dwelled, there was Hellas, and that the furthest outpost in the Iberian or the Tauric peninsula was as truly Hellas as Sparta or Athens. So, in this sense, Neapolis and Massalia were Hellas also, but from them the fatal gift of long-continued prosperity has wiped away the Hellenic character. Cumæ—let us rather cast aside the barbaric form, and give back her true name to the Chalkidic Kymê—has had the luck

to perish, and in perishing she has kept all the old associations of her name. True, the traces of her Hellenic days are of the very scantiest; but there are no traces of other days to interfere with them. We pass by the shore of Avernus and through the vast tunnel of Agrippa, or we trace the Roman pavement under the bold span of *Arco Felice*, and, when the other side of the hill is reached, we leave Rome and the younger world behind us. Straight before our eyes, rising above vineyards and scattered cottages, soars the hill of the akropolis, the first point, as tradition told, of Italy and the Western world in which Hellenic settlers found themselves a home. If the tale be true, Sicily and Korkyra, the sites of Sybaris and Taras, were still barbaric ground, untrodden by an Hellenic foot, when the first colonists from the Æolic Kymê lighted their fires and raised their first defences on that solitary hill. A coast, already Hellenic in its natural character, a coast of bays and islands and promontories, stretched far on either side; but all on either side was strange, all was barbarian. It was for them to win for the Hellenic name a land on which nature seemed to have set her seal as a destined dwelling-place of Hellenic man.

And, be the tale true or false which makes Kymê absolutely the first Greek settlement in the western seas, there can be no doubt that it was a settlement of

high antiquity, a settlement made in days when the earliest type of city was still the rule. Kymê is a hill-fort; its akropolis overhangs the sea, but the sea is not immediately at its foot. Such was the kind of site chosen for the most ancient cities in Greece itself, and a wide gap parts a city of this kind from Naples on her bay and Syracuse on her island. Kymê was a part of Hellas; but, when Kymê first arose, it was indeed a small and isolated fragment of Hellas that she formed. The first object of her settlers was defence against barbarian neighbours, and they found their defence in such a site as their barbarian neighbours loved. The akropolis of Kymê suggests the *arx* of Tusculum, and a strange companionship unites the two. Even here, on the oldest site of Italian Hellas, we cannot wholly shut out the memory of Rome. Tusculum and Kymê alike, so the story goes, gave shelter to the King whom Rome had driven out. When the arms of the Thirty Cities had failed to restore the banished Tarquin, Kymê, or at least her tyrant Aristodêmos, welcomed him to a refuge beyond the reach of the new-born commonwealth. The last shelter of the fallen King, the Greek akropolis, less lofty than the Latin *arx*, was hardly less strong. And on the side of it away from the friendly sea, the side most open to the inroads of barbarians, the hill was scarped away and strengthened by mighty stones worthy to have found a place in

the oldest wall of the city from which Tarquinius had been driven.

The thought of this strange episode in the history of the Greek city may perhaps present itself to the mind; but there is nothing left on the height of Kymê specially to call up the memory of Aristodêmos and his guest. It is one of the charms of the scene that so little is left of any kind, that the desolation of Kymê is almost as complete as the desolation of the spot could have been before Kymê was. There is nothing to interfere with our musings. Some slight traces of the great temple of the patron-god Apollo may be made out on the highest point. But the columns of his portico are gone; they have been stolen by some of the bandit princes, prelates, and potentates who have wrought their wicked will on the monuments of Italy; they have been carried off to adorn some villa or palace or museum, and they are no doubt duly ticketed to record the "munificence" of the robber. We have forgotten the name of the savage and the whereabouts of his lair, and we care not to search them out again. Kymê is desolate, save the mighty stones of her wall and the small traces of her temple; a few remains too of Roman brick-work, to be seen as we pass from the wall to the temple, survive from the days when Kymê had paid the penalty of sheltering Rome's banished tyrant. Here and there too, in the vineyard or by the pathway, we see some scrap of wall,

some fragment of carved work, to show that a city has been there. But we read the history of Kymê, as we stand on her height, and look out on the hills, the flats, the lake, and that great and wide sea which made Europe to differ from Africa and Asia, which gave the Hellenic man power to spread Hellas, and all that is implied in her name, over every coast where his one worthy barbarian rival had not forestalled him.

We change the scene to another spot on the same coast, on the other side of the central city, where we are still on Hellenic ground, and where the men of Hellas have left signs of their presence which have outlived all the works of successive waves of conquerors. We set forth from Naples; we pass along the

> Vicina Vesevo
> Arva jugo;—

"jugum" no longer, since the cities at its base were preserved for posterity by their overthrow. We pass by spots famous in the history of after-days. We pass by Angri; hard by is the mountain-slope where the great struggle of Italian history was ended; there is the scene of the last fight of Teias and Narses, where the last Gothic King sank beneath the arms of the mighty eunuch, and where it was fixed for ever that Italy should not become a national kingdom under a Teutonic King. We pass on by Nocera and Pagani, names

which speak of the great house under whom Italy had again a chance of union; we call up Frederick and Manfred, and those faithful Saracens who died around their King at Benevento when his Christian warriors had forsaken him. And, if Nocera speaks to us of the most renowned of Emperors, Salerno on its bay speaks to us no less of the most renowned of Pontiffs. There, lik Scipio at Literuum, Gregory died, as he deemed, in exile, though there were those around him who deemed that the Vicar of Christ could be an exile in no spot of the earth whose utmost parts were given him for his possession. Through spots like these, where the great events of man's history press upon us at every step, we fly away, as it were, from the modern world, the world of Rome and all that sprang from her, to see another spot where all that is left speaks to us of the days of the world's youth, and speaks to us with a clearer voice than the desolate hill of Kymê. If the Gods of Hellas were Gods of the hills, they were Gods no less of the plain and of the shore; and here we again find ourselves on true Hellenic ground, but on ground utterly unlike the forsaken akropolis of the Chalkidic city. On that akropolis the monuments of Hellas were eloquent by their absence; we have now reached a spot where they are no less eloquent by their everlasting presence.

Kymê bore the name of one of its joint parent cities;

the city of the sea-god, Pæstum on Latin lips, bore in its own tongue the name of its divine patron. On no hill-top, but on a dreary flat between the sea and the mountains, the temples of Poseidônia still stand, a wreck indeed of what they once were, but a wreck which seems perfect beside the far more utter wreck of the works of so many later ages. Yet we feel that, ancient as Poseidônia seems, it is young beside Kymê. There is again before us the same difference as that which divides Dardanîê from Ilios and Tusculum from Rome. Things must have greatly changed since the foundation of Kymê before Greek settlers on Italian soil could have fixed themselves on such a spot as Poseidônia. Here was no akropolis, no inaccessible height; the colonists trusted to their walls, to the sea, to the natural superiority of the Greek over the barbarian. The change involves all the difference between the first solitary Greek settlement in the West, the colony which came straight from the Eastern and Asiatic shores, and the colony whose metropolis was itself on Italian ground, the city planted by Sybaris in the days of her power, when southern Italy had won the name of the Greater Hellas. Kymê is primarily a fortress; Poseidônia is essentially a city. Like other cities, it needed defence; but defence was not the one object present to the mind of its founders. There was no rock to scarp, or, trusting in its

natural strength, to leave unscarped. There was simply such a space as was needed to be fenced in by the mighty Hellenic walls, which, broken down and overgrown as they are, may still be traced and walked on through nearly the whole of their pentagonal range. Within those walls a crowd of later buildings have risen and fallen; the theatre, the amphitheatre—the sanctuary of Roman cruelty thrusting itself within the Hellenic city—the temple of Roman date, may all be traced, and it would be a good deed to set the spade to work to dig them out more thoroughly. Yet it is with a certain pleasure that we see the amphitheatre and the Roman temple level with the ground, while the Hellenic temples still raise their massive columns above the fallen works of the barbarian conqueror.

Few buildings are more familiar than the temples of Pæstum; yet the moment when the traveller first comes in sight of works of untouched Hellenic skill is one which is simply overwhelming. Suddenly, by the side of a dreary road, in a spot backed indeed by noble mountains, but having no charm of its own, we come on these works, unrivalled on our side of the Hadriatic and the Messenian strait, standing in all their solitary grandeur, shattered indeed, but far more perfect than the mass of ruined buildings of later days. The feeling of being brought near to Hellenic days and Hellenic men, of standing face to face with the fathers of the

world's civilization, is one which can never pass away. Descriptions, pictures, models, all fail; they give us the outward form; they cannot give us the true life. The thought comes upon us that we have passed away from that Roman world out of which our own world has sprung into that earlier and fresher and brighter world by which Rome and ourselves have been so deeply influenced, but out of which neither the Roman nor the modern world can be said to spring. There is the true Doric in its earliest form, in all its unmixed and simple majesty. The ground is strewed with shells and covered with acanthus-leaves; but no shell had suggested the Ionic volute, no acanthus-leaf had suggested the Corinthian foliage. The vast columns, with the sudden tapering, the overhanging capitals, the stern square abacus, all betoken the infancy of art. But it is an infancy like that of their own Hêraklês; the strength which clutched the serpent in his cradle is there in every stone. Later improvements, the improvements of Attic skill, may have added grace; the perfection of art may be found in the city which the vote of the divine Assembly decreed to Athênê; but for the sense of power, of simplicity without rudeness, the city of Poseidôn holds her own. Unlike in every detail, there is in these wonderful works of early Greek art a spirit akin to some of the great churches of Romanesque date, simple, massive, unadorned, like the

Poseidônian Doric. And they show too how far the ancient architects were from any slavish bondage to those minute rules which moderns have invented for them. In each of the three temples of Pæstum differences both of detail and of arrangement may be marked, differences partly of age, but also partly of taste. And some other thoughts are brought forcibly upon the mind. Here indeed we feel that the wonders of Hellenic architecture are things to kindle our admiration, even our reverence; but that, as the expression of a state of things which has wholly passed away, nothing can be less fit for reproduction in modern times. And again, we may be sure that the admiration and reverence which they may awaken in the mind of the mere classical purist is cold beside that which they kindle in the mind which can give them their true place in the history of art. The temples of Pæstum are great and noble from any point of view. But they become greater and nobler, as we run over the successive steps in the long series by which their massive columns and entablatures grew into the tall clusters and soaring arches of Westminster and Amiens.

LOMBARDY.

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN LOMBARDY.

WE have gone far to the south, into that elder Italy which, in some aspects of its mediæval history, is hardly Italy at all. We will now pass back again to the land which in an intermediate stage of geography was the borderland of Italy and Cisalpine Gaul. And then from Ravenna, Lucca, and Pisa we will pass yet again into that old Gaulish land which in mediæval times became the truest Italy. From Tuscany we will again turn ourselves northward, and trace the forms assumed by Romanesque art in a district which, in the fluctuations of Italian geographical nomenclature, we may perhaps be allowed to speak of as specially Lombardy. This is a Lombardy which stretches on both sides of the Po, but which does not take in the most eastern province of the Lombard Kingdom, the land known in earlier and later times as Venetia, and in an intermediate day by the startling, but perfectly harmless, name of the Lombard *Austria*. Our present district lies mainly within the Lombard

Neustria, but we will venture to take in some more southern cities, lying all of them within the Lombardy of the Hohenstaufen, most of them within the dominion of the Dukes of Milan of the House of Visconti. We purpose, in short, to take an architectural glance at the cities of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and the once rival capitals of Pavia and Milan. The last-named city indeed might, from other points of view, claim as full a notice as Pisa and Ravenna. But as a contribution to the history of Romanesque architecture, the buildings of Milan, though of very high importance, are still of a kind which will be best treated in a group along with several others.

The student of Romanesque who transports himself suddenly from the Arno and the Apennines to the river-basin of the Po will find himself spirited away into a new architectural world. Let him flit from Pisa to Modena. Pistoia, a city of high interest on other grounds, will not long detain him. A single noble campanile is attached to a basilican *duomo* which would hold a third or fourth-rate place at Lucca, and which at Pisa no one would think of mentioning at all. But at Modena his halt must be longer. The church of Pisa and the church of Modena are contemporary buildings, and the Great Countess is honoured as a benefactress by both; but they are as unlike one another as any two buildings of the same

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date and general style well can be. At Modena we get our first glimpse of the genuine Lombard form of the Italian Romanesque, a form wholly unlike either the domical or the basilican type, and which makes a far nearer approach to the Romanesque of the lands beyond the Alps. The approach is indeed only an approach; the *duomo* of Modena is Italian, and not English, French, or German; still it is a form of Italian far less widely removed from English, French, or German work than the style of Pisa or St. Vital. As at Pisa, the architect seems to have halted between two opinions. The church is cruciform, but the transepts have no projection on the ground-plan; there are real lantern-arches, not obscured as they are at Pisa, but they do not bear up any central dome or tower. The lantern-arches are pointed; but here, as at Pisa, the pointed form is more likely to be Saracenic than Gothic. Without, three eastern apses, rising from between pinnacles of quite Northern character, group boldly with one of the noblest campaniles in Italy, which is certainly not improved by the later addition of a spire. The great doorways rest on lions; the west front has a noble wheel window; the greater part of the outside is lavishly arcaded, but the arcading is of a different type from the long rows of single arcades at Lucca and Pisa; the favourite form at Modena is that of several small arches grouped under a containing arch.

With such an outside, we are not surprised to find, on entering the church, an elevation more nearly after the Northern type than anything which we have yet seen in Italy. At Pisa we saw an arcade, triforium, and clerestory; but the triforium was not so much the Northern type itself as the Northern type translated into Italian language. But at Modena we find as genuine a triforium as in any minster of England or Normandy. Its form indeed seems somewhat rude and awkward, as if the containing arch had been crushed by the lofty clerestory above. And eyes familiar with Norman detail may possibly be amazed at the sight of mid-wall shafts, and those of a somewhat rough type, showing themselves in such a position. But the mid-wall shaft is constructively as much in its place in a triforium as it is in a belfry window, and in the whole elevation there is nothing lacking. There is pier-arch, triforium, and clerestory, and the deep splay of the highest range hinders the presence of any continuous blank spaces such as we have seen in the basilican churches. The capitals are a strange mixture of classical and barbaric forms, and in the alternate piers, supporting the arches which span the nave, we find huge half-columns, which form a marked contrast to the tall slender shafts commonly used in like positions in Northern churches. Altogether the cathedral of Modena is strictly an Italian church, yet the approaches

INTERIOR OF DUOMO, MODENA.

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to Northern forms are very marked, and they are of a kind which suggests the direct imitation of Northern forms or the employment of Northern architects.

At our next stopping place, if we venture to discern traces of the same influence, it is to a much smaller extent, and the church in which we discern it is one of far more distinctly Italian character than that of Modena. At Parma attention may easily be drawn away from the church itself to the noble baptistery, one of the grandest in Italy, and in which most of the details show the widest departure from anything to which we are used north of the Alps. Here, in most of the stages within and without, the ornamental arcade has been cast aside for the ornamental colonnade. Instead of a range of arches, the small decorative shafts support a true entablature. Yet even here, in the strange capitals of some of the lower columns, and in the vast doorways with their many receding arches, we may see a certain approach to Northern forms which contrasts strangely with the ultra-classical survival in the other details. In the *duomo* itself it is not always easy to say how much is genuine Romanesque work, and how much is that later reproduction or adaptation of Romanesque work of which we see so many examples in Italy. The west front is thoroughly Italian; nothing can be less like a Norman church; but at the same time few

architectural objects can be nobler than the present effect of the apsidal east end and apsidal transepts joining to support the octagon cupola. But inside we have, as at Modena, the genuine pier-arch, triforium, and clerestory, just as we might see them in England or Normandy, except that the triforium consists of a range of four arches in each bay, not grouped together under a containing arch as at Modena. Yet this arrangement may possibly remind the spectator of Queen Matilda's church at Caen, and the vaulting shafts at Parma approach far more nearly to Northern forms than those of Modena. Still at Parma the departures from the more purely Italian type are of a kind which do not force themselves upon the eye so strongly as they do at Modena.

The *duomo* of Piacenza, though much altered, contains some fine Romanesque portions, but there is nothing in them which especially connects itself with the Romanesque of the North. We pass on to two churches of the highest interest, both architectural and historical, an examination of which may perhaps throw some light on the questions which we have already started. These are the two great Romanesque churches which still survive in the once rival cities of Northern Italy, in Guelfic Milan and in Imperial Pavia. We pass by the crowds of other objects presented by those two noble cities, and we fix our attention on the two

buildings which will teach us most for our immediate purpose, the churches of St. Ambrose at Milan and St. Michael at Pavia. At Milan we will turn away from the dazzling exterior, the really solemn interior, of the comparatively modern *duomo*, and fix our thoughts on a more venerable temple. The church of St. Ambrose covers the dust of the patron saint of Milan and the dust of the most truly Italian Emperor, and it boasts, truly or falsely, of containing the resting-place of the one worthy antagonist whom Rome sent forth to withstand the Gothic invader. A flash of the old magic of Ravenna passes over us as we look on the tomb of Ambrose, on the tomb of Lewis the Second, and on what at least professes to be the tomb of Stilicho. The mosaics of the spreading apse might hold their own in Pisa, in Ravenna, or in Venice, and one small portion of the pile lays claim to a date going back to the days of the saint whom it commemorates. But for our purpose we must pass on from the days of the saint to the days of the Cæsar, the Cæsar who was the champion of Italy against the Saracen, the truest Emperor that she had seen since Majorian, the truest King that she has seen from Theodoric to our own day. It was under the worthiest of the Karlings, Lewis, King and Emperor, that the pile arose in which he lies buried, and of which we would fain believe that the main portion still exists.

The date of the building has been stoutly disputed, but it seems impossible to withstand the direct evidence which assigns, not only the glorious goldsmith's work of the high altar and the soaring *baldacchino* above it, but the main part of the building itself, to Archbishop Ansbert in 868. The building has received large changes and additions; the vault with pointed arches over the nave, the octagonal dome, the advanced upper story of the west front, must all belong to a renovation which began in the twelfth century, most likely after the overthrow of the city by Frederick Barbarossa. But everything leads us to believe that, in the main arcades of the nave, and in the most distinctive feature of the whole building, the *cortile* or western cloister, the pillars of the ninth century still survive. All are of the genuine Lombard style, something utterly unlike the classical forms of Ravenna, Lucca, and Pisa. Nay more, they supplanted a church of a more classical type; at the bases of more than one we can see traces of basilican columns, the work most likely of Ambrose himself. But the architecture of the existing church comes far nearer to our Northern Romanesque in its Norman variety, though it has throughout an earlier and ruder air. The general look of the building is dark and cavernous; the proportions are low and broad; the arcades support a large open triforium, like Norwich or Waltham, but without a clerestory—in that

CAPITALS.

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resembling the great minster of St. Sernin at Toulouse. As at Pisa, the arcade is continued across the transept arches, and here also the triforium assumes the form of coupled arches under a containing arch. The compound pier is used throughout, both in the church and the *cortile*, to the exclusion alike of the classical column, of the square piers of the German Romanesque, and of the vast cylindrical piers of the English form of Norman. But there is a heavy squareness and flatness throughout which surpasses anything in Norman work. If the whole building is really of the days of Bayeux and Rochester, Normandy and England had greatly outstripped Italy in art of this particular form.

But whatever may be the date of the arcades, the capitals are a special study. They are famous for the lavish use of animal forms; nowhere in Italy is there less imitation of classical models. The Ionic volute alone seems here, as everywhere, to have lived on in the mind of the artist, and, both here and elsewhere, many strange forms occur which show that that favourite form of ornament was never forgotten. A bunch of leaves, a head, human or animal, may easily be so disposed as to keep the general effect of the volute; and when the beast represented happens to be a ram, one of those cycles which play their part in art as well as in everything else has brought back the architectural form to its first legendary origin. Some of the double-headed beasts at Milan can hardly fail to remind us of some of the

double-headed beasts at Persepolis; but the likeness is doubtless as purely accidental as the likeness which has been often remarked between the columns in the Treasury at Mykênê and those of many a Romanesque building among ourselves. The subjects of some of the capitals should be noticed, as well as those in other parts where animal forms are used. Some are mere plays of fancy; others seem to represent hunting scenes; but there is a more remarkable one in the west front, representing a human figure between two lions. The reference to the sports of the amphitheatre is obvious, but its special purport may be doubted. It may of course refer to some legend of martyrdom; but it should not be forgotten that the combats with wild beasts went on at least as late as the reign of Theodoric, though they were looked on with no favouring eye by the Gothic King and his great minister. Altogether, if we can really believe this church to be in its main features the genuine work of Ansbert, we have in it one of the most instructive buildings in all Christendom. And to our mind the evidence seems directly in favour of such a belief.

From St. Ambrose we naturally turn to St. Michael at Pavia, and there, as at St. Ambrose, we find, among many later changes, the main portions of a church of the same character, but most likely somewhat later in date. The general effect of the interior is less dark and cavernous, but the arrangement of arcade and

triforium without any clerestory is essentially the same, and the same flatness and squareness reigns in the compound piers and their capitals. But one feature is prominent at Pavia which is not to be seen at Milan. The mid-wall shaft has thrust itself into places where we should least have looked for it, into the transept front and into a range of coupled windows running across the whole western façade itself. In both these two remarkable churches it is far from easy to distinguish the earliest work from later changes which follow the same general forms. But we have little doubt that in the main arcades of both we have work of an age of which in Northern countries we have nothing but a few uncertain fragments.

It is indeed hard to believe, even if we bear in mind the wide differences which probably existed between Lombardy and Tuscany, that these buildings can be of later date than the columnar churches of Pisa and Lucca, with their elaborate and highly classical detail. Tuscany may either have uninterruptedly retained classical forms, or it may have deliberately fallen back upon them; but it is hardly possible that Milan and Pavia should have so far lagged behind as to have produced such work as we see in St. Ambrose and St. Michael in the twelfth century, after such work as we have seen at both Lucca and Pisa in the eleventh. And if the ruder parts of St. Ambrose do not date from

the reparation in the twelfth century, they can hardly fail to date from the rebuilding by Ansbert in the ninth. We have then in these examples a genuine Romanesque style, which had worked itself remarkably free from classical detail, while preserving the main constructive features of Roman architecture. It is probably the earliest form of pure Romanesque which was worked out, a form distinct alike from German and Norman, but from which both German and Norman architects borrowed ideas in after times.

If this be allowed, this more distinctly Lombard, this half Northern style, gave way to the great architectural movement of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which, in different ways, so greatly modified the Romanesque of all Western Europe. In Italy it chiefly took the form of a *Renaissance*, a falling back on classical forms, as at Pisa and Lucca, at Murano and Torcello. In other cases, as at Parma and more strongly at Modena, the style took a direction which distinctly assimilated it to Northern forms, whichever side of the Alps we may hold to have borrowed from the other. In a third class, as at St. Zeno, we get a type which makes some approach to the classical forms of Tuscany and Venice, but which may be looked on as an improved and refined variety of the Lombard style of Milan and Pavia. The Italian Romanesque thus offers many types, varying

considerably, partly according to date, partly according to district. But all are Italian; all agree in those points of difference from Northern buildings which are caused partly by difference of climate, partly by difference of national traditions. However nearly an Italian church may approach to a Northern one in its internal arcades, the external effect is always utterly different. No really Italian church shows the varied outlines, the ever-shifting groupings, of the great churches of Germany. Even the less elaborate outline of a Norman or English church with its three towers finds only a feeble approach to it at St. Ambrose. The high roof is unknown, and the absence alike of the high roof and of any towers thoroughly worked into the building gives an utterly different form to the main fronts. The style, in all its various forms, is thoroughly national. It is a style which has largely attracted the attention of architectural students, but it may still be studied with advantage according to a more strictly historical and comparative method than has hitherto been brought to bear on it. It should especially be compared with the contemporary forms of other Southern countries, of Provence and Aquitaine. For our own part we have done nothing more than throw out a few hints suggested by a few particular buildings. Of some specially historical cities, of some buildings which form special lessons in themselves, we have still somewhat to say.

MONZA.

THE Kingdom of Italy is at this moment a fact, but it is hard, even in Italy itself, to take in the truth that it was a fact in ages long past as well as in our own. The world in general finds it hard to understand that Victor Emmanuel is not the first King of Italy, or at all events that Napoleon Buonaparte was not the first and Victor Emmanuel the second. And, as usual, the popular notion has some truth in it; like most popular notions, it is a half truth. It is certain that there never was till now a Kingdom of Italy with exactly the same titles and exactly the same boundaries as the present one. By an odd chance, Victor Emmanuel really is the first King of Italy who, as King of Italy, has reigned over the land which first bore the name of Italy. That name, as every scholar knows, first belonged to a small part of the late Kingdom of Naples or Sicily; and though several Kings of Italy—Henry the Sixth, for instance, and Charles the Fifth—have also been Kings of one or both Sicilies, yet Victor Emmanuel is the first King of Italy who has held either of the Sicilies as an

integral part of the Italian Kingdom. On the other hand, a land which was not counted part of Italy till a comparatively late time, a land which was not yet Italy when Cæsar marched to Ariminum, became in another stage the specially Italian land, the seat of the Italian Kingdom, the theatre of the earliest life of the Italian commonwealths. For some centuries Lombardy was the truest Italy; and, oddly enough, ages afterwards it was one part of the old Lombardy which formed the groundwork of the sham Italian Kingdom of Buonaparte, as another part has been the groundwork of the real Italian Kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. Whenever there has been a King of Italy, he has been specially King of Lombardy; the Italian Kingdom in short has been a continuation of that Lombard kingdom from which Charles the Great did not disdain to take a separate title. Between the memories of Imperial and Papal Rome, between the glory of the Italian commonwealths and the shame of the later Italian principalities, the memory of the true Italian Kingdom has almost died out. Being in truth little more than a name for several ages, it had few associations to set against those of the rival phases of Italian history. It is therefore perhaps in some sort not unfit that the home and seat of this almost shadowy kingdom, the "head of Lombardy," the "first place of the Crown of the Italian Kingdom," should be found on a spot which has but small claims

to fame except on the ground of its being the home of the symbol of Italian kingship. The King of Italy, as King of Italy, had his special seat in a place which hardly claims the rank of a city, which can show no remains of classical antiquity, whose name is not mentioned in classical history, and which, on the other hand, plays no part of the least importance either in the communal, the ecclesiastical, or the dynastic history of later times. Modoetia, Monza, *Terra de Modoetia*, is the seat of the old Italian kingship, and it is nothing else.

The kingdom of Italy, at least in any reign before the present century, must be looked on as a Teutonic kingdom. The idea of such a kingdom could not arise till the old notions of the Empire had been greatly enfeebled by the Teutonic invasions. The Italian kingdom was first Lombard, then Frankish, then claimed of right by the prince who was chosen to the German crown. It was only during the first half of the tenth century that the crown of Italy was worn by princes who, though doubtless of Lombard or other Teutonic descent, could in any way claim to pass as native Italians. For such a kingdom as this Monza was a most fitting seat. The very existence of the place in earlier times may be doubted. At all events it could have been a place of no moment whatever till its site attracted the discerning

eye of the great Goth. Theodoric, not indeed a King of Italy, but a King reigning in Italy, was the fitting founder of the future home of the Italian crown. The Lombard Paul tells us how he built himself a palace at *Modicia*—seemingly the eldest of the endless spellings of the name—on account of the healthiness of the air in a spot so near to the Alps. We can bear our own witness to the wisdom of the great King's choice from personal experience. When it is cold and foggy at Milan, so foggy that the great cupola of *Santa Maria della Grazia* cannot be seen by one standing just below it, the half-hour's run which carries the traveller to Monza carries him to a spot where all is clear and warm and sunny. One almost wonders that the spot was not lighted on in the age when Milan was the dwelling-place of Emperors; but, as far as we know, Theodoric was, if not the first to make the spot a dwelling-place of man, at least the first to make it a dwelling-place of Kings. If Ravenna can show his church and his tomb, if Verona can boast of having inseparably yoked together her name with his, lowlier Monza in one way surpasses both of them as being his own creation.

The earliest certain notice of Monza is an incidental mention in a letter by the contemporary Ennodius Bishop of Pavia, who complains that "Martinus, conductor de Moditia," was doing wrong to a blind woman,

and who speaks of the offender's "rustica temeritas." This looks as if the house of Theodoric was not a city palace, but a country seat. Monza then was the work of the Goth; but the glory of the Goth shone only for a moment; the continuous history of Monza begins with the more lasting dominion of the Lombard. At Monza, as elsewhere, the name of the Arian was wiped out, and local devotion gathers round the second foundress, the famous Queen Theodolinda. The local chronicle itself records indeed the earlier work of Theodoric; but the legend which that chronicle preserves, a legend which represents the Queen as converting her husband Agilulf from the worship of idols, evidently looked upon Monza as a site which before her time stood desolate. She vows to build a church, an *oraculum*, to St. John the Baptist, and a miraculous voice causes her to build it on a spot where before there was only a great tree. And as the voice said "Modo," and the Queen answered "Etiam," the name of the place was called *Modoetia*. And when we remember how Theodoric is dealt with by the sculptor's art in the great minster of his own Verona, we can hardly wonder that he should be forgotten in his own Monza. Theodolinda stands by herself. When we read of the Bavarian princess as "filia Garibaldi," the name seems to carry us from the earliest age of strictly Italian history to the latest. And her two romantic marriages, allowed as she was to

carry the Lombard kingdom as her dower, her missionary zeal for the Orthodox faith, her friendship with the great Gregory—if these things do not really put her on a level with her Gothic predecessor, they may at least have easily made her more dazzling in local eyes.

Of the buildings of Theodolinda, we have to judge only by the description of those who had seen them. She built the palace of whose painted ornaments the Deacon Paul gives so vivid a picture; in his day it could still be seen what manner of men the Lombards were in her day, and how, among other points of costumes and manners, they wore inner garments, loose and of various colours, "qualia Angli Saxones habere solent." She too founded the great church of Monza, the basilica or *oraculum* of St. John, which we would gladly see in such sort as the famous queen left it. The fame of its foundress and the riches of its treasury put her church almost on a level with churches of higher rank. It was not an episcopal church, but only a chapter of secular canons; but the chief of its canons, the Archpresbyter, bore, like our mitred abbots, the episcopal insignia, and asserted, at least in theory, his right to perform the most dazzling of episcopal functions. The treasury, as every visitor knows, contains, among its other wealth, the comb of Theodolinda, her gilt hen and chickens, and the manuscript which an Englishman looks on with reverence, and feels in no mood to doubt or

criticize when he is told that it is the very handwriting of the apostle of his nation. The church itself, rebuilt in honour of certain miracles which are recorded in the year 1300, will probably draw to itself less attention than its contents. Yet a glance may well be given, if to nothing else, to the capitals made up of strange groups of human and animal forms, among which, as becomes the close connexion of the church with a line of Kings who were also Emperors, the bird of Cæsar holds one of the chief places.

The local history of the church of Monza consists largely of the taking away and bringing back of its precious treasures, a process which happened more than once. The last taking away and bringing back of its most precious treasure has happened in our own day. The greatest possession of which Monza boasts itself, after an Austrian captivity happily not long enough to be called Babylonish, has come safe back to its own place, and is still kept with all reverence in the church of Theodolinda. Since the freeing of Venice and Verona, Italy has again got back the crown of her Kings, the famous Iron Crown of Monza. We almost tremble as we speak of this venerable relic, lest we should anyhow get wrong between the Iron Crown and the crowns of Agilulf and Theodolinda, all of which are engraved together by Muratori, in illustration of the text of Paul the Deacon. Then too it is somewhat fearful to find

the great Italian scholar casting to the winds the legend on which Monza has for ages dwelled with delight. Nothing is more certain than that the Iron Crown is so called, not because it is made of iron, but because a rim of iron is wrought in the inside of the circle of gold and jewels. This rim of iron the local legend asserts to have been made out of one of the nails of the Crucifixion. Against this belief Muratori argues with great force. If the story were really of early date, the local historian of the fourteenth century, Bonincontro Morigia, would surely have said something about it. Bonincontro has wise reasons to give us why the crown should be of iron; iron is the strongest and hardest of metals, and rules over all other metals; so an iron crown rightly expresses the strong justice of the Emperor who reigns over all things earthly. It expresses too the greatness of the church of Monza, the noblest spot in all Lombardy, as Lombardy is the noblest land in all Italy. Surely, Muratori argues, if this writer had ever heard that the crown contained so holy a relic, he would never have been driven to such arguments as these. He argues further against a certain Archbishop who was shocked at his disbelief, and who defended the genuineness of the relic on the ground that Matthew Villani spoke of the crown of Monza as a "holy crown." Muratori argues, first, that any crown, as being used in a religious ceremony, may be called holy;

and secondly, that there was a mistake in the text; the abbreviation which Matthew meant for *Seconda* had been mistaken for *Santa*. "Secunda Corona" is a regular name of the Iron Crown of Monza; for, when things were done in due order, it was taken after the Silver Crown of Aachen, and before the Golden Crown of Rome. But, as usual, the arguments of outsiders have not much weight when the honour of a local relic is concerned, and Monza believes in the sanctity of the Iron Crown as if Muratori had never written. The crown is shown to the stranger for the proper fee, but it is shown only with much of religious ceremony, with bending of knees and burning of incense. And, setting the religious legend aside, the heretic visitor is not disinclined to shew some reverence to a crown which had rested on so many illustrious heads, dashed perhaps a little by the thought of the sham coronations of the elder Buonaparte and of an Austrian Archduke of our own day. We seem to come nearer to a past world as we look on the badge of dominion, not only of Charles and Otto and Henry and Frederick, but of Kings older still, Kings of the nation which first established a lasting Teutonic dominion on Italian soil.

That the Iron Crown is at home at Monza, as the *Bambino* is at home in the church of Araceli, no man has ventured to doubt. The question is, whether the

Iron Crown ought ever, like the *Bambino*, to go out to meet its votaries, or whether its votaries should not always come to it. On the walls of the church of Monza may be seen the names of the four honourable men who carried the crown to Bologna for the crowning of the last Roman Emperor and King of Italy. But that journey at all events is no precedent. Charles the Fifth took his degrees in an irregular way by accumulation. He did everything in the wrong place; if Bologna is not Monza, neither is it Rome. But how stands the case between Monza and the neighbouring metropolis? That is a point on which Monza and Milan, the Archpresbyter and the Archbishop, have always held different views. Milan holds that the King should be crowned by the Archbishop in the church of St. Ambrose; Monza holds that King and Archbishop are bound to come to Monza for the ceremony, and that, if the Archbishop will not come, the Archpresbyter has a full right to crown the King without him. There are undoubted precedents both ways. It is certain that several Kings have been crowned at Monza and several at Milan. Frederick Barbarossa, for instance, was undoubtedly crowned at Monza. But when the men of Monza earnestly prayed Henry the Seventh to come to be crowned in the right place, Milan got the better of them. Monza, we must think, somewhat weakens its argument by asserting a distinct

Modoetian coronation, which sounds to us not a little legendary, for several Kings who certainly were crowned at Milan as well. On the other hand, we think that Mr. Tylor would argue that, if Milan were the right crowning-place, the crown would always have lived at Milan and not at Monza. Little Monza could never encroach on the rights of great Milan, while great Milan could easily encroach on the rights of little Monza. This ground is, we think, enough to make us decide for Monza as his crowning-place, whenever the King of Italy chooses to take his crown.

Besides the *Oraculum* there is, perhaps not unfittingly, but little to see at Monza. There is a town-house called the *Broletto*, a rather striking building of the thirteenth century. We might almost think that the town was unwalled till the fourteenth century, as we find that between the years 1334 and 1336 the "Terra de Modoetia" was strongly fortified by Azzo Visconti. It had stood a siege about ten years before; but then it was defended only by a ditch and a "palangatum," which we take to mean a palisade. Of course the "Terra" had its ancient and noble families, some Guelf and some Ghibelline, but as a whole, the municipal history of the place does not go for much. It is the crowning-place of the Italian Kingdom, or at least the dwelling-place of its crown, and it is nothing more. We may add that one some-

what irregular coronation, that of Conrad the Third as opposition King to the Emperor Lothar, was done in a somewhat irregular place—not in the *Oraculum* of St. John, but in the lesser church of St. Michael. He heard mass however at St. John's, and was presently crowned afresh, or at least wore his crown, at Milan.

Why the crown of Monza should be said to be, as it is by the local historian, "super Italiam, Normandiam, et Saxoniam," we do not at all understand. We must decline all allegiance on behalf of all the lands which have at any time borne either of the two latter names.

COMO.

It was by the side of the Lake of Como that Dr. Stanhope, according to Mr. Anthony Trollope, had his villa and made his collection of butterflies. One can fancy that it was in some points pleasanter living there than either at Barchester or at Eiderdown. If one wished to dream away life, one could hardly desire a place better suited for the purpose than the shores of one of those Italian lakes; and yet they suggest a great deal besides matter for dreaming. The professed climber would most likely despise the heights immediately above the Larian Lake; yet there is a good deal of snow within sight from more than one point of it. The geographer will be relieved from all difficulties on that one of the greater lakes which is wholly Italian, and no part of whose shores is either Austrian or Swiss. The Swiss frontier indeed comes amazingly near to the city of Como; but from the lake itself it seems, as it were, studiously to keep away, as if to make up for the large share of the lake of Lugano which the Confederation has taken to itself. Then the sides of this lake, as of

its fellows, are so thickly inhabited, there is such an endless succession of houses, villages, and churches, dotted up and down over the mountains, that there are few places where the general effect of the Italian style of building, as applied to something other than great cities, can be better taken in. And almost our first thought is the extreme unpicturesqueness of most of the buildings which find themselves in such picturesque sites. It is so throughout Italy. A small Italian town perched on a hill-side or a hill-top ought to add to the effect; but it seldom does so. In some of the most striking points of Tuscany and Umbria one cannot help wishing to exchange the little towns and villages on the heights for some of the picturesque little towns of Franconia, with their gates, towers, spires, an outline of some kind about everything. The ruined castle, so common along the Rhine, is rare, though not absolutely unknown, among the Italian lakes. When it is to be seen, the picturesque element at once comes in; otherwise an Italian village has everything so white and flat as not to be an addition to the landscape, as a little German town would be, but rather the opposite. The flatness is relieved only by the campaniles of the churches, churches with which the hill-sides are thick set. These supply many good specimens of the true type, tall, square, hard, with the coupled windows and mid-wall shafts, which all Western Europe once borrowed

from Italy. And these smaller towers in the villages by the lake lead well up to the two nobler ones which form the chief architectural ornament of the city from which the lake takes its modern name, Imperialist Como itself.

To the architectural student the lake-side city is certainly most attractive on account of a building which is not strictly part of the city itself, the minster of St. Abbondio without its walls. Yet Como has a good deal to say for itself on other grounds. It is the city of the Plinies, as modern Como has not forgotten; for she carefully keeps, built into the wall of her cathedral church, a stone with an inscription preserving the name of her most renowned heathen inhabitant. We began with a reference to one novelist, and chance supplies us, at Como itself, with a reference to another. From a passage in *My Novel* it seems that Lord Lytton —we will not say thought, but allowed himself for a moment to write—that the elder Pliny died in the crater of Ætna. The confusion is amusing; still, as things go, when two sages died of two volcanoes, it is perhaps a light matter to couple the wrong sage and the wrong volcano.

> Deus immortalis haberi
> Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
> Insiluit.

No such motive, we are sure, was present to the mind of the diligent compiler of the Natural History and

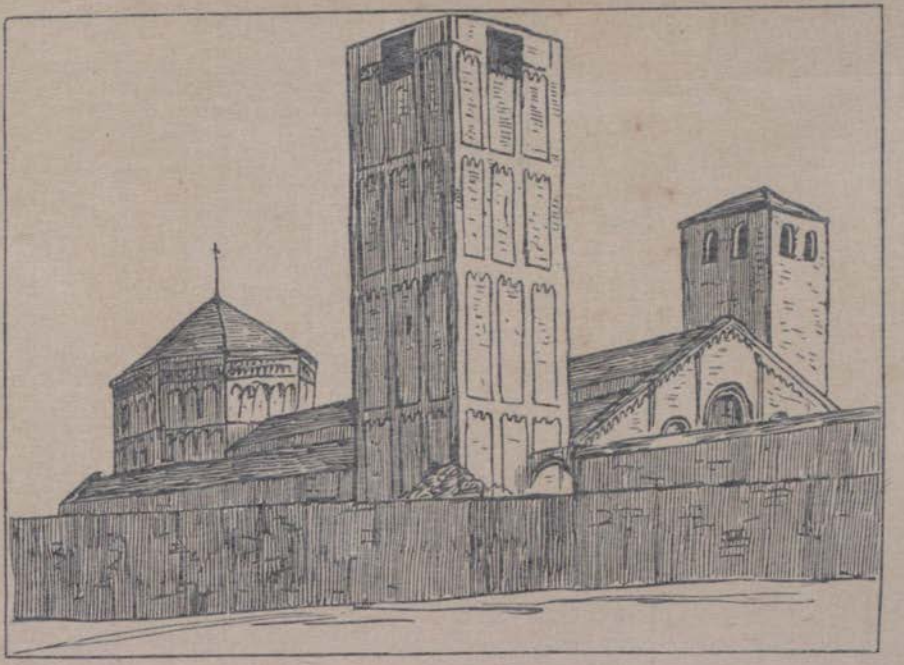
loyal admiral of Vespasian's fleet. Deity was not for him, but only for the master who, when he began to sicken as a man, said merrily that he felt himself beginning to be a god. Anyhow Como may well be proud both of the uncle who died among the ashes of Vesuvius, and of the nephew, somewhat of a prig as he was, to whom we owe the account of the Bithynian Christians and the first and most decent of the Panegyrics.

But it was hardly by producing either the elder or the younger Pliny that Como had its chief share in influencing the destinies of mankind. For such a share it has had, though not in so direct a way as greater and more renowned cities. Twice in the history of Europe have the wrongs of Como or its citizens been counted among the causes or occasions of events which have turned the world upside down. One of the alleged grounds for the rebellion of the first Cæsar was the scourging of a citizen of Como in despite of the patron who had bestowed on him exemption from such treatment. And, twelve hundred years afterwards, not the stripes of a single man of Como, but the general wrongs which the whole commonwealth had suffered at the hands of Milan, were among the alleged grounds for the first great Italian expedition of a later Cæsar. In those days

Civitas Ambrosii velut Troja stabat;

not in the new form in which she again rose by the help of Cremona and Brescia, but in the stateliness handed down from the old days when Milan was a seat of Empire. In the eyes of the men of Como, Milan, the centre of Lombard independence, was simply the local tyrant under whose yoke they were writhing; the German conqueror was to them their lawful sovereign and deliverer, the "dulcissimus Imperator," as yet more fortunate than Augustus, better than their own Pliny's own Trajan. And, as if expressly to make the parallel between Julius and Frederick yet more speaking, the fellow-sufferer of Como, who prayed, like her, for deliverance by the hand of Frederick from the power of Milan, was the city which bore the name of the rival of Julius, Lodi, once *Laus Pompeii*. The city which rejoiced in the patronage of Cæsar and the city which rejoiced in the patronage of Pompeius joined to crave the help of the Emperor who, when in his later days he set forth on his last crusade, did not forget to proclaim himself as the avenger of Crassus and Antonius on the Parthian.

Como then, without having any great direct place in history, has a considerable indirect place. The existing city itself has a character which is somewhat analogous to its historical position. It has no particular interest as a whole; there is nothing specially characteristic in its plan or its architecture; but it stands on a beautiful site, and it contains two or three buildings of some



ST. AMBROSE, MILAN.

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importance. Standing on the edge of its lake, encircled by mountains, with the castle-crowned peak of Baradello looking down on it—like a vaster St. Michael's Tor on Avalon, when Avalon was an island—the general aspect of Como is altogether a taking one. But, if we walk through its streets, we shall find few Italian cities which have so little to show in the way of arcades or street architecture of any kind. Without comparing Como in this way to Bologna or Padua or Verona, there is really more of characteristic Italian domestic architecture hidden in the narrow streets of its small neighbour Lugano. But some particular buildings deserve notice. At Como Church and State must have been on friendly terms. The home of the commonwealth joins hard to the synagogue; the *duomo* and the *broletto* make up a single range. The secular building is the more pleasing of the two. The tower is plain, one might say rude; but the body of the building belongs to that momentary stage, early in the thirteenth century, when the use of the pointed arch was just beginning to creep into the Italian Romanesque, but when the distinguishing faults of the Italian Gothic had not yet begun to show themselves. The massive piers support slightly pointed arches; but there is no other departure from the true national forms of Italy; the grouped windows above are round. In the west front of the cathedral all the faults of the sham Gothic of

Italy come out. The front itself is a sham; there are doors and windows because doors and windows are things which no building can do without; but, as usual in the Italian Gothic, they are simply cut through the wall, not worked into the design, as either in the Italian Romanesque or in the Northern Gothic. The lover of genuine mediæval art will at Como be most likely to say that the *Renaissance* choir, transepts, and cupola are really better in their own way than the Gothic nave. Yet, after all, the Italian Gothic, as it is seen at Como, is not of the worst kind. The church seems to have caught a little of the spirit of the great *duomo* of Milan. The arches at least do not sprawl over the same frightful width as those at Florence and elsewhere. And we feel kindly towards the fourteenth or fifteenth century architect for preserving the two lions which now do duty for another purpose within, but which must have served in an earlier church to bear up, as at Ancona and St. Zeno, the columns of a mighty doorway in the true native style of Italy.

But, as everywhere in Italy, the true glory of Como is to be found in one of the earlier buildings reared in the genuine national style of the country, the style which all Western countries learned of her. The church of St. Fidelis within the city, though sadly spoiled, keeps some good Romanesque portions, especially its apse. But this is a small matter compared

ST. ABBONDIO, COMO.

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with the great minster without the walls; for Como has no lack of walls and gates, though they cannot be called specially attractive. The St. Augustine's or St. Ouen's of Como is the church of St. Abbondio. The eye is at once caught by the admirable grouping of its east end, a grouping German rather than Italian, an apse of extraordinary height and richness rising between two tall campaniles of the type which Germany borrowed from Italy. It shows the real identity of the older German and Italian styles that the grouping of the towers at once suggests thoughts of Germany. Had one of them stood detached, it would have simply passed as a fine example of the usual Italian type. But the great height of all this part of the church, quite unlike the wide, spreading apse, so common both in Germany and Italy, and without the open gallery usual in both countries, gives St. Abbondio a character of its own. This part contrasts a good deal with the rest of the building, where, in the outside view, width is the prevailing dimension. Double aisles, unmasked in any way, with a double clerestory, form a body as stately in its own way as the eastern part, and inside height strongly predominates. Of the four ranges of piers, the two central ranges are tall columnar piers of masonry, something like those of our own Gloucester and Tewkesbury, but with a more distinct cushion capital. The southern range are tall monolith columns

lofty beyond any classical proportion, also with cushion capitals; but those which answer to them on the north side seem to be classical columns lengthened to the proportion that was needed, and fitted with various capitals. An English eye of course misses the triforium, or its equivalent of some kind, between the arcade and the clerestory; but the whole interior is of singular dignity. The western gallery within, the signs of a western portico, destroyed or never added, without, are points to be noticed; indeed the church would well deserve a monograph. As to its present state, it has either been singularly fortunate in having escaped the destroying hands of Popes and Jesuits, or else it has been restored in a singularly conservative fashion. Something has plainly been done; but, to judge from the building itself, no mischief. Yet a pile of broken columns and fragments of sculpture of all kinds and dates lying about close to the church suggests natural suspicions. Some pieces seem actually of Roman date, and indeed the lower part of the walls of the church itself appear to be made out of the massive stones of a Roman building. Be all this as it may, the minster of St. Abbondio is indeed a thing to see, an example of a kind of Italian Romanesque, not untouched by Northern influences, but quite free from the strange forms of St. Ambrose at Milan and St. Michael at Pavia.

On the whole, Como, though not at all a city of the first antiquarian rank, is one far from lacking in interest. And the slight Northern tinge to be seen in the architecture of its chief monument does not seem out of place in a city where men must have so often sent up the strains of the loyal hymn—

> Princeps terræ principum, Cæsar noster, ave,
> Cujus jugum omnibus bonis est suave;
> Et si quis recalcitrat, putans illud grave,
> Obstinati cordis est et cervicis pravæ.

BRESCIA.

FROM Como, a roundabout, but highly attractive, journey by lake and railway will lead, without passing through mightier Milan, to another city with whose place in Italian and general history that of Como may be compared and contrasted. As a city, Brescia ranks far higher than Como; it does so even now; much more so did it in the days when Brescia was looked on as a rival to Milan. And the direct part which Brescia has played in history has been incomparably more important than that which has been played by Como. If its wrongs were never made the pretext of such mighty movements as those which sprang out of the earlier and the later wrongs of Como, the doings and the sufferings of the city itself are far more prominent and important. Brescia played her part as an important member of the Lombard League, and her name and the effigies of her citizens were set up by grateful Milan over the gate which recorded her rebuilding, partly by Brescian hands, after her overthrow by the later patron of Como. Prominent as

Brescia thus was in opposition to the claims of Frederick, she appears as no less prominent in withstanding the last of his successors whose Imperial claims were other than a mockery. The city stood a siege at the hands of Henry of Lüzelburg; and if her own chief Tebaldo Brusati died by what some called the cruelty and some the justice of the Emperor, his loss was avenged by the death of Henry's own brother Waleran, in the struggle beneath her walls. In later times, when Brescia, like so many of her sister cities, had passed under the dominion of St. Mark, we find her the centre of the strongest resistance to the Kings who leagued together to wipe out the wise aristocracy from among the ruling cities of the world. The name of Brescia may be familiar to many who have but vague ideas of Frederick of Swabia and Henry of Lüzelburg, because there the knight "without fear and without reproach" gained himself the praise of superhuman virtue by not playing what among honest men would be called the part of a superhuman scoundrel. That Brescia fell from her old place was largely due to the havoc and massacre wrought by her French conquerors in a warfare as unprovoked and inexcusable as any in which French conquerors ever engaged. The blood of Avogaro, shed at the bidding of Gaston of Foix, could more rightly cry for vengeance than the blood of Brusati shed at the bidding of Henry the Seventh.

What was, from his own point of view, a deed of stern justice at the hands of the lawful King of Italy sinks into simple murder when it was done merely to glut the pride of an unprovoked invader.

Brescia then is a city which has lived a life in the very thick of Italian history, while Como has, so to speak, lived only on its outskirts. The contrast is marked in the position of the two cities. Both lie on the northern frontier of Italy, at the foot of her great mountain bulwark. But they look different ways. Como, in her valley, by her lake, looks northward, as if opening her arms to welcome the Teutonic King who comes to her relief. Brescia, not lying in an Alpine valley, but with her citadel perched on a spur of the Alps themselves, instead of turning away her eyes from Italy to the north, looks down upon nothing short of Italy herself. The view from the castle of Brescia is indeed a noble one. And it is not a mere noble view; it is a view on which the characteristic history of Italy is legibly written. It may remind us of the famous letter of Sulpicius to Cicero. With a single glance of the eye we look down on a crowd of cities, each of which once was an independent commonwealth, with its name and place in history. On one side are the spurs of the Alps on which we are standing, reminding us that there is a land beyond, from which Emperors came down to demand the crowns of Italy and of Rome. To the far

east we get a glimpse of smaller hills on the extreme horizon, suggesting that the natural ramparts of Verona are not beyond our sight. But to the south the eye ranges over the boundless plain of Lombardy, spreading like a sea, with a tall tower here and there, like the mast of a solitary vessel. Each of those towers marks a city, a city which once ranked alongside of princes, cities which made war and peace, and which contained within their walls the full life of a nation. The map shows that one of them is the mighty tower of Piacenza, and that another is the yet mightier tower of Cremona, the fellow-worker of Brescia in the great work of restoring Milan. But we look out on even more than this. We have vividly brought home to us how near the great cities of Northern Italy lie to the Alpine barrier, the barrier which was so often found helpless to shelter them against the Northern invader. We think of all the conquerors who have crossed the mountains from Hannibal to our own day. And we go back to times earlier still, when the land which became the truest Italy was not yet Italy at all, when the Po was as truly a Gaulish river as the Seine. If the Alps themselves proved so feeble a barrier for the shelter of Italy, how far more feeble was the barrier which sheltered Etruria and Rome, when what is now Northern Italy was still Gaul within the Alps. From such a point we may well run over the shifting fates of the land before us from

Brennus to either Buonaparte. And, as our thoughts flit on beyond Po and Macra and Arno to the seven hills by the Tiber, we may feel thankful that the dominion of the last invader has become as much a thing of the past as the dominion of the earliest.

Yet, though the great historic view of Brescia lies to the south, it may be well for him who stands on that height to turn his eyes to the north also. There is one period in the history, if not of Brescia, yet of the most renowned man of Brescia, which makes us look alike northward and southward, which makes us span the space which lies between the Tiber and the Limmat. If Como looks beyond the Alps for her own deliverer, Brescia too looks beyond the Alps, not for a deliverer for herself, but for a place of shelter for the citizen whom she sent forth to deliver others. In the life of the Brescian Arnold his native city seems like a halting-place between his city of refuge at Zürich and his city of glory and martyrdom at Rome. We need not be harsh either on Frederick or on Hadrian. In the eyes of a Pope and an Emperor, a republican reformer could hardly fail to bear the guise of a heretic and a traitor. On the heights of Brescia we feel, as we look Rome-ward, a regret that it was at Swabian and English hands that he met his doom. But, as we look northward, we may feel comfort that it was a Teutonic and Imperial city which sheltered him. And for his own city it is no

small part of her fame to have reared the man who, if he took his memories for hopes, could yet call back for a moment the days when Rome had not to seek her master either in a German King or in an English Pontiff.

The view of the city itself on which we look down from the castle is hardly worthy of the general landscape of which it forms a part. Its look is indeed striking; but it is hardly more so than that of any city of decent antiquity must be when it is looked down on in such a way. But the view of Brescia does not send up any object on which the eye at once seizes as something specially to dwell on. There are towers and cupolas; but there is no tower or cupola which kindles any very strong desire for a further acquaintance. And, as we walk the streets, there are fewer attractive buildings, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, than in most Italian cities. Yet Brescia by no means lacks objects deserving study. But the chief antiquities of the city lie somewhat hid, and have to be looked for. The most striking when we come near to it, though it necessarily makes no show in the general view, is the *duomo vecchio*, the old cathedral, the famous round church of Brescia. The new cathedral by its side is a building of no importance; but it is at least to the credit of its builders that they left the old one standing. Had the same discretion been shown in some other

places, we should have many more monuments of early times than we have. But if the round church has not been destroyed, a vast deal of labour has been spent on the characteristic work of spoiling it. The upper round, the clerestory, has not been seriously meddled with. It still keeps the majesty of its circular outline, with a far greater effect of spreading massiveness—the proper effect of a round building—than any of the round churches of England. But the lower range has been sadly tampered with. The round rests on massive square piers, and the whole has been, like St. Vital at Ravenna, bedaubed to imitate *Renaissance* architecture. This makes the general look of the inside sadly disappointing. But the disappointment begins to vanish as soon as we make our way underground and see the spacious crypt, with the endless variety of its columns and capitals of all manner of forms, some of them clearly classical ones used up again. This crypt proves that the round church of Brescia had, as all the round churches of England have at present, a choir projecting to the east, but the choir to which the crypt belonged has made way to a late building on a much larger scale.

Besides the round church, there is also in Brescia a Romanesque church of the basilican plan to match it; but this has emphatically to be looked for. Within the range of the extensive buildings which go by the

common name of St. Julia—a suppressed monastery, now put to various military and municipal uses—are three churches. One of these, St. Mary *in Solario*, a square Romanesque building with an octagon top, shows itself in the street; but, unlike the usual rule of Brescia, the inside, except the crypt, hardly fulfils the promise of the outside. In truth, a small building of this kind, where there can hardly be any columns, allows of but little scope for display within, unless, like the buildings of its class at Ravenna, it is covered with mosaics. Far more important than this is another of the same group, St. Saviour, attached at a lower level to the worthless church of St. Julia proper. Here, when we have made our way to it, we find a genuine church of the basilican type, which to some travellers may chance to be their first specimen of that type. Two ranges of columns above and a crypt below exhibit the usual features of buildings of this class, columns with capitals of various kinds, classical and otherwise, ranged as happened to be convenient. Every building of this kind has its interest, and to some it may happen to be the first foreshadowing of its more stately fellows at Ravenna, at Lucca, and at Rome.

But the chief attraction of Brescia is hardly to be found in its churches. Had it been left uninjured, the great *Broletto*, in much the same style as the smaller one at Como, and like that, joining hard to the *duomo*,

though not actually touching it, would doubtless have claimed the first place. And its historic interest is not small; it was round this spot that the fight raged most fiercely when Brescia had thrown off the heavy bondage of the Gaul to return to the lighter yoke of the Serene Republic. But the building is sadly disfigured; its blocked windows merely peep through to show what they were. On the whole, the first place among the antiquities of Brescia must be given to the museum, formed out of an excavated temple. The remains of the building itself, the stately columns of its portico which still survive, are striking in themselves, and they supply one piece of detail which is interesting in the history of architectural forms. The columns do not form a continuous range, but the portico has projections in front. The angles have thus to be provided for, and they are provided for by forestalling, in the architecture of the days of Vespasian, the section of the mediæval clustered pillar. Within, in the restored triple *cella*, is a whole store of antiquities, classical and mediæval. The gem of the collection in an artistic point of view is doubtless the figure of Victory, of Greek workmanship; but more light is thrown on Brescian history by the long series of inscriptions ranging from the first Imperial days to Gratian and Theodosius, and by the other long series of architectural details, classical and Romanesque, from the destroyed buildings of the city.

The library too is rich in treasures, precious manuscripts of various dates, jewelled crosses, carvings, and an object which, if we were right in our reading of it, is of surpassing interest. This is a consular diptych, bearing the name of Boetius. This is a relic indeed, though it would have had a more melancholy interest still, if it had been found at Pavia instead of at Brescia. At Ravenna we would fain not be reminded of the one crime of the reign of the prince under whom Rome and Italy were happy.

Such are a traveller's impressions of Brescia. It is a witness to the amazing historical wealth of the Italian cities that a place like this, which has so many memories and so much to show for them, can hardly, in an antiquarian point of view, claim a place above the third rank.

THE BURGUNDIAN MARCH.

VERCELLI.

GEOGRAPHY is now and then so fluctuating, one is tempted to say so accommodating, that the great fight of the Raudian Fields, where Marius and Catulus —Sulla would have us believe that it was Catulus only—overthrew the Northern invader, is sometimes said to have been fought near Verona and sometimes near Vercellæ. The distance is certainly considerable, all the more so as no less a city than Milan lies between. We believe that we can honestly say that the evidence is strongly in favour of the neighbourhood of Vercellæ. But possibly some caviller may hint that our judgement is not wholly disinterested. For a far better moral may be pointed, if we place the battle near Vercellæ than if we place it near Verona. A moral might be pointed at Verona also; but it could not be carried out in such curious detail as the moral which is supplied at Vercellæ. We could not at Verona bring it home so nearly to ourselves as Englishmen. No one will venture for a moment to compare the two cities. Verona is as it were

many cities; it has played so great a part in history at so many different times; its monuments are of so many kinds and are spread over so many ages. Vercellæ, as a city of Roman days, has nothing to show but the memory of the great fight which we are determined to place not far from its walls. And when we turn to modern Vercelli, instead of the varied interests and monuments of Verona, we find only a respectable Italian city, whose attractions are almost wholly ecclesiastical, and whose ecclesiastical attractions gather almost wholly round one great building. Yet, in a strange way, the ecclesiastical interest of the city takes forms which may be looked on as, in some sort, the exact reverse of the event which gave Vercellæ its fame in earlier days. And yet the later history of Vercelli is not wholly a revival of its earliest history; from one point of view it may even pass as its continuation. The fame of Vercellæ of old was as the place where the final and overwhelming check was given to the greatest inroad upon Italy which had as yet been made by the nations beyond the Alps. In this light the ethnological question matters but little. Celt and Teuton might, in the days of Marius, be looked on as parts of one whole in opposition to the common enemy, the common teacher, at Rome. And so, in the later aspect of Vercelli, we feel that, in later times also, all the nations beyond the

Alps, all the Barbarians of Pope Julius' hatred, have something in common as contrasted with later Italy. The place which saw the overthrow of the Northern invaders became in a singular way the seat of more than one form of close connexion between Italy and the lands beyond the Alps. It became, in a way in which no other Italian city ever did, the special seat of the influence of Northern art on the Italian side of the Alps.

This may sound like a paradox; yet to the Englishman the name of Vercelli suggests, or should suggest, a manuscript and a church, in both of which England is in a manner transplanted to Italian soil. To the student of the earliest forms of our tongue Vercelli is as familiar, as dear, as Exeter or Peterborough; perhaps it is even dearer and more familiar. That a book at Vercelli and a cross in old Northumberland should have preserved two different copies of the same ancient English poem is what no one would have looked for beforehand. Yet so it is. The book of Vercelli, like the book of Exeter, is among the most precious storehouses of our ancient speech. How came it hither? That question we are not prepared to answer; but thither by some means it did come. Here is direct connexion with the North, its special connexion with England. But this is not all. There is at Vercelli direct influence, direct artistic influence, from Northern lands, and from our own land

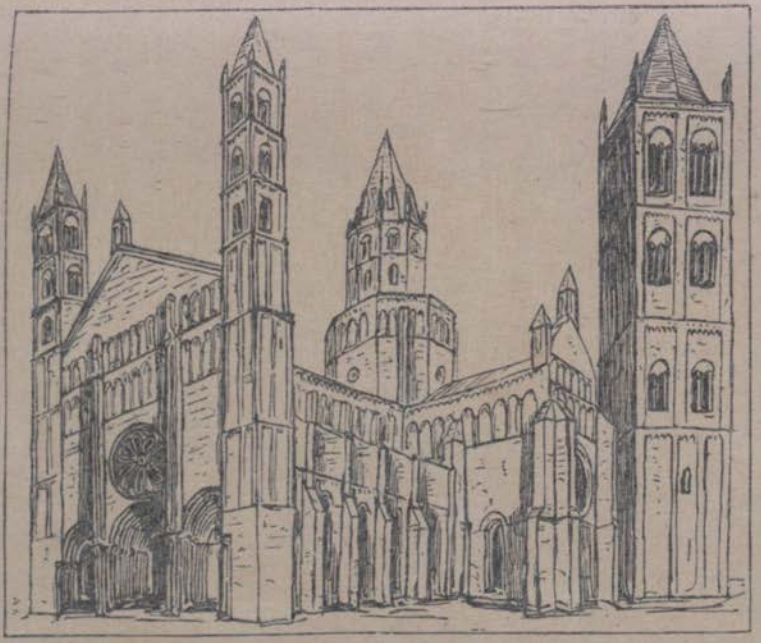
among them. The building which now gives Vercelli its chief attraction is far less Italian than it is Northern. But with that general word we must be satisfied. It is Northern opposed to Italian: but it is not distinctively English or French or German. It has elements drawn from all three sources, but it does not belong exclusively to any one. Thus far the northern nations may seem to have repaid at Vercelli in the way of art the overthrow which ages before they suffered there in the way of warfare. But there is another side to the picture. We see at Vercelli Northern influence; we see even distinctly English influences. But how came they thither? The work of Marius might still seem to be going on in the thirteenth century, when Vercelli was enriched not merely by the arts of the North, but by its plundered treasures. We feel half conquerors, half conquered, when we look at a pile built on Italian soil in direct imitation of buildings of our own country, but which we at the same time cannot forget was built by an enemy of England, out of the spoils of England.

Now if we had placed the battle of the Raudian Fields hard by Verona, we could have pointed our moral in one way only. We might have said that the blow dealt by the Roman to the Northern invader, was repaid when the Goth ruled by the Adige, and when Verona became *Dietrichsbern*. Verona has nothing which connects it with the English tongue, with English

art, with English money. There is no book of Verona dear to the Old-English scholar. St. Zeno has no English features in its architecture, nor had the men who reared it enriched themselves at the cost of England. St. Andrew at Vercelli has another tale to tell. In the later days of John and the earlier days of Henry the Third, the Legate Walo or Gualo fills a prominent place in English history. After the King of the English had stooped to become the man of the Bishop of Rome, Walo appears everywhere as the champion of his master's vassal and the denouncer of all who opposed him and his son. Things were so changed by the death of John that our English feelings almost go round to the side of the Roman Legate, when we find him encouraging the troops of Henry at the Fair of Lincoln. Yet Walo appears throughout as one of those papal emissaries who went so far towards becoming the actual rulers of England during the minority of Henry. And, as became a papal emissary, he appears also as a merciless plunderer of the clergy and nation of England. The fruits of his plunder we see in one of the stateliest piles in Italy, the only one which would not seem out of place on Northern ground. Out of the spoils of England Walo reared the half English-looking, hardly at all Italian-looking, minster of St. Andrew.

But the general effect of Walo's church, as we see it

from the outside, is neither English nor Italian, but distinctly German. When we first come in sight of Vercelli, the wonderful grouping of its towers at once strikes us with amazement. There is nothing like it in Italy; we seem to be suddenly carried off into the Teutonic land. We have seen a slight approach to a German effect even in St. Ambrose at Milan, and something much nearer to it in St. Abbondio at Como. But here we seem to have come to the thing itself; here is an outline as varied as Bamberg or Gelnhausen. A little further examination will show that, though its varied grouping is thoroughly German in its general effect, St. Andrew's does not exactly follow any of the received types of German churches. There is no approach to the most truly German pattern of all, the apse at each end, each with its pair of towers, often each with its central lantern. The east end has no apse, no towers; it is flat, like an English east end, though we may doubt whether an English architect, left to himself, would have put a wheel-window immediately over his three great lancets. At the west end the spirit of the North prevailed so far as to plant two towers, but the influence of Italian soil and atmosphere cut them down into mere slender turrets, with a wide west front, under a single low gable, between them. Over three splendid doorways is a wheel; over that two rows of arcading. The central lantern is a massive octagon bearing a



ST. ANDREW, VERCELLI.

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lighter one; and the grouping of this with the western turret, was the whole amount of grouping which the church had as it came from the hands of Walo. But a great addition of later times completed the work, and completed it in a way quite worthy of its beginning. Walo, with his lantern and his slender western turrets, had supplied no fitting bell-tower. But an Italian church, even though so little Italian in its character as St. Andrew's, could not go without its campanile. A tower accordingly arose which forms one of the most important elements in the general grouping, and without which Vercelli would hardly seem itself. The ingenuity with which it is adapted to the church is admirable. St. Andrew's was no basilica to be mated with the traditional detached tower; the spirit of the building called for something which should be more thoroughly part of itself. A huge square tower of the best Italian type accordingly arose, neither wholly attached to, nor wholly detached from, the church. It just joins on the corner of the south transept, and is set on so as not to stand parallel with any part of the building, an arrangement which is no small element in this wonderful piece of grouping. The architect who could thus adapt an addition to what he already found existing must have had a genius higher than that of the original designer.

The style of the whole exterior is that later form of Romanesque which we may say was common to

Germany and Italy, and which, even in Germany, lived on some way into the thirteenth century. The round arch is used throughout, except in the *quasi*-English lancets at the east end, and in the transepts. It is when he gets inside that the Englishman feels more at home. It might indeed be argued that the inside of St. Andrew's is, after all, not so much English as French. It is of course neither purely English nor purely French; but the style which it exhibits is that form of the early Gothic, or, more strictly, the last stage of the Transition from Romanesque to Gothic, which is common to France with a part of England. It will not remind any one of Ely or Salisbury or Beverley; but it ought to remind any one who has seen them of Wells and Glastonbury and Llandaff. And yet, in the mere shape of the clustered columns, Vercelli really comes nearer to Ely than to Wells, while the mouldings are—here the Italian element comes out—less advanced than they would be in any English, or even French, church of the date. But the capitals would seem quite in place in the great churches of the West of England, and in many French churches too. The proportions are quite Northern; there are no broad sprawling Italian pier-arches here. That the clerestory windows are round-headed is not wonderful, but the blank triforium space is an eye-sore In this point Modena, a hundred and fifty years earlier, had got ahead of Vercelli.

On the whole perhaps the inside of St. Andrew's is less satisfactory than the outside. Yet its slender columns, its vaults, its noble octagonal lantern, make a grand interior in itself, while the interest of seeing forms of this kind where one would so little have looked for them is something beyond words. Walo helped to rob us of our money and our freedom; but he certainly learned a good deal in the way of art, most likely in our own island, certainly on our side of the Alps. By this time the seed sown at Spalato and Ravenna had grown in northern lands into something which Italy might well try to transplant, but which she never succeeded in reproducing.

The rest of the city of Vercelli is quite worth going carefully through; but the rest of its churches and other buildings are dwarfed beside so wonderful a pile as St. Andrew's. There is more than one good tower, including one attached to the *duomo*, a building of the *Renaissance*. But, as Walo's minster is the first thing which catches the traveller's eye in drawing near Vercelli, he will be well pleased to come back to it before he bids the city farewell. He will feel that here is indeed a spot where if the North suffered one signal overthrow, she has had her revenge in other ways. To see the Roman Legate going home to imitate the arts of Germany, France, and England on Italian soil, is a sight which is unique in the world.

We may well use Vercelli as a step from Italy to the lands on our side of the mountains. We may well make it our path to the last city on our list, a city which modern geography places within the bounds of Italy, but in which we shall find that Northern forms are not, as at Vercelli, exotics brought in at the will of a single man, but are the genuine growth of the soil. As we entered Italy by the borderland of Trent, we will leave it by the borderland of Aosta.

AOSTA.

THE cities named after the first Augustus rival in their number those named after the Macedonian Alexander. Some indeed of the many cities which bore the name of Augusta were actually named in honour of later Emperors; still the title and tradition of him who was Augustus before and above all others is in a manner carried on even in those later Augustæ of which he was not the immediate founder. But from most of the cities which bore the Imperial name that name has utterly vanished, or has survived in some strange and corrupted form. It needs some effort to believe that there was, as Ammianus bears witness, a time when the name of London was remembered only as the former name of the Augusta on the Thames. In Augsburg we can still see the traces of the Imperial name; but it is only the Italian tongue which still allows its full measure of syllables to Augusta Vindelicorum. In Augustodunum the title itself was but an element in the name; and it has left traces, though but feeble traces, in the name of Autun. It is still less obvious at first sight that two Imperial

titles lie hidden in the name of one of the most renowned of Spanish cities, and that Zaragoza in all its spellings is only a corruption of *Cæsar-Augusta*. But some of the Augustæ have not kept even such signs of their origin as this. From Augusta Taurinorum and the more renowned Augusta Treverorum all traces of the name have vanished; indeed Augusta must have been from the beginning little more than an official name of the city of the Treveri. But there is another Augusta, perhaps of less renown in history, certainly of less account in the present state of things, to which the Imperial name still cleaves with only a slight phonetic change. Deep in its Alpine valley, by the side of its rushing rivers, still girded by its Roman walls, still entered by its Roman gate, the fortress by which the first Augustus sought to secure Rome and Italy from the untameable barbarians of its north-western corner still stands, and, as it has good right to do, it still keeps its Imperial title. Augusta Prætoria, Augusta Salassorum, has hardly changed its name by passing into Aosta, birthplace of Anselm.

The Salassian, like the Treveran, Augusta has a mythical founder, at whose bidding the city arose in an age long before Romulus had scarped down the sides of the Palatine hill. But the legend which sprang up by the Dora is hardly so well conceived as the legend which sprang up by the Mosel. There is something

bold, at any rate, in the notion of Trier being founded by Trebetas the son of Ninus; but we do not exactly see why an unknown Cordelus should have founded an unknown Cordelia on or near the site of Aosta. The only question which such a story awakens is whether the name anyhow comes from the same mint, whatever that mint may be, as the famous daughter of Lear. But, leaving fables of this kind, the true history of the valley of Aosta is one of those pieces of history of out-of-the-way parts of the world which sometimes show how a lasting historical character may cleave to a particular district through all ages. One of the first things which catch the eye of the traveller is the fact that in Aosta and the coasts thereof notices are no longer written up in Italian, but in French. French, in short, is the received tongue of the district. No doubt, if one came to examine the real speech of the people, it would prove to be, not French but Provençal, not the tongue of *oil*, but the tongue of *oc;* but at any rate it is not the tongue of *si*. French is the speech of literature and society at Aosta, so far as literature and society can be said to exist there. Now this use of French —at least of *Gal*-Welsh, as distinguished from *Rum*—in the city and vale of Aosta is no mere accident; it is the very essence of their history. The district is, and always has been, a piece of Gaul on the Italian side of the Alps. That it was so in the days of Augustus is

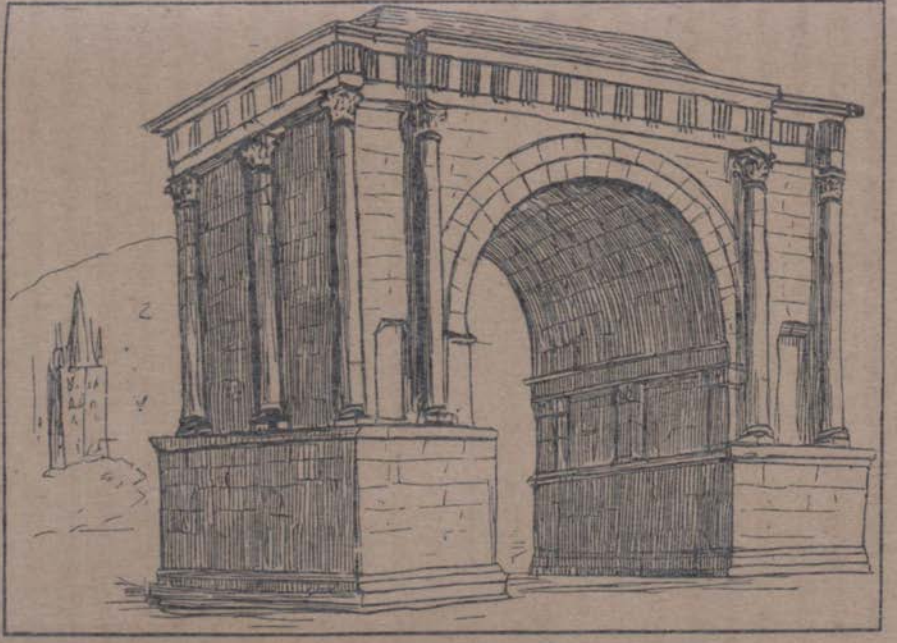
the cause that the vale was ever honoured by the presence of an Augusta. After Cisalpine Gaul was held to have become Italy, after Transalpine Gaul had become a province of Rome, the unconquerable inhabitants of this Alpine corner still maintained a practical independence. The Salassi had, like other people, received defeats from the Roman arms; but they had also inflicted defeats in their turn, and their final conquest was looked on as one of the most memorable events of the reign of the second Cæsar. The tribe was held to have been utterly rooted out by the arms of his general Varro; those who escaped the sword were sold as slaves; the land was parted out among Roman soldiers, and the camp of Varro grew into the city of Augusta Prætoria, Augusta Salassorum. Still, though its old defenders were swept away, the land did not lose its character as an outpost of Gaul within the bounds of Italy. When lands were shifting to and fro at the time of the Wandering of the Nations, and again when they were doing the like after the break-up of the Carolingian Empire, the vale of Aosta often changed masters. But it always showed a tendency to attach itself to the master of Burgundy rather than to the master of Italy. It formed a part of several of the many Burgundian kingdoms, and, whenever it was separated for a while, it seems always to have found its way back to the Burgundian connexion. It belongs

in fact to the same group of lands as Maurienne, Vaud, Bresse, the Lower Wallis, and the other dominions of the House of Savoy. Under the rulers of that house Aosta was raised to the rank of an Imperial duchy, and it still gives the ducal title to one of its princes. Since the first rise of the Savoyard power in the eleventh century, Aosta has always been a cherished possession of the dynasty, and it still remains the last fragment of their once great Burgundian dominion on both sides of the Alps, on both sides of the Leman Lake. Perhaps it was only ignorance of its peculiar history which saved the vale of Aosta from the fate of Savoy and Nizza.

We thus see why the speech of the vale of Aosta is not an Italian, but a Gaulish tongue. The old allegiance of the land was due, not to the crown of Monza, but to the crown of Arles. Augusta Salassorum came within the archchancellorship of the Primate of Augusta Treverorum. And what is true of language is equally true of architecture. There is not a trace of Italian work in the buildings of Aosta, save only the towers with open arcades at the top which are seen in some of the greater houses. Otherwise every feature is Burgundian. The doors and windows of houses and churches are such as are nowhere seen in Italy, but such as may be found anywhere from Dijon to Constanz. Indeed to an eye long accustomed to Italian forms it is a relief to see real mullions and mouldings.

The traveller who knows not, or who has forgotten, the special history of the district says at once, This is Burgundy and not Italy. And he finds that the witness of history and language only confirms the witness which he draws at the first glance from the buildings of the unsavoury suburb which lies between the arch of Augustus and the Prætorian gate.

At Aosta it is the Roman remains which have the first claim on our attention. Their extent and the importance of some of them are wonderful. The Prætorian Gate of Aosta cannot compare—it never can have compared—with the Black Gate of Trier; but its wide arches, with a smaller one on each side, are still grand in their half-ruined state, and the remains of the marble casing and ornaments show that it was a work rich in detail as well as stately in composition. But at Aosta, before we reach the gate, we pass under the triumphal arch of the founder, reminding one somewhat of Rimini, though at Rimini there are real columns, while at Aosta there are only half-columns clinging to the wall. Oddly enough, these half-columns of the Corinthian order support Doric triglyphs. There is no reason in the eternal fitness of things why they should not, and there is nothing at all displeasing to the eye in the arrangement; but we fancy that the sight would put a classical architect into the same state of mind as a herald who should see colour put



ARCH AT AOSTA.

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upon colour. The street between the arch and the gate partly bears the name of St. Anselm, and partly the evidently ancient name of *La Cité*. But why is the city outside the gate? The cathedral church too is within the Roman walls, though the collegiate church of St. Urse stands without them. The walls themselves, enclosing, as usual, a square space, remain throughout their whole extent, and they have had the great good luck to keep several of the square Roman towers nearly untouched. But some of them have been seized on by mediæval builders, and turned into fortresses of their own pattern. And the walls have suffered greatly in another way through the very excellence of their workmanship. Brick, such as we see at Rome and at Trier, is unknown in the Roman buildings of Aosta; and that form of Roman masonry to which we are most accustomed in Britain, the alternate courses of brick and stone, was not known till long after what at Aosta is doubly the Augustan age. The walls of Aosta were cased throughout with squared stones, and, as always happens, these have for the most part been picked away. Besides the arch, the gate, the walls, and their towers, there is also a noble fragment, forming the straight side of a theatre, and more diligent search among the gardens will find some traces of the amphitheatre. There are also some vaults under one of the canons' gardens, and,

out of the town and beyond the arch, is a Roman bridge of a single arch of massive stones. Altogether the city of the Salassi is, as far as the remains of Imperial days go, no unworthy rival to the city of the Treveri. Aosta has no one object of such surpassing grandeur; the arch of Augustus cannot dare to match itself with *Porta Nigra;* but, as a whole, as an example of the fortification of a Roman town, it is far better preserved than Trier.

The mediæval antiquities of Aosta consist chiefly of the churches and their contents. We have said that the domestic work is of strictly Burgundian character; but there is nothing that can be called street architecture. And the military works of mediæval times consist only of the round towers added to the Roman walls, picturesque, but nothing more. The churches are chiefly remarkable for their towers of the Primitive Romanesque pattern, a pattern which is Italian in the sense in which all Primitive Romanesque is Italian, but which is not more Italian at Aosta than it is at Cambridge, at St. Aventin, or at St. Maurice. It is said that in the tenth century the effects of war and pestilence had made Aosta almost forsaken, and that the city began to revive early in the eleventh. One can have little doubt in assigning to this date the twin towers of the cathedral church of Aosta, the minster of St. Gratus and St. Jocundus. They must

have been new when Anselm was born beneath their shadow. The northern tower is untouched, a magnificent example of the stern grandeur of this early style, which in England we see only in smaller and ruder examples. Of the southern tower the upper part must have been rebuilt at the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, but with a certain adaptation to the earlier work, the mid-wall shaft being still used. The towers flank the apse; but so great is the width of the church between them that they hardly seem to belong to the same building. The church itself is plain and much disfigured, but its massive square piers are most likely original. On its north side is an apsidal chapel of the fourteenth century which would look quite in place either in Germany or in England, and a cloister, bearing date 1636, of debased style certainly, but which might well have passed for a century older. The choir has a splendid mosaic pavement of about the fourteenth century and a noble set of stalls; below it is a Romanesque crypt in which classical capitals have been used up again. The treasury has also shrines and vestments to show, and a consular diptych of the time of Honorius.

The other great church of St. Urse beyond the walls has a detached tower of the same class as those of St. Gratus; but it is at once plainer and more artistically designed, and is probably a little later in date. The

smaller churches of the city, not remarkable for much else, supply several towers of the same general type. But St. Urse has also, like the cathedral, a fine set of stalls, and it has moreover a Romanesque cloister of singular beauty and curiosity. The whole history of Jacob and Esau, with other Scriptural and legendary scenes, is carved on the capitals. The sculpture is of course rude, but it is not lacking in spirit, and the artist's attempts to represent camels are curious enough.

We need hardly say that the mountain views in the valley of Aosta, the valley of the rushing Dora and of its no less fast rushing tributary the Buthier, are glorious beyond words. And the city itself, with its towers—their low spires showing in the distance—is no contemptible addition to the general landscape. And we may stop to think how that valley, which nature might seem to have made so inaccessible, has been in all ages a highway of armies. We will not take on ourselves to settle where Hannibal did cross the Alps; it is the fixed belief of Aosta that he passed by the place where Aosta was to be. It is more certain that a crowd of later warriors, down to the elder Buonaparte, have marched along the same track. His career might have ended hard by Aosta, had an Austrian officer, whose prisoner he was for a moment, only been a little quicker. The remembrance of so famous a visitor is preserved in the name of the

Rue du Premier Consul, which name no one at Aosta has been silly enough to change into anything else. And, while we think of conquerors, we may think also of holier names, of Bernard of Menthon, of our own Anselm. We are apt to look on Anselm as an Italian, and to be puzzled at the statement of his biographer, that to him, a stranger in Italy, the heat of that land was oppressive. When we have seen his birthplace, we better understand the words of Eadmer; and we grasp the fact that Anselm was in no sense a countryman of Lanfranc, but that he was, in a wide sense, a countryman of St. Hugh. It was the Imperial Burgundy which gave us alike the saint of Canterbury and the saint of Lincoln.

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